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Reliques

OF

FATHER PROUT.

LONDON :
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AN APOLOGY FOR LENT.

LONDON, JAMES FRASER 215, REGENT STREET.

THE RELIQUES OF



FATHER PROUT,



FIRST PLANTING OF THE POTATOE IN IRELAND.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:
Wm. Woodfall & Sons,
1825.

[Mahonny, Francis]

The Reliques

OF

FATHER PROUT,

LATE

P.P. of Watergrasshill, in the County of Cork, Ireland.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

OLIVER YORKE, Esq.

ILLUSTRATED BY

ALFRED CROQUIS, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

EXORIARE aliquis nostris ex ossibus AUCTOR!—*Aeneid.* iv.

LONDON:

JAMES FRASER, 215 REGENT STREET.

1836.

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PREAMBLE.

IT is much to be regretted that the Author of these two volumes (the forerunners, probably, of a numerous host) should be no longer in the land of the living, were it but to furnish his publishers with a general preface, explanatory, *in limine*, of the scope and tendency of his multitudinous writings. Such deficiency is felt more acutely by us, on whom hath devolved, with the custody of his coffer, the guardianship of his glory; since, having in our youth learnt from Epictetus that every sublunary thing has two handles (*παν πραγμαδυνας εχει λαβας*), we have subsequently gathered from experience that mankind is prone to take hold of the wrong one. King Ptolemy of Egypt, to whom we are indebted for the first translation of the Bible (and to whom is consequently due a long outstanding arrear of “centenary celebrations”), was careful to proclaim, in the pithy inscription placed by his order over the entrance

of the Alexandrian Library, that books were a sort of physic: giving us thereby to understand that, like other patent medicines, they should be accompanied with copious “directions for use,” to obviate sundry and sometimes fatal blunders. In this case we would fain supply the desiderated *προλεγόμενα* ourselves, were we not apprehensive of being charged with excessive presumption in fancying ourselves adequate to a task of such delicacy, merely because we happen to be the editors of these “Reliques.” The attempt might place us in a position which we would, if possible, endeavour to eschew; having profitably studied an instructive fable of La Fontaine, viz. “*L’âne qui portait les reliques.*” (liv. v. fab. 14.)

Nevertheless, it is not our intention, in giving utterance to such very rational regret, to insinuate that the present production of the lamented writer is unfinished, abortive, or incomplete: on the contrary, our interest prompts us to pronounce it perfect, as far as it goes. It requires, in point of fact, no extrinsic matter; and Prout as an author will be found what he was in the

flesh —i. e. “*totus teres atque rotundus.*” Still, a suitable introduction, furnished by a kindred genius, would in our idea be, if not useful, somewhat ornamental. The Pantheon of republican Rome, however perfect in the simple design of its primitive architecture, derived a supplementary grace from the portico superadded by Agrippa.

All that remains for us to say, under the circumstances, is to deprecate the evil *constructions* which clumsy “journeymen” may hereafter put on the work. In our opinion, it can bear none.

The readers of “Fraser’s Magazine” will recognise these twelve Papers as having been originally put forth, under our auspices, in one year’s consecutive Numbers of “Regina,”—i. e. from the 1st of April, 1834, to the recurrence of that significant date in 1835. For reprinting them in their present shape we might fairly allege the urgent “*request of friends,*” had not the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot made that formula too ridiculous: we will therefore content ourselves by stating, that we merely seek to justify, by this undertaking, the confidential trust reposed in us by the parish of Watergrasshill. Much medita-

ting on the materials that fill "the chest," and daily more impressed with the value of so rare a character as our author must appear to all connoisseurs, we thought it a pity that his wisdom should be suffered to evaporate in monthly squibs. What impression could, in sooth, be made on the public mind by such ephemeral explosions? Never on the dense mass of readers (Bombar-dinio tells us) can isolated and random shots produce the effect of a regular *feu de peloton*. For this reason we have placed in juxtaposition and arranged in these two volumes (as in a double tier) our files of mental musketry, determined to secure a simultaneous discharge. The hint, perhaps, of right belongs to the ingenious Fieschi.

We have been careful to preserve the order of succession in which these essays first met the public eye, prefixing to each such introductory comments as from time to time we felt disposed to indulge in, with reference to synchronous occurrences—for, on looking back, we find we have been on some occasions historical, on others prophetic, and not unfrequently rhapsodical. This latter charge we fully anticipate, candidly con-

fessing that we have been led into the practice by the advice and example of Pliny “the younger:” “*ipsá varietate,*” are his words, “*tentamus efficerere ut alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.*” This would appear to constitute the whole theory of miscellaneous writing: nor ought it to be forgotten by the admirers of more strictly methodical disquisition, that

“L’ennui naquit un jour de l’uniformité.”

Caterers for public taste, we apprehend, should act on gastronomic principles; according to which, “*toujours Prout*” would be far less acceptable than “*toujours perdrix:*” hence the necessity for a few *hors d’œuvres*.

We have hitherto had considerable difficulty in establishing, to the satisfaction of refractory critics, the authenticity of one simple fact; viz. that of our author’s death, and the consequently posthumous nature of these publications. People absurdly persist in holding him in the light of a living writer: hence a sad waste of wholesome advice, which, if judiciously expended on some reclaimable sinner, would, no doubt, fruc-

tify in due season. In his case 'tis all a dead loss—Prout is a literary mummy! Folks should look to this: Lazarus will not come forth to listen to their strictures; neither, should they happen to be in a complimentary mood, will Samuel arise at the witchery of commendation.

Objects of art and vertu lose considerably by not being viewed in their proper light; and the common noonday effulgence is not the fittest for the right contemplation of certain *capi d' opera*. Canova, we know, preferred the midnight taper. Let, therefore, "*ut fruaris reliquiis*," (*Phæd.* lib. i. fab. 22.) the dim penumbra of a sepulchral lamp shed its solemn influence over the page of Prout, and alone preside at its perusal.

Posthumous authorship, we must say, possesses infinite advantages; and nothing so truly serves a book as the writer's removal by death, or transportation from the sphere or hemisphere of his readers. The "Memoirs of Captain Rock" were rendered doubly interesting by being dated from Sidney Cove. Byron wrote from Venice with increased effect. Nor can we at all sympathise with the exiled Ovid's plaintive utterance, "*Sine*

me, liber, ibis in urbem.” His absence from town, he must have known, was a right good thing for his publisher under “the pillars.” But though distance be useful, death is unquestionably better. Far off, an author is respected; dead, he is beloved. *Extinctus, amabitur.*

This theory is incidentally dwelt on by Prout himself in one of his many papers published by us, though not comprised within the present limited collection. In recounting the Roman adventures of his fellow-townsmen Barry, he takes occasion to contrast the neglect which his friend experienced during life, with the rank now assigned him in pictorial celebrity.

Ainsi les maîtres de la lyre
 Partout exhalent leur chagrins ;
 Vivans, la haine les déchire,
 Et ces dieux, que la terre admire,
 Ont peu compté de jours sereins.

Long-tems la gloire fugitive
 Semble tromper leur noble orgueil ;
 La gloire enfin pour eux arrive,
 Et toujours sa palme tardive
 Croit plus belle près d'un cercueil.

FONTANES, *Ode à Chateaubriand.*

I've known the youth with genius cursed—
 I've marked his eye, hope-lit at first;
 Then seen his heart indignant burst,
 To find his efforts scorned.
 Soft on his pensive hour I stole,
 And saw him scan, with anguished soul,
 Glory's immortal muster-roll,
 His name should have adorned.

His fate had been, with anxious mind,
 To chase the phantom Fame—to find
 His grasp eluded! Calm, resigned,
 He knows his doom—he dies!
Then comes RENOWN, then FAME appears,
GLORY proclaims the coffin hers!
 Aye greenest over sepulchres
 Palm-tree and laurel rise.

PROUT, *Notti Romane nel Palazzo Vaticano.*

We recollect to have been forcibly struck with a practical application of the doctrine to mere commercial enterprise, when we last visited Paris. The 1st of November, being “All Souls’-day,” had drawn an immense concourse of melancholy people to the *Père la Chaise*, ourselves with the rest; on which occasion our eye was arrested, in one of the most sequestered walks of that romantic necropolis, by the faint glimmering of a delicious little lamp, a glow-worm of bronze,

keeping its silent and sentimental vigil under a modest urn of black marble, inscribed thus:—

CI-GIT FOURNIER (Pierre Victor),
Inventeur breveté des lampes dites sans fin,
Brulant une centime d'huile à l'heure.

IL FUT BON PERE, BON FILS, BON EPOUX.

SA VEUVE INCONSOLABLE

Continue son commerce, Rue aux Ours, No. 19.

Elle fait des envois dans les départemens.

N.B. ne pas confondre avec la boutique en face s.v.p.

R. I. P.

We had been thinking on the previous night of purchasing an article of the kind; so, on our return, we made it a point to pass the *rue de l'Ours*, and give our custom to the mournful Artemisia. On entering the shop, a jolly, rubicund tradesman courteously accosted us; but we intimated our wish to transact business with “the widow.” “La veuve inconsolable?” “*Eh, par-dieu! c'est moi! je suis, moi, Pierre Fournier, inventeur, &c.: la veuve n'est qu'un symbole, un mythe.*” We admired his ingenuity, and bought his lamp; by the mild ray of which patent contrivance we have profitably pursued our editorial labours.

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, Feb. 29, 1836.

“ At Covent Garden a sacred drama, on the story of Jephtha, conveying solemn impressions, is PROHIBITED as a PROFANATION of the period of fasting and mortification ! There is no doubt where the odium should fix—on the Lord Chamberlain or on the BISHOP OF LONDON. Let some intelligent Member of Parliament bring the question before the HOUSE OF COMMONS.”

Times, Feb. 20 and 21, 1834.

THE
RELIQUES
OF
FATHER PROUT.

FATHER PROUT'S APOLOGY FOR LENT: HIS DEATH,
OBSEQUIES, AND AN ELEGY.

“ Cependant, suivant la chronique,
Le Carême, depuis un mois,
Sur tout l'univers Catholique
Etendait ses sévères lois.”—GRESSET.

THERE has been this season in town a sad outcry against Lent. For the first week the metropolis was in a complete uproar at the suppression of the oratorio; and no act of authority since the fatal ordinances of Charles X. bid fairer to revolutionise a capital than the message sent from Bishop Blomfield to Manager Bunn. That storm has happily blown over. The Cockneys, having fretted their idle hour, and vented their most impotent ire through the “safety-valve,” the press, have quietly relapsed into

their wonted attitude of indifference, and resumed their customary calm. The clamour of the day is now past and gone, and the dramatic "murder of Jephtha" is forgotten. In truth, after all, there was something due to the local reminiscences of the spot; and when the present tenants of the "Garden" recollect that in by-gone days these "deep solitudes and awful cells" were the abode of fasting and austerity, they will not grudge the once-hallowed premises to commemorate in sober stillness the Wednesdays and Fridays of Lent. But let that rest. An infringement on the freedom of theatricals, though in itself a grievance, will not, in all likelihood, be the immediate cause of a convulsion in these realms; and it will probably require some more palpable deprivation to arouse the sleeping energies of John Bull, and to awake his dormant anger.

It was characteristic of the degeneracy of the Romans, that, while they crouched in prostrate servility to each imperial monster that swayed their destinies in succession, they never would allow their amusements to be invaded, nor tolerate a cessation of the sports of the amphitheatre; so that even the despot, while he rivetted their chains, would pause and shudder at the well-known ferocious cry of "*Panem et Circenses!*" Now, food and the drama stand relatively to each other in very different degrees of importance in England; and while provisions are plentiful, other matters

have but a minor influence on the popular sensibilities. The time may come when, by the bungling measures of a Whig administration, brought to their full maturity of mischief by the studied neglect of the agricultural and shipping interests, the general disorganisation of the state-machinery at home, and the natural results of their intermeddling abroad,—a dearth of the primary articles of domestic consumption may bring to the Englishman's fireside the broad conviction of a misrule and mismanagement too long and too sluggishly endured. It may then be too late to apply remedial measures with efficacy; and the only resource left may be, like Caleb Balderstone in the *Waverley Novels*, or like Spencer Perceval in the House of Commons, to proclaim "a general fast." When that emergency shall arise, the quaint and original, but sometimes luminous and philosophic, views of Father Prout on the fast of Lent may afford much matter for speculation to the British public; or, as Childe Harold says,

"Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly."

Before we bring forward Father Prout's lucubrations on this grave subject, it may be allowable, by way of preliminary observation, to remark, that, as far as Lent is concerned, as well indeed as in all other matters, "they manage these things differently abroad." In foreign countries a carnival is the ap-

propriate prelude to abstemiousness; and folks get such a surfeit of amusement during the saturnalian days which precede its observance, that they find a grateful repose in the sedate quietude that ensues. The custom is a point of national taste, which I leave to its own merits; but whoever has resided on the Continent must have observed that all this bacchanalian riot suddenly terminates on Shrove Tuesday; the fun and frolic expire with the "bœuf-gras;" and the shouts of the revellers, so boisterous and incessant during the preceding week, on Ash Wednesday are heard no more. A singular ceremony in all the churches --that of sprinkling over the congregation on that Wednesday the pulverised embers of the boughs of an evergreen (meant, I suppose, as an emblem and record of man's mortality)—appears to have the instantaneous effect of turning their thoughts into a different channel: the busy hum subsides at once; and learned commentators have found, in the fourth book of Virgil's *Georgics*, a prophetic allusion to this magic operation:

"Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt."

The non-consumption of butchers' meat, and the substitution, almost universal, of fish diet, is also a prominent feature in the continental form of observing Lent; and on this topic Father Prout has been re-

markably discursive, as will be seen on perusal of the following pages. To explain how I became the depository of the reverend man's notions, and why he did not publish them in his lifetime (for, alas! he is no more — peace be to his ashes!) is a duty which I owe the reader, and from which I am far from shrinking. I admit that some apology is required for conveying the lucid and clarified ideas of a great and good divine through the opaque and profane medium that is now employed to bring them under the public eye; and I account for it accordingly.

I am a younger son. I belong to an ancient, but poor and dilapidated, house, of which the patrimonial estate was barely enough for my elder; hence, as my share resembled what is scientifically called an evanescent quantity, I was directed to apply to that noble refuge of unprovided genius—the bar! To the bar, with a heavy heart and an aching head, I devoted year after year, and became, or was about to become, a tolerable proficient in the black letter, when an epistle from Ireland reached me in Furnival's Inn, and altered my prospects materially. This despatch was from an old Roman Catholic aunt whom I had in that country, and whose house I had been sent to when a child, on the speculation that this visit to my venerable relative, who to her other good qualities added that of being a resolute spinster, might determine her, as she was both rich and capricious, to

make me her inheritor. The letter urged my immediate presence in the dying chamber of the Lady Cresswell; and, as no time was to be lost, I contrived to reach in two days the lonely and desolate mansion on Watergrasshill, in the vicinity of Cork. As I entered the apartment, by the scanty light of the lamp that glimmered dimly, I recognised, with some difficulty, the emaciated form of my gaunt and withered kinswoman, over whose features, originally thin and wan, the pallid hue of approaching death cast an additional ghastliness. By the bedside stood the rueful and unearthly form of Father Prout; and while the sort of chiaroscuro in which his figure appeared, half shrouded, half revealed, served to impress me with a proper awe for his solemn functions, the scene itself, and the probable consequences to me of this last interview with my aunt, affected me exceedingly. I involuntarily knelt; and while I felt my hands grasped by the long, cold, and bony fingers of the dying, my whole frame thrilled; and her words, the last she spoke in this world, fell on my ears with all the effect of a potent witchery, never to be forgotten! "Frank," said the Lady Cresswell, "my lands and perishable riches I have bequeathed to you, though you hold not the creed of which this is a minister, and I die a worthless but steadfast votary: only promise me and this holy man that, in memory of one to whom your welfare is dear, you will keep

the fast of Lent while you live; and, as I cannot control your inward belief, be at least in this respect a Roman Catholic: I ask no more." How could I have refused so simple an injunction? and what junior member of the bar would not hold a good rental by so easy a tenure? In brief, I was pledged in that solemn hour to Father Prout, and to my kind and simple-hearted aunt, whose grave is in Rathcooney, and whose soul is in heaven.

During my short stay at Watergrasshill (a wild and romantic district, of which every brake and fell, every bog and quagmire, is well known to Crofton Croker—for it is the very *Arcadia* of his fictions), I formed an intimacy with this Father Andrew Prout, the pastor of the upland, and a man celebrated in the south of Ireland. He was one of that race of priests now unfortunately extinct, or very nearly so, like the old breed of wolf-dogs, in the island: I allude to those of his order who were educated abroad, before the French revolution, and had imbibed, from associating with the polished and high-born clergy of the old Gallican church, a loftier range of thought, and a superior delicacy of sentiment. Maynooth College, one of the many crude emanations of a pseudo-liberality, has sent forth into the rural parishes a class of persons with narrow views and quarrelsome dispositions, fitted only to embitter the already acrid current of Irish society; and who, disregarding the wishes

of their own hierarchy, embroil themselves in politics, and shake the begging-box for O'Connell. Hence, in his evidence before the House of Lords, "the glorious Dan" has not concealed the grudge he feels towards those clergymen, educated on the Continent, who, having witnessed the doings of the *sansculottes* in France, have no fancy to a rehearsal of the same in Ireland. Of this class was Prout, P.P. of Watergrasshill; but his real value was very faintly appreciated by his rude flock: he was not understood by his contemporaries; his thoughts were not their thoughts, neither could he commune with kindred souls on that wild mountain. Of his genealogy nothing was ever known with certainty; but in this he resembled Melchizedek: like Eugene Aram, he had excited the most intense interest in the highest quarters, still did he studiously court retirement. He was thought by some to be deep in alchemy, like Friar Bacon; but the gaugers never even suspected him of distilling "potheen." He was known to have brought from France a spirit of the most chivalrous gallantry; still, like Fénelon retired from the court of Louis XIV., he shunned the attractions of the sex, for the sake of his pastoral charge: but in the rigour of his abstinence, and the frugality of his diet, he resembled no one, and none kept Lent so strictly.

Of his gallantry one anecdote will be sufficient. The fashionable Mrs. P . . . with two female com-

panions, travelling through the county of Cork, stopped for Divine service at the chapel of Watergrasshill (which is on the high road on the Dublin line), and entered its rude gate while Prout was addressing his congregation. His quick eye soon detected the fair visitants standing behind the motley crowd, by whom they were totally unnoticed, so intent were all on the discourse; when, interrupting the thread of his homily, to procure suitable accommodation for the strangers, "Boys!" cried the good old man, "why don't ye give three chairs for the ladies?" "Three cheers for the ladies!" re-echoed at once the parish-clerk. It was what might be termed a clerical, but certainly a very natural, error; and so acceptable a proposal was suitably responded to by the frieze-coated multitude, whose triple shout shook the very cobwebs on the roof of the chapel!—after which slight incident, service was quietly resumed.

He was extremely fond of angling; a recreation which, while it ministered to his necessary relaxation from the toils of the mission, enabled him to observe the fish diet imperative on fast-days. For this, he had established his residence at the mountain-source of a considerable brook, which, after winding through the parish, joins the Blackwater at Fermoy; and on its banks would he be found, armed with his rod, and wrapt in his strange cassock, fit to personate the river-god or presiding genius of the stream. Old

Izaak Walton would have liked the man exceedingly.

His modest parlour would not ill become the hut of one of the fishermen of Galilee. A huge net in festoons curtained his casement; a salmon-spear, sundry rods, and fishing-tackle, hung round the walls and over his bookcase, which latter object was to him the perennial spring of refined enjoyment. Still would he sigh for the vast libraries of France, and her well-appointed scientific halls, where he had spent his youth, in converse with the first literary characters and most learned divines; and once he directed my attention to what appeared to be a row of folio volumes at the bottom of his collection, but which I found on trial to be so many large stone-flags, with parchment backs, bearing the appropriate title of *CORNELII A LAPIDE Opera quæ extant omnia*; by which semblance of that old Jesuit's commentaries he consoled himself for the absence of the original.

His classic acquirements were considerable, as will appear by his essay on Lent; and while they made him a most instructive companion, his unobtrusive merit left the most favourable impression. The general character of a churchman is singularly improved by the tributary accomplishments of the scholar, and literature is like a pure grain of Araby's incense in the golden censer of religion. His taste for the fine arts was more genuine than might be conjectured from the

scanty specimens that adorned his apartment, though perfectly in keeping with his favourite sport; for there hung over the mantlepice a print of Raphael's cartoon the "Miraculous Draught;" here, "Tobith rescued by an Angel from the Fish;" and there, "St. Anthony preaching to the Fishes."

With this learned Theban I held long and serious converse on the nature of the antiquated observance I had pledged myself to keep up; and oft have we discussed the matter at his frugal table, aiding our conferences with a plate of water-cresses and a red herring. I have taken copious notes of Father Prout's leading topics; and while I can vouch them as his genuine arguments, I will not be answerable for the style; which may possibly be my own, and probably, like the subject, exceedingly jejune.

I publish them in pure self-defence. I have been so often called on to explain my peculiarities relative to Lent, that I must resort to the press for a riddance of my persecutors. The spring, which exhilarates all nature, is to me but the herald of tribulation; for it is accompanied in the Lent season with a recurrence of a host of annoyances consequent on the tenure by which I hold my aunt's property. I have at last resolved to state my case openly; and I trust that, taking up arms against a sea of troubles, I may by exposing end them. No blessing comes unalloyed here below: there is ever a cankerworm in the rose;

a dactyl is sure to be mixed up with a spondee in the poetry of life; and, as Homer sings, there stand two urns, or crocks, beside the throne of Jove, from which he doles out alternate good and bad gifts to men, but mostly both together.

I grant, that to repine at one's share of the common allotment would indicate bad taste, and afford evidence of ill-humour; but still a passing insight into my case will prove it one of peculiar hardship. As regularly as dinner is announced, so surely do I know that my hour is come to be stared at as a disciple of Pythagoras, or scrutinised as a follower of the Venetian Cornaro. I am "a lion" at "feeding-time." To tempt me from my allegiance by the proffer of a turkey's wing, to eulogise the sirloin, or dwell on the *haut goût* of the haunch, are among my friends' (?) practical sources of merriment. To reason with them at such unpropitious moments, and against such fearful odds, would be a hopeless experiment; and I have learned from Horace and from Father Prout, that there are certain *mollia tempora fandi*, which should always be attended to: in such cases I chew the cud of my resentment, and eke out my repast on salt-fish in silence. None will be disposed to question my claim to the merit of fortitude. In vain have I been summoned by the prettiest lisp to partake of the most tempting delicacies. I have declined each lady-hostess's hospitable offer, as if, to speak in classic

parlance, *Canidia tractavit dapes*; or, to use the vernacular phraseology of Moore, as if

“ The trail of the serpent was over them all.”

Hence, at the club I am looked on as a sort of *rara avis*; or, to speak more appropriately, as an odd fish. Some have spread a report that I have a large share in the Hungerford Market; others, that I am a Saint Simonian. A fellow of the Zoological Society has ascertained, forsooth, from certain maxillary appearances, that I am decidedly of the class of *ιχθυοφαγοι*, with a mixture of the *herbivorous*. When the truth is known, as it will be on the publication of this paper, it will be seen that I am no phenomenon whatever.

My witty cousin, Harriet R., will no longer consider me a fit subject for the exercise of her ingenuity, nor present me a copy of Gray's poems, with the page turned down at “ An Elegy on a Cat drowned in a tub of Gold Fishes.” She will perhaps, when asked to sing, select some other aria besides that eternal barcarolle,

“ O pescator dell' onda,
Vieni pescar in quà
Colla bella tua barca!”

and if I happen to approach the loo-table, she will not think it again necessary to caution the old dowagers to take care of their *fish*.

Revenons à nos moutons. When last I supped with Father Prout, on the eve of my departure from Watergrasshill (and I can only compare my reminiscences of that classic banquet to Xenophon's account of the symposion of Plato), "Young man," said he, "you had a good aunt in the Lady Cresswell; and if you thought as we do, that the orisons of kindred and friends can benefit the dead, you should pray for her as long as you live. But you belong to a different creed—different, I mean, as to this particular point; for, as a whole, your church of England bears a close resemblance to ours of Rome. The daughter will ever inherit the leading features of the mother; and though in your eyes the fresh and unwithered fascinations of the new faith may fling into the shade the more matronly graces of the old, somewhat on the principle of Horace, *O matre pulchrâ, filia pulchrior!* still has our ancient worship many and potent charms. I could proudly dwell on the historic recollections that emblazon her escutcheon, the pomp and pageantry of her gorgeous liturgy——"

"Pardon me, reverend friend," I interposed, lest he should diverge, as was his habit, into some long-winded argument, foreign to the topic on which I sought to be informed,— "I do not undervalue the matronly graces of your venerable church; but (pointing to the remnant of what had been a red herring) let us talk of her fish-diet and fast-days."

“ Ay, you are right there, child,” resumed Prout ;
 “ I perceive where my panegyric must end —

‘ Desinit *in piscem* mulier formosa superne !’

You will get a famous badgering in town when you are found out to have forsworn the flesh-pots ; and Lent will be a sad season for you among the Egyptians. But you need not be unprovided with plausible reasons for your abstinence, besides the sterling considerations of the rental. Notwithstanding that it has been said or sung by your Lord Byron, that

‘ Man is a carnivorous production,
 And cannot live (as woodcocks do) on suction ;’

still that noble poet (I speak from the record of his life and habits furnished us by Moore) habitually eschewed animal food, detested gross feeders, and in his own case lived most frugally, I might even say ascetically ; and this abstemiousness he practised from a refinement of choice, for *he* had registered no vow to heaven, or to a maiden aunt. The observance will no doubt prove a trial of fortitude ; but for your part at the festive board, were you so criminal as to transgress, would not the spectre of the Lady Cresswell, like the ghost of Banquo, rise to rebuke you ?

“ And besides, these days of fasting are of the most remote antiquity ; they are referred to as being previously in vogue at the first general council that

legislated for Christendom at Nice, in Bithynia, A.D. 325 : and the subsequent assembly of bishops at Laodicea ratified the institution A.D. 364. Its discipline is fully developed in the classic pages of the accomplished Tertullian, in the second century (*Tract. de jejuniis*). I say no more. These are what Edmund Burke would call 'grave and reverend authorities,' and, in the silence of Holy Writ, may go as historic evidence of primitive Christianity; for if you press me, I can no more shew cause under the proper hand and seal of an apostle for keeping the fast on these days, than I can for keeping the Sabbath on Sunday.

“ I do not choose to notice that sort of criticism, in its dotage, that would trace the custom to the well-known avocation of the early disciples; though that they were fishermen is most true, and that even after they had been raised to the apostolic dignity, they relapsed occasionally into the innocent pursuit of their primeval calling, still haunted the shores of the accustomed lake, and loved to disturb with their nets the crystal surface of Gennesareth.

“ Lent is an institution which should have been long since rescued from the cobwebs of theology, and restored to the domain of the political economist, for there is no prospect of arguing the matter in a fair spirit among conflicting divines; and, of all things, polemics are the most stale and unprofitable. Loaves and fishes have, in all ages of the church, had charms

for us of the cloth; yet how few would confine their frugal bill of fare to mere loaves and fishes! So far Lent may be considered a stumbling-block. But here I dismiss theology: nor shall I further trespass on your patience by angling for arguments in the muddy stream of church history, as it rolls its troubled waters over the middle ages.

“ Your black-letter acquirements, I doubt not, are considerable; but have you adverted to a clause in Queen Elizabeth’s enactment for the improvement of the shipping interests in the year 1564? You will, I believe, find it to run thus:

“ Anno 5^o Eliz. cap. v. sect. 11:—‘ And for encrease of provision of fishe by the more usual eating thereof, bee it furthur enacted by the auctoritie aforesaid, that from the feast of St. Mighell tharchangell, ano. Dni. fiftene hundreth threescore foure, every Wednesdaye in every weeke through the whole yere shal be hereafter observed and kepte as the Saturdays in every weeke be or ought to be; and that no person shal eat any fleshe no more than on the common Saturdays.

“ 12.—‘ And bee it furthur enacted by thauritoritee aforesaid, for the commoditie and benifit of this realme, as well to growe the navie as in sparing and encrease of fleshe victual, that from and after the feast of Pentecost next coming, yt shall not be lawful for any p’son to eat any fleshe upon any days now

usually observed as fish-days; and that any p'son offending herein shal forfeite three powndes for every tyme.'

“ I do not attach so much importance to the act of her royal successor, James I., who in 1619 issued a proclamation, reminding his English subjects of the obligation of keeping Lent; because his Majesty's object is clearly ascertained to have been to encourage the traffic of his countrymen, the Scotch, who had just then embarked largely in the herring-trade, and for whom the thrifty Stuart was anxious to secure a monopoly in the British markets.

“ But when in 1627 I find the chivalrous Charles I. your martyred king, sending forth from the banqueting-room of Whitehall his royal decree to the same effect, I am at a loss to trace the motives of this act of his authority. It is well known that Archbishop Laud's advice went to the effect of reinstating many customs of Catholicity; but, from a more diligent consideration of the subject (and when you are in town consult D'Israeli on this knotty point, and write me the result of your conference), I am more inclined to think that the king wished rather, by this display of austere practices, to soothe and conciliate the Puritanical portion of his subjects, whose religious notions were supposed (I know not how justly) to have a tendency to self-denial and the mortification of the flesh. Certain it is, that the Calvinists and Roundheads were

greater favourites at Billingsgate than the high-church party; from which we may conclude that they consumed more fish: for the fact is corroborated by the contemporary testimony of Samuel Butler, who says that, when the great struggle commenced,

‘ Each fisherwoman locked her fish up,
And trudged abroad to cry, No Bishop!’

“ I will only remark, in furtherance of my own views, that the king’s beef-eaters, and the gormandising Cavaliers of that period, could never stand in fair fight against the austere and fasting Cromwellians.

“ It is a vulgar error of your countrymen to connect valour with roast beef, or courage with plum-pudding. There exists no such necessary association; and I wonder this national mistake has not been duly noticed by Jeremy Bentham in his ‘Book of Fallacies.’ As soon might it be presumed that the pot-bellied Falstaff, who fared on venison and sack, could overcome in prowess Owen Glendower, who, I suppose, fed on leeks; or that the lean and emaciated Cassius was not a better soldier than a well-known sleek and greasy rogue who fled from the disastrous battle of Philippi, and, as he himself unblushingly tells the world, left his buckler behind him: ‘*Relictâ, non bene, parmula.*’

“ I cannot contain my bile when I witness the mode in which the lower orders in your country abuse

the French, for whom they have found nothing in their Anglo-Saxon vocabulary so expressive of contempt as the term 'frog-eater.' A Frenchman is not supposed to be of the same flesh and blood as themselves; but, like the water-snake described in the Georgics —

' Piscibus atram

Improbis ingluviem ranisque loquacibus implet.'

Hence it is carefully instilled into the infant mind (when the young idea is taught how to shoot), that you won the victories of Poitiers and Agincourt mainly by the superiority of your diet. In hewing down the ranks of the foeman, much of the English army's success is of course attributed to the dexterous management of their cross-bills, but considerably more to their bill of fare. If I could reason calmly with such simpletons, I would refer them to the records of the commissariat department of that day, and open to their vulgar gaze the folio vii. of Rymer's *Fædera*, where, in the twelfth year of Edward III. A.D. 1338, at page 1021, they would find, that previous to the victory of Cressy there were shipped at Portsmouth, for the use of these gallant troops, fifty tons of *Yarmouth herrings*. Such were the supplies (rather unusual now in the contracts at Somerset House) which enabled Edward and his valiant son to drive the hosts of France before them,

and roll on the tide of war till the towers of Paris yielded to the mighty torrent. After a hasty repast on such simple diet, might the Black Prince appropriately address his girded knights in Shakespearian phrase,

‘ Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment.’

“ The enemy sorely grudged them their supplies. For it appears by the chronicles of Enguerrand de Monstrellet, the continuator of Froissart, that in 1429, while the English were besieging Orleans, the Duke of Bedford sent from his head-quarters, Paris, on the Ash Wednesday of that year, five hundred carts laden with herrings, for the use of the camp during the Lent, when a party of French noblemen, viz. Xaintraille, Lahire, De la Tour de Chavigny, and the Chevalier de Lafayette (ancestor of the revolutionary veteran), made a desperate effort to intercept the convoy. But the English detachment, under whose safeguard was this precious deposit, fought *pro aris et focis* in its defence, and the assailants were routed with the loss of six score knights and much plebeian slaughter. See Rapin’s account of the affray, which was thence called ‘ *la journée des harengs*.’

“ What schoolboy is ignorant of the historical fact, that at the eve of the battle of Hastings, which gave to your Norman ancestors the conquest of the

island, the conduct of the Anglo-Britons was strongly contrasted with that of the gallant invaders from France; for while in Harold's camp the besotted natives spent the night in revelling and gluttony, the Norman chivalry gave their time to fasting and devotion.—(*Goldsmith*, A. D. 1066.)

“ It has not escaped the penetrating mind of the sagacious Buffon, in his views of man and man's propensities (which, after all, are the proper study of mankind), that a predilection for light food and spare diet has always been the characteristic of the Celtic and Eastern races; while the Teutonic, the Slavonian, and Tartar branches of the human family betray an aboriginal craving for heavy meat, and are gross feeders. In many countries of Europe there has been a slight amalgamation of blood, and the international pedigree in parts of the Continent has become perplexed and doubtful: but the most obtuse observer can see that the phlegmatic habits of the Prussians and Dutch argue a different genealogical origin from that which produced the lively disposition of the tribes of southern Europe. The best specimens extant of the genuine Celt are the Greeks, the Arabians, the Irish, and the Chinese(!), all which nations are remarkably temperate in their food. Among the European denominations, in proportion as the Celtic infusion predominates, so in a corresponding ratio is the national character for abstemiousness. Nor would

I thus dwell on an otherwise uninteresting speculation, were I not about to draw a corollary, and shew how these secret influences became apparent at what is called the great epoch of the Reformation. The latent tendency to escape from fasting observances became then revealed, and what had lain dormant for ages was at once developed. The Tartar and Slavonic breed of men flung off the yoke of Rome; while the Celtic races remained faithful to the successor of the 'Fisherman,' and kept Lent.

"The Hollanders, the Swedes, the Saxons, the Prussians, and in Germany those circles in which the Gothic blood ran heaviest and most stagnant, hailed Luther as a deliverer from salt fish. The fatted calf was killed, the bumper of ale went round, and Popery went to the dogs. Half Europe followed the impetus given to free opinions, and also the congenial impulse of the gastric juice; joining in reform, not because they loved Rome less, but because they loved substantial fare more. Meantime neighbours differed. The Dutch, dull and opaque as their own Scheldt, growled defiance at the Vatican when their food was to be controlled; the Belgians, being a shade nearer to the Celtic family, submitted to the fast. While Hamburg clung to its *beef*, and Westphalia preserved her *hams*, Munich and Bavaria adhered to the Pope and to sour crout with desperate fidelity. As to the Cossacks, and all that set of northern marauders,

they never kept Lent at any time; and it would be arrant folly to expect that the horsemen of the river Don, and the Esquimaux of the polar latitudes, would think of restricting their ravenous propensities in a Christian fashion; the very system of cookery adopted by these terrible hordes would, I fear, have given Dr. Kitchiner a fit of cholera. The apparatus is graphically described by Samuel Butler: I will indulge you with part of the quotation:

‘ For, like their countrymen the Huns,
They cook their meat _____*
* * * * *

All day on horses’ backs they straddle,
Then every man eats up his saddle!’

A strange process, no doubt; but not without some sort of precedent in classic records; for the Latin poet introduces young Iulus at a pic-nic, in the *Æneid*, exclaiming—

‘ Heus! etiam mensas consumimus.’

“ In England, as the inhabitants are of a mixed descent, and as there has ever been a disrelish for any alteration in the habits and fire-side traditions of the country, the fish-days were remembered long after every Popish observance had become obsolete; and it was

* “ Under their bums.”—Sic in orig. O. Y.

not until 1668 that butchers' meat finally established its ascendancy in Lent, at the arrival of the Dutchman. We have seen the exertions of the Tudor dynasty under Elizabeth, and of the house of Stuart under James I. and Charles I., to keep up these fasts, which had flourished in the days of the Plantagenets, which the Heptarchy had revered, which Alfred and Canute had scrupulously observed, and which had come down positively recommended by the Venerable Bede. William III. gave a death-blow to Lent. Until then it had lingered among the threadbare curates of the country, *extrema per illos excedens terris vestigia fecit*, having been long before exiled from the gastro-nomic halls of both Universities. But its extinction was complete. Its ghost might still remain flitting through the land, without corporeal or ostensible form; and it vanished totally with the fated star of the Pretender. It was William who conferred the honour of knighthood on the loin of beef; and such was the progress of disaffection under Queen Anne, that the folks, to manifest their disregard for the Pope, agreed that a certain extremity of the goose should be denominated his nose!

“The indomitable spirit of the Celtic Irish preserved Lent in this country unimpaired; an event of such importance to England, that I shall dwell on it by and by more fully. The Spaniards and Portuguese, although Gothic and Saracen blood has com-

mingled in the pure current of their Phœnician pedigree, clung to Lent with characteristic tenacity. The Gallic race, even in the days of Cæsar, were remarkably temperate, and are so to the present day. The French very justly abhor the gross, carcass-eating propensities of John Bull. But as to the keeping of Lent, in an ecclesiastical point of view, I cannot take on myself to vouch, since the ruffianly revolution, for their orthodoxy in that or any other religious matters. They are sadly deficient therein, though still delicate and refined in their cookery, like one of their own *artistes*, whose epitaph is in Père la Chaise—

‘ Ci gît qui dès l’âge le plus tendre
 Inventa la *sauce Robert* ;
 Mais jamais il ne put apprendre
 Ni son *credo* ni son *pater*.’

“ It was not so of old, when the pious monarchs of France dined publicly in Passion week on fasting fare, in order to recommend by their example the use of fish—when the heir-apparent to the crown delighted to be called *a dolphin*—and when one of your own kings, being on a visit to France, got so fond of their *lamprey patties*, that he died of indigestion on his return.

“ Antiquity has left us no document to prove that the early Spartans kept certain days of abstinence ; but their *black broth*, of which the ingredients have

puzzled the learned, must have been a fitting substitute for the *soupe maigre* of our Lent, since it required a hard run on the banks of the Eurotas to make it somewhat palatable. At all events, their great lawgiver was an eminent ascetic, and applied himself much to restrict the diet of his hardy countrymen; and if it is certain that there existed a mystic bond of union among the 300 Lacedæmonians who stood in the gap of Thermopylæ, it assuredly was not a beefsteak club of which Leonidas was president.

“The Athenians were too cultivated a people not to appreciate the value of periodical days of self-denial and abstemiousness. Accordingly, on the eve of certain festivals, they fed exclusively on figs and the honey of Mount Hymettus. Plutarch expressly tells us that a solemn fast preceded the celebration of the Thermophoriæ; thence termed *νηστεια*. In looking over the works of the great geographer Strabo (lib. xiv.), I find sufficient evidence of the respect paid to *fish* by the inhabitants of a distinguished Greek city, in which that erudite author says the arrival of the fishing-smacks in the harbour was announced joyfully by sounding the “toesin;” and that the musicians in the public piazza were left abruptly by the crowd, whenever the bell tolled for the sale of the herrings: *κιθάρωδου επιδεικνυμενου τρωσ μεν ακριασθῆναι παντας* ως δε ο κωδων ο κατα την αθηναϊαν εισηρησε καταλιποντες απέλθειν επι το αψον.* A custom to which

Plutarch also refers in his *Symposium of Plato*, lib. iv. cap. 4. τους περι ιχθυοπωλιαν αναδιδοντας και του κωδωνος οξεως ακουοντας.

“That practices similar to our Lent existed among the Romans, may be gathered from various sources. In Ovid’s *Fasti* (notwithstanding the title) I find nothing; but from the reliques of old sacerdotal memorials collected by Stephano Morcelli, it appears that Numa fitted himself by fasting for an interview with the mysterious inmate of Egeria’s grotto. Livy tells us that the decemvirs, on the occurrence of certain prodigies, were instructed by a vote of the senate to consult the Sibylline books; and the result was the establishment of a fast in honour of Ceres, to be observed perpetually every five years. It is hard to tell whether Horace is in joke or in earnest when he introduces a vow relative to these days of penance —

‘ Frigida si puerum quartana reliquerit illo
 Manè die quo tu indicis jejunia nudus
 In Tyberi stabit!’

Serm. lib. ii. sat. 3. v. 290.

But we are left in the dark as to whether they observed their fasts by restricting themselves to lentils and vegetable diet, or whether fish was allowed. Strange to say, in this case we find nothing in the *laws of the twelve tables*. However, a marked predilection for herbs, and such frugal fare, was dis-

tinctive of the old Romans, as the very names of the principal families sufficiently indicate. The Fabii, for instance, were so called from *faba*, a bean, on which simple aliment that indefatigable race of heroes subsisted for many generations. The noble line of the Lentuli derive their patronymic from a favourite kind of lentil, to which they were partial, and from which Lent itself is so called. The aristocratic Pises were similarly circumstanced; for their family appellation, rendered into English (for the use of the country gentlemen), will be found to signify a kind of vetches. Scipio was titled from *cepe*, an onion;* and we may trace the surname and hereditary honours of the great Roman orator to the same horticultural source, for *cicer* in Latin means a sort of pea; and so on through the whole nomenclature.

“Hence the Roman satirist, ever alive to the follies of his age, can find nothing more ludicrous than the notion of the Egyptians, who entertained a religious repugnance to vegetable fare :

‘Porrùm et cepe nefas violare et frangere morsu,
O sanctas gentes!’ Juv. Sat. 15.

And as to fish, the fondness of the people of his day

* Here Prout is in error. *Scipio* means a “walking-stick,” and was applied to commemorate the filial piety of one of the *gens Cornelia*, who went about constantly supporting the tottering steps of his aged father.—O. Y.

for such food can be demonstrated from his fourth satire, where he dwells triumphantly on the capture of a splendid tunny in the waters of the Adriatic, and describes the assembling of a cabinet council in the "Downing Street" of Rome to determine how it should be properly cooked. It must be admitted that, since the Whigs came to office, although they have had many a pretty kettle of fish to deliberate upon, they have shewn nothing half so dignified or rational in their decisions as the imperial privy council of Domitian.

"The magnificence displayed by the masters of the world in the getting up of their fish-ponds is a point on which it would be superfluous to enlarge, every schoolboy having learnt that occasionally the *murænae* were treated to the luxury of a slave or two, flung in alive for their nutriment. The celebrity which the maritime villas of Baia obtained for that fashionable watering-place, is a further argument in point; and we know that when the reprobate Verres was driven into exile by the brilliant declamation of Cicero, he consoled himself at Marseilles over a dish of sprats, with the reflection that at Rome such a delicacy could not be procured in such high perfection.

"Simplicity and good taste in diet gradually declining in the Roman empire, the gigantic frame of the colossus itself soon hastened to decay. It burst

of its own plethora. The example of the degenerate court had pervaded the provinces; and soon the whole body politic reeled, as after a surfeit of debauchery. Vitellius had gormandised with vulgar gluttony; the Emperor Maximin was a living sepulchre, where whole hecatombs of butchers' meat were daily entombed; and no modern keeper of a *table-d'hôte* would stand a succession of such guests as Heliogabalus. Gibbon, whose penetrating eye nothing has escaped in the causes of the Decline and Fall, notices this vile propensity to overfeeding; and shews that, to reconstruct the mighty system of dominion established by the rugged republicans, (the Fabii, the Lentuli, and the Pises,) nothing but a *bonâ fide* return to simple fare and homely pottage could be effectual. The hint was duly acted on. The Popes, frugal and abstemious, ascended the vacant throne of the Cæsars, and ordered Lent to be observed throughout the eastern and western world.

“ The theory of fasting, and its practical application, did wonders in that emergency. It renovated the rotten constitution of Europe—it tamed the hungry hordes of desperate savages that rushed down with a war-whoop on the prostrate ruins of the empire—it taught them self-control, and gave them a masterdom over their barbarous propensities;—it did more, it originated civilisation and commerce.

“ A few straggling fishermen built huts on the

flats of the Adriatic, for the convenience of resorting thither in Lent to procure their annual supply of fish. The demand for that article became so brisk and so extensive through the vast dominions of the Lombards in northern Italy, that from a temporary establishment it became a permanent colony in the *lagunes*. Working like the coral insect under the seas, with the same unconsciousness of the mighty result of their labours, these industrious men for a century kept on enlarging their nest upon the waters, till their enterprise became fully developed, and

‘ Venice sat in state, throned on a hundred isles !’

“ The fasting necessities of France and Spain were ministered to by the rising republic of Genoa, whose origin I delight to trace from a small fishing-town to a mighty emporium of commerce, fit cradle to rock (in the infant Columbus) the destinies of a new world. Few of us have turned our attention to the fact, that our favourite fish, the John Dory, derives its name from the Genoese admiral, André Doria, whose *bonne bouche* it used to form, and whose seamanship best thrived on meagre diet. Of Anne Chovy, who has given her name to another fish found in the Sardinian waters, no authentic record remains ; but she was doubtless a heroine. Indeed, to revert to the humble herring before you, its etymology shews it to be well adapted for warlike stomachs, *heir* (its German root)

signifying an army. In England, is not a soldier synonymous with a lobster?

“ In the progress of maritime industry along the shores of southern, and subsequently of northern Europe, we find a love for freedom to grow up with a fondness for fish. Enterprise and liberty flourished among the islands of the Archipelago. And when Naples was to be rescued from thralldom, it was the hardy race of watermen who plied in her beauteous bay that rose at Freedom’s call to effect her deliverance, when she basked for one short hour in its full sunshine under the gallant Masaniello.

“ As to the commercial grandeur, of which a constant demand for fish was the creating principle, to illustrate its importance, I need only refer to a remarkable expression of that deep politician and exceedingly clever economist Charles V., when, on a progress through *a part* of his dominions (for the sun at that period never went down on the territories of the Catholic king), he happened to pass through Amsterdam, in company with the Queen of Hungary: on that occasion, being complimented in the usual form by the burgomasters of his faithful city, he asked to see the mausoleum of John Bachalen, the famous herring-barreller; but when told that his grave, simple and unadorned, lay in his native island in the Zuydersee, ‘ What!’ cried the illustrious visitor, ‘ is it thus that my people of the Netherlands shew their gratitude to so

great a man? Know ye not that the foundations of Amsterdam are laid on herring-bones?' Their majesties went on a pilgrimage to his tomb, as is related by Sir Hugh Willoughby in his "Historie of the Fishes."

"It would be of immense advantage to these countries were we to return unanimously to the ancient practice, and restore to the full extent of their wise policy the laws of Elizabeth. The revival of Lent is the sole remedy for the national complaints on the decline of the shipping interest, and the sole way to meet the outcry about corn-laws. Instead of Mr. Attwood's project for a change of currency, Mr. Wilmot Horton's panacea of emigration, and Miss Martineau's preventive check, re-enact Lent. But, mark me, I do not go so far as to say that by this means all and every thing desirable can be accomplished, nor do I undertake by it to pay off the national debt—though the Lords of the Treasury might be reminded that, when the disciples were at a loss to meet the demand of the tax-collectors of their day, they caught a fish, and found in its gills sufficient to satisfy the revenue. (*St. Matthew's Gospel*, chap. xvii.)

"Of all the varied resources of this great empire, the most important, in a national point of view, has long been the portion of capital that is afloat in the merchantmen, and the strength that is invested in the navy of Great Britain. True, the British thunder has too long slept under a sailor-king, and under so

many galling national insults; and it were full time to say that it shall no longer sleep on in the grave where Sir James Graham has laid it. But my concern is principally for the alarming depression of our merchants' property in vessels, repeatedly proved in evidence before your House of Commons. Poulett Thomson is right to call attention to the cries of the shipowners, and to that dismal howling from the harbours, described by the prophet as a forerunner of the fall of Babylon.

“ The best remedial measure would be a resumption of fish-diet during a portion of the year. Talk not of a resumption of cash payments, of opening the trade to China, or of finding a north-west passage to national prosperity. Talk not of ‘ calling spirits from the vasty deep,’ when you neglect to elicit food and employment for thousands from its exuberant bosom. Visionary projectors are never without some complex system of beneficial improvement; but I would say of them, in the words of an Irish gentleman who has lately travelled in search of religion,

‘ They may talk of the nectar that sparkled for Helen—
Theirs is a fiction, but this is reality.’

Melodies.

Demand would create supply. Flotillas would issue from every sea-port in the spring, and ransack the treasures of the ocean for the periodical market; and

the wooden walls of Old England, instead of crumbling into so much rotten timber, would be converted into so many huge wooden spoons to feed the population.

“ It has been sweetly sung, as well as wisely said, by a genuine English writer, that

‘ Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.’

To these undiscovered riches Lent would point the national eye, and direct the national energies. Very absurd would then appear the forebodings of the croakers, who with some plausibility now predict the approach of national bankruptcy and famine. Time enough to think of that remote contingency, when the sea shall be exhausted of its live bullion, and the abyss shall cry ‘ Hold, enough!’ Time enough to fear a general stoppage, when the run on the Dogger Bank shall have produced a failure—when the shoals of the teeming north shall have refused to meet their engagements in the sunny waters of the south, and the drafts of the net shall have been dishonoured.

“ I am one of the many modern admirers of Edmund Burke; for in his speech on American conciliation, he has an *argumentum piscatorium* quite to my fancy. *Tolle! lege!*

“ ‘ As to the wealth which these colonies have derived from the sea by their fisheries, you had all

that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought these acquisitions of value; for they even seemed to excite your envy. And yet the spirit with which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on their fishery. While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and penetrating into the deepest recesses of Hudson's Bay; while we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold,—that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know, that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the shores of Brazil: no sea that is not vexed by their fisheries, no climate that is not witness to their toils!

—Such glorious imaginings, such beatific dreams, would (I speak advisedly) be realised in these coun-

tries by Lent's magic spell; and I have no doubt that our patriot King, the patron of so many very questionable reforms, will see the propriety of restoring the laws of Elizabeth in this matter. Stanislaus, the late pious king of Lorraine, so endeared himself to his subjects in general, and to the market-gardeners in particular, by his sumptuary regulations respecting vegetable diet in Lent, that, in the *hortus siccus* of Nancy, the metropolis, his statue has been placed, with an appropriate inscription :

‘ Vitales inter succos herbasque salubres,
Quàm benè stat populi vita salusque sui!’

“ A similar compliment would await his present Majesty from the shipowners and the ‘ worshipful Fishmongers’ Company,’ if he should adopt the suggestion thrown out here. He would figure colossally in your new Trafalgar-square, pointing with his trident to the Hungerford Market. The three-pronged instrument in his hand would be a most appropriate emblem, (much more so than on the pinnacle of the new Buckingham Palace,) since it would signify equally well the fork with which he fed his people, and the sceptre with which he ruled the world.

‘ Le trident de Neptune est le sceptre du monde!’

Then would be solved the grand problem of the corn-law question. Hitherto my Lord Fitzwilliam has

taken nothing by his motions, and I say deservedly ; for, by infringing on that national code, the collision between the hostile elements of the state, inevitable at some distant period, would be made immediate and imminent. But were Lent proclaimed at Charing Cross and Temple Bar, and through the market-towns of England, a speedy fall in the price of grazing stock, though it might afflict Lord Althorp, would eventually harmonise the jarring interests of agriculture and manufacturing industry. The superabundant population of the farming districts would crowd to the coast, and find employment in the fisheries ; while the table of Devonshire House would repudiate for a time the huge sirloin, and receive as a substitute the ponderous turbot, your Spitalfields weaver would exhibit on his frugal board salt ling flanked with potatoes. A salutary taste for fish would be created in the inmost recesses of the island, and an epoch most beneficial to the country would take date from that enactment.

‘ Omne quum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes.’

Nor need the landlords take alarm. People would not plough the ground less because they might plough the deep more ; and while smiling Ceres would still walk through our isle with her horn of plenty, Thetis would follow in her train with a rival cornucopia.

“ Mark the effects of this observance in Ireland, where it is no humbug, but continues in its primitive austerity, undiminished, unshorn of its beams. The Irish may be wrong, but the consequences to Protestant England are immense. To Lent you owe the connexion of the two islands; it is the golden link that binds the two kingdoms together. Abolish fasting, and from that evil hour no beef or pork would be suffered by the wild natives to go over to your English markets; and the export of provisions would be discontinued by a people that had unlearned the lessons of starvation. Adieu to shipments of live-stock and consignments of bacon! Were there not some potent mysterious spell over this country, think you we should allow the fat of the land to be everlastingly abstracted? Let us learn that there is no virtue in *Lent*, and *repeal* is triumphant to-morrow. We are in truth a most abstemious race. Hence our great superiority over our Protestant fellow-countrymen in the jury-box. It having been found that they could never hold out against hunger as we can, when locked up, and that the verdict was generally carried by popish obstinacy, former administrations discountenanced our admission to serve on juries at all. By an oversight of Sergeant Lefroy, all this has escaped the framers of the new jury-bill for Ireland.

“ To return to the Irish exports. The principal item is that of pigs. The hog is as essential an in-

mate of the Irish cabin as the Arab steed of the shepherd's tent on the plains of Mesopotamia. Both are looked on as part of the household; and the affectionate manner in which these dumb friends of the family are treated, here as well as there, is a trait of national resemblance, denoting a common origin. We are quite oriental in most of our peculiarities. The learned Vallancey will have it, that our consanguinity is with the Jews. I might elucidate the colonel's discovery, by shewing how the pig in Ireland plays the part of the scape-goat of the Israelites: he is a sacred thing, gets the run of the kitchen, is rarely molested, never killed, but alive and buoyant leaves the cabin when taken off by the landlord's driver for arrears of rent, and is then shipped clean out of the country, to be heard of no more. Indeed, the pigs of Ireland bear this notable resemblance to their cousins of Judea, that nothing can keep them from the sea,—a tendency which strikes all travellers in the interior of the island whenever they meet our droves of swine precipitating themselves towards the outports for shipment.

“ To ordinary observers this forbearance of the most ill-fed people on the face of the globe towards their pigs would appear inexplicable; and if you have read the legend of Saint Anthony and *his* pig, you will understand the value of their resistance to temptation.

“ They have a great resource in the potato. This

capital esculent grows no where in such perfection, not even in America, where it is indigenous. But it has often struck me that a great national delinquency has occurred in the sad neglect of people in this country towards the memory of the great and good man who conferred on us so valuable a boon, on his return from the expedition to Virginia. To Sir Walter Raleigh no monument has yet been erected, and nothing has been done to repair the injustice of his contemporaries. His head has rolled from the scaffold on Tower Hill; and though he has fed with his discovery more families, and given a greater impulse to population, than any other benefactor of mankind, no testimonial exists to commemorate his benefaction. Nelson has a pillar in Dublin:—in the city of Limerick a whole column has been devoted to Spring Rice!! and the mighty genius of Raleigh is forgotten. I have seen some animals feed under the majestic oak on the acorns that fell from its spreading branches (*glände sues læti*), without once looking up to the parent tree that showered down blessings on their ungrateful heads."

Here endeth the "Apology," and so abruptly terminate my notes of Prout's Lenten *vindiciæ*. But, alas! still more abrupt was the death of this respectable divine, which occurred last month, on Shrove Tuesday. There was a peculiar fitness in the manner

of Anacreon's exit from this life; but not so in the melancholy termination of Prout's abstemious career, an account of which is conveyed to me in a long and pathetic letter from my agent in Ireland. It was well known that he disliked revelry on all occasions; but if there was a species of gormandising which he more especially abhorred, it was that practised in the parish on pancake-night, which he frequently endeavoured to discountenance and put down, but unsuccessfully. Oft did he tell his rude auditors (for he was a profound Hellenist) that such orgies had originated with the heathen Greeks, and had been even among them the source of many evils, as the very name shewed, *παν κακον*! So it would appear, by Prout's etymology of the pancake, that in the English language there are many terms which answer the description of Horace, and

“Græco fonte cadent parce detorta.”

Contrary to his own better taste and sounder judgment, he was, however, on last Shrove Tuesday, at a wedding-feast of some of my tenantry, induced, from complacency to the newly married couple, to eat of the profane aliment; and never was the Attic derivation of the pancake more wofully accomplished than in the sad result,—for his condescension cost him his life. The indigestible nature of the compost itself might not have been so destructive in an ordinary case; but

it was quite a stranger and ill at ease in Father Prout's stomach: it eventually proved fatal in its effects, and hurried him away from this vale of tears, leaving the parish a widow, and making orphans of all his parishioners. My agent writes that his funeral (or *berring*, as the Irish call it) was thronged by dense multitudes from the whole county, and was as well attended as if it were a tithe-meeting. The whole body of his brother clergy, with the bishop as usual in full pontificals, were mourners on the occasion; and a Latin elegy was composed by the most learned of the order, Father Magrath, one, like Prout, of the old school, who had studied at Florence, and is still a correspondent of many learned Societies abroad. That elegy I have subjoined, as a record of Prout's genuine worth, and as a specimen of a kind of poetry called *Leonine verse*, little cultivated at the present day, but greatly in vogue at the revival of letters under Leo X.

IN MORTEM VENERABILIS ANDREÆ PROUT, CARMEN.

Quid juvat in *pulchro* Sanctos dormire *sepulchro* !
 Optimus usque *bonos* nonne manebit *honos* ?
 Plebs tenui *fossâ* Pastoris condidit *ossa*,
 Splendida sed *miri* mens petit *astra viri*.
 Porta patens *esto* ! cœlum reseretur *honesto*,
 Neve sit à *Petro* jussus abire *retro*.
 Tota malam *sortem* sibi flet *vicinia mortem*,
 Ut pro patre *solent* undique *rura dolent* ;
 Sed fures *gaudent* ; securos hactenùs *audent*

Disturbare *greges*, nec mage tuta *seges*.
 Audio *singultus*, rixas, miserosque *tumultus*,
 Et pietas *luget*, sobrietasque *fugit*.
 Namque furore *brevi* liquidâque ardentis *aquæ vi*
 Antiquus *Nicholas* perdidit *agricolas*.
 Jam patre *defuncto*, meliores flumine *cuncto*
 Lætantur *pisces* obtinuisse *vices*.
 Exultans *almo*, lætare sub æquore *salmo* !
 Carpe, o carpe *dies*, nam tibi parta *quies* !
 Gaudent *anguillæ*, quia tandem est mortuus *ille*,
 Presbyter *Andreas*, qui capiebat *eas*.
 Petro *piscator* placuit pius artis *amator*,
 Cui, propter *mores*, pandit utrosque *fores*.
 Cur lachrymâ *funus* justî comitabitur *unus* ?
 Flendum est non *tali*, sed bene morte *mali* :
 Munera nunc *Floræ* spargo. Sic flebile *rore*
 Virescat *gramen*. Pace quiescat. *Amen*.

Sweet upland! where, like hermit old, in peace sojourn'd
 This priest devout;
 Mark where beneath thy verdant sod lie deep inurn'd
 The bones of Prout!
 Nor deck with monumental shrine or tapering column
 His place of rest,
 Whose soul, above earth's homage, meek yet solemn,
 Sits mid the blest.
 Much was he prized, much loved; his stern rebuke
 O'erawed sheep-stealers;
 And rogues fear'd more the good man's single look
 Than forty Peelers.
 He's gone; and discord soon I ween will visit
 The land with quarrels;
 And the foul demon vex with stills illicit
 The village morals.

No fatal chance could happen more to cross
 The public wishes ;
 And all the neighbourhood deplore his loss,
 Except the fishes ;
 For he kept Lent most strict, and pickled herring
 Preferred to gammon.
 Grim Death has broke his angling-rod ; his berring
 Delights the salmon.
 No more can he hook up carp, eel, or trout,
 For fasting pittance,—
 Arts which Saint Peter loved, whose gate to Prout
 Gave prompt admittance.
 Mourn not, but verdantly let shamrocks keep
 His sainted dust ;
 The bad man's death it well becomes to weep,—
 Not so the just.



PAGE IMPLORA.

No. II.

A PLEA FOR PILGRIMAGES ; SIR WALTER SCOTT'S VISIT
TO THE BLARNEY STONE.

“ Beware, beware
Of the black friar,
Who sitteth by Norman stone ;
For he mutters his prayer
In the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.”

BYRON.

SINCE the publication of this worthy man's “ Apology for Lent,” which, with some account of his lamented death and well-attended funeral, appeared in our last Number, we have written to his executors—(one of whom, we learn, is Father Mat. Horrogan, P. P. of the neighbouring village of Blarney ; and the other, our elegiac poet, Father Magrath)—in the hope of being able to negotiate for the valuable posthumous essays and fugitive pieces which we doubted not had been left behind in great abundance by the deceased. These two disinterested divines—fit associates and bosom-companions of Prout during his lifetime, and

whom, from their joint letters, we should think eminently qualified to pick up the fallen mantle of the departed prophet—have, in the most handsome manner, promised us all the literary and philosophic treatises bequeathed to them by the late incumbent of Watergrasshill; expressing, in the very complimentary note which they have transmitted us (and which our modesty prevents us from inserting), their thanks, and those of the whole parish, for our sympathy and condolence on this melancholy bereavement, and intimating at the same time their regret at its not being in their power to send us also, for our private perusal, the collection of the good father's parochial sermons; the whole of which (a most valuable MS.) had been taken off for his own use by the bishop, whom he had made his residuary legatee. These "sermons" must be doubtless good things in their way—a theological *μεγα θαυμα*—well adapted to swell the episcopal library; but as we confessedly are, and suspect our readers likewise to be, a very improper multitude amongst whom to scatter such pearls, we shall console ourselves for that sacrifice by plunging head and ears into the abundant sources

of intellectual refreshment to which we shall soon have access, and from which Frank Cresswell, lucky dog! has drawn such a draught of inspiration.

“ Sacros ausus recludere fontes !”

for assuredly we may defy any one that has perused Prout's vindication of fish-diet (and *who*, we ask, has *not* read it *con amore*, conning it over with secret glee, and forthwith calling out for a red-herring?), not to prefer its simple unsophisticated eloquence to the oration of Tully *pro Domo sua*, or Barclay's "Apology for Quakers." After all, it may have been but a sprat to catch a whale, and the whole affair may turn out to be a popish contrivance; but if so, we have taken the bait ourselves: we have been, like Festus, "almost persuaded," and Prout has wrought in us a sort of culinary conversion. Why should we be ashamed to avow that we have been edified by the good man's blunt and straightforward logic, and drawn from his theories on fish a higher and more moral impression than from the dreamy visions of an "English Opium-eater," or any other "Confessions" of sensualism and gastronomy? If this "black friar" has got smuggled

in among our contributors, like King Saul among the regular votaries of the sanctuary, it must be admitted that, like the royal intruder, he has caught the tone and chimed in with the general harmony of our political opinions—no Whigging among true Tories, no goose among swans. *Argutos inter strepere anser olores.*

How we long to get possession of the “ Prout Papers !” that chest of learned lumber which haunts our nightly visions ! Already, in imagination, it is within our grasp ; our greedy hand hastily its lid

“ Unlocks,

And all Arcadia breathes from yonder box !”

In this prolific age, when the most unlettered dolt can find a mare's nest in the domain of philosophy, why should not we also cry, *Ευρηκαμεν* ! How much of novelty in his views ! how much embryo discovery must not Prout unfold ! It were indeed a pity to consign the writings of so eminent a scholar to oblivion : nor ought it be said, in scriptural phrase, of him, what is, alas ! applicable to so many other learned divines when they are dead, that “ their

works have followed them." Such was the case of that laborious French clergyman, the Abbé Trublet, of whom Voltaire profanely sings :

" L'Abbé Trublet écrit, le Léthé sur ses rives
Reçoit avec plaisir ses feuilles fugitives!"

Which epigram hath a recondite meaning, not obvious to the reader on a first perusal; and being interpreted into plain English, for the use of the London University, it may run thus :

" Lardner compiles—kind Lethe on her banks
Receives the doctor's useful page with thanks."

Such may be the fate of Lardner and of Trublet, and such the ultimate destiny that awaits their literary labours; but neither men, nor gods, nor our columns (those graceful pillars that support the Muses' temple), shall suffer this old priest to remain in the unmerited obscurity from which Frank Cresswell first essayed to draw him. To that young barrister we have written, with a request that he would furnish us with some further details concerning Prout, and, if possible, a few additional specimens of his colloquial wisdom; reminding him that modern taste has a decided tendency

towards illustrious private gossip, and recommending, therefore, as a sublime model of the dramatico-biographic style, my Lady Blessington's "Conversations of Lord Byron." How far he has succeeded in following the *ignis fatuus* of her ladyship's lantern, and how many bogs he has got immersed in because of the dangerous hint, which we gave him in an evil hour, the judicious reader will soon find out. Here is the communication.

OLIVER YORKE.

May 1, 1834.

Furnival's Inn, April 14.

ACKNOWLEDGING the receipt of your gracious mandate, O Queen of Periodicals! and kissing the top of your ivory sceptre, may I be allowed to express unblamed my utter devotion to your orders, in the language of Æolus, quondam ruler of the winds:

"Tuus, O REGINA, quid optes
Explorare labor, mihi jussa capessere fas est!"

without concealing, at the same time, my wonderment, and that of many other sober individuals, at your patronising the advocacy of doctrines and usages belonging exclusively to another and far less reput-

able Queen (quean?), whom I shall have sufficiently designated when I mention that *she sits upon seven hills!*—in stating which singular phenomenon concerning her, I need not add that her fundamental maxims must be totally different from yours. Many orthodox people cannot understand how you could have reconciled it to your conscience to publish, in its crude state, that Apology for Lent, without adding note or comment in refutation of such dangerous doctrines; and are still more amazed that a popish parish priest, from the wild Irish hills, could have got among your contributors—

“ Claimed kindred there, and have that claim allowed.”

It will, however, no doubt, give you pleasure to learn, that you have established a lasting popularity among that learned set of men the fishmongers, who are never scaly of their support when deserved; for, by a unanimous vote of the “worshipful company” last meeting-day, the marble bust of Father Prout, crowned with sea-weeds like a Triton, is to be placed in a conspicuous part of their new hall at London Bridge. But as it is the hardest thing imaginable to please all parties, your triumph is rendered incomplete by the grumbling of another not less respectable portion of the community. By your proposal for the non-consumption of butchers’ meat, you have given mortal offence to the dealers in horned cattle, and

stirred up a nest of hornets in Smithfield. In your perambulations of the metropolis, go not into the bucolic purlieus of that dangerous district; beware of the enemy's camp; tempt not the ire of men armed with cold steel, else the long-dormant fires of that land celebrated in every age as a *tierra del fuego* may be yet rekindled, and made "red with uncommon wrath," for your especial roasting. Lord Althorp is no warm friend of yours; and by your making what he calls "a most unprovoked attack on the graziers," you have not propitiated the winner of the prize ox.

"Fœnum habet in cornu,—hunc tu, Romane, caveto!"

In vain would you seek to cajole the worthy chancellor of his Majesty's unfortunate exchequer, by the desirable prospect of a *net* revenue from the ocean: you will make no impression. His mind is not accessible to any reasoning on that subject; and, like the shield of Telamon, it is wrapt in the impenetrable folds of seven tough bull-hides.

But eliminating at once these insignificant topics, and setting aside all minor things, let me address myself to the grand subject of my adoption. Verily, since the days of that ornament of the priesthood and pride of Venice, Father Paul, no divine has shed such lustre on the Church of Rome as Father Prout. His brain was a storehouse of inexhaustible knowledge, and his memory a bazaar, in which the intellectual

riches of past ages were classified and arranged in marvellous and brilliant assortment. When, by the creditable liberality of his executors, you shall have been put in possession of his writings and posthumous papers, you will find that I do not exaggerate; for though his mere conversation was always instructive, still, the pen in his hand, more potent than the wand of Prospero, embellished every subject with an aërial charm; and whatever department of literature it touched on, it was sure to illuminate and adorn, from the lightest and most ephemeral matters of the day to the deepest and most abstruse problems of metaphysical inquiry; vigorous and philosophical at the same time that it is minute and playful; having no parallel unless we liken it to the proboscis of an elephant, that can with equal ease shift an obelisk and crack a nut.

Nor did he confine himself to prose. He was a chosen favourite of the nine sisters, and flirted openly with them all, his vow of celibacy preventing his forming a permanent alliance with one alone. Hence pastoral poetry, elegy, sonnets, and still grander effusions in the best style of Bob Montgomery, flowed from his muse in abundance; but, I must confess, his peculiar *forte* lay in the Pindaric. Besides, he indulged copiously in Greek and Latin versification, as well as in French, Italian, and High Dutch; of which accomplishments I happen to possess some fine speci-

mens from his pen ; and before I terminate this paper, I mean to introduce them to the benevolent notice of the candid reader. By these you will find, that the Doric reed of Theocritus was to him but an ordinary sylvan pipe—that the lyre of Anacreon was as familiar to him as the German flute—and that he played as well on the classic chords of the bard of Mantua as on the Cremona fiddle ; at all events, he will prove far superior as a poet to the covey of unfledged rhymers who nestle in annuals and magazines. Sad abortions ! on which even you, O Queen, sometimes take compassion, infusing into them a life

“ Which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.”

To return to his conversational powers : he did not waste them on the generality of folks, for he despised the vulgar herd of Corkonians with whom it was his lot to mingle ; but when he was sure of a friendly circle, he broke out in resplendent style, often humorous, at times critical, occasionally profound, and always interesting. Inexhaustible in his means of illustration, his fancy was an unwasted mine, into which you had but to sink a shaft, and you were sure of eliciting the finest ore, which came forth stamped with the impress of genius, and fit to circulate among the most cultivated auditory : for though the mint of his brain now and then would issue a

strange and fantastic coinage, sterling sense was sure to give it value, and ready wit to promote its currency. The rubbish and dust of the schools with which his notions were sometimes incrusting did not alter their intrinsic worth; people only wondered how the diaphanous mind of Prout could be obscured by such common stuff: its brightness was still undiminished by the admixture; and like straws in amber, without deteriorating the substance, these matters only made manifest its transparency. Whenever he undertook to illustrate any subject worthy of him, he was always felicitous. I shall give you an instance.

There stands on the borders of his parish, near the village of Blarney, an old castle of the M'Carthy family, rising abruptly from a bold cliff, at the foot of which rolls a not inconsiderable stream — the fond and frequent witness of Prout's angling propensities. The well-wooded demesne, comprising an extensive lake, a romantic cavern, and an artificial wilderness of rocks, belongs to the family of Jeffereys, which boasts in the Dowager Countess Glengall a most distinguished scion; her ladyship's mother having been immortalised under the title of "Lady Jeffers," with the other natural curiosities produced by this celebrated spot, in that never-sufficiently-to-be-encored song, the *Groves of Blarney*. But neither the stream, nor the lake, nor the castle, nor the village (a sad

ruin! which, but for the recent establishment of a spinning-factory by some patriotic Corkonian, would be swept away altogether, or possessed by the owls as a grant from Sultan Mahmoud);—none of these picturesque objects has earned such notoriety for “the Groves” as a certain stone, of a basaltic kind rather unusual in the district, placed on the pinnacle of the main tower, and endowed with the property of communicating to the happy tongue that comes in contact with its polished surface the gift of gentle insinuating speech, and soft talk in all its ramifications, whether employed in vows and promises light as air, *επεα πτερόεντα*, such as lead captive the female heart; or elaborate mystification of a grosser grain, such as may do for the House of Commons; all summed up and characterised by the mysterious term *Blarney*.*

* To Crofton Croker belongs the merit of elucidating this obscure tradition. It appears that in 1602, when the Spaniards were exciting our chieftains to harass the English authorities, Cormac M'Dermot Carthy held, among other dependencies, the castle of Blarney, and had concluded an armistice with the lord-president, on condition of surrendering this fort to an English garrison. Day after day did his lordship look for the fulfilment of the compact; while the Irish Pozzo di Borgo, as loath to part with his stronghold as Russia to relinquish the Dardanelles, kept protocolising with soft promises and delusive delays, until at last Carew became the laughing-stock of Elizabeth's ministers, and “*Blarney talk*” proverbial. It is a singular coincidence, that

Prout's theory on this subject might have remained dormant for ages, and perhaps been ultimately lost to the world at large, were it not for an event which occurred in the summer of 1825, while I (a younker then) happened to be on that visit to my aunt at Watergrasshill which eventually secured me her inheritance. The occurrence I am about to commemorate was, in truth, one of the first magnitude, and well calculated, from its importance, to form an epoch in the Annals of the Parish. It was the arrival of SIR WALTER SCOTT at Blarney, towards the end of the month of July.

Nine years have now rolled away, and the "Ariosto of the North" is dead, and our ancient constitution has since fallen under the hoofs of the Whigs; quenched is many a beacon-light in church and state — Prout himself is no more; and plentiful indications tell us we are come upon evil days: but still may I be allowed to feel a pleasurable, though somewhat saddened emotion, while I revert to that intellectual meeting, and bid memory go back in "dream sublime" to the glorious exhibition of Prout's mental powers. It was, in sooth, a great day for old Ireland; a greater still for Blarney; but, greatest of all, it dawned, Prout, on thee! Then it was that thy light

while Crofty was engaged in tracing the origin of this Irish term, D'Israeli was equally well employed in evolving the pedigree of the English word "*Fudge*."

was taken from under its sacerdotal bushel, and placed conspicuously before a man fit to appreciate the effulgence of so brilliant a luminary—a light which I, who pen these words in sorrow, alas! shall never gaze on more! a light

“ That ne'er shall shine again
On Blarney's stream !”

That day it illumined the “cave,” the “shady walks,” and the “sweet rock-close,” and sent its gladdening beam into the gloomiest vaults of the ancient fort; for all the recondite recesses of the castle were explored in succession by the distinguished poet and the learned priest, and Prout held a candle to Scott.

We read with interest, in the historian Polybius, the account of Hannibal's interview with Scipio on the plains of Zama; and often have we, in our school-boy days of unsophisticated feeling, sympathised with Ovid, when he told us that he only got a glimpse of Virgil; but Scott basked for a whole summer's day in the blaze of Prout's wit, and witnessed the coruscations of his learning. The great Marius is said never to have appeared to such advantage as when seated on the ruins of Carthage: with equal dignity Prout sat on the Blarney stone, amid ruins of kindred glory. Zeno taught in the “porch;” Plato loved to muse alone on the bold jutting promontory of Cape Sunium; Socrates, bent on finding Truth, “*in sylvis*

Academi quærere verum,” sought her among the bowers of Academus; Prout courted the same coy nymph, and wooed her in the “groves of Blarney.”

I said that it was in the summer of 1825 that Sir Walter Scott, in the progress of his tour through Ireland, reached Cork, and forthwith intimated his wish to proceed at once on a visit to Blarney Castle. For him the noble river, the magnificent estuary, and unrivalled harbour of a city that proudly bears on her civic escutcheon the well-applied motto, “*Statio bene fida carinis,*” had but little attraction when placed in competition with a spot sacred to the Muses, and wed to immortal melody. Such was the interest which its connexion with the popular literature and traditionary stories of the country had excited in that master-mind—such the predominance of its local reminiscences—such the transcendent influence of song! For this did the then “Great Unknown” wend his way through the fetid purlieus of “Golden Spur,” traversing the great manufacturing fauxbourg of “Black Pool,” and emerging by the “Red Forge;” so intent on the classic object of his pursuit, as to disregard the unpromising aspect of the vestibule by which alone it is approachable. Many are the splendid mansions and hospitable halls that stud the suburbs of the “beautiful city,” each boasting its grassy lawn and placid lake, each decked with park and woodland, and each well furnished with that

paramount appendage, a *batterie de cuisine*; but all these *castles* were passed unheeded by, *caerent quia vate sacro*. Gorgeous residences, picturesque seats, magnificent villas, they be, no doubt; but unknown to literature, in vain do they plume themselves on their architectural beauty; in vain do they spread wide their well-proportioned *wings*—they cannot soar aloft to the regions of celebrity.

On the eve of that memorable day I was sitting on a stool in the priest's parlour, poking the turf fire, while Prout, who had been angling all day, sat nodding over his "*breviary*," and, according to my calculation, ought to be at the last psalm of vespers, when a loud official knock, not usual on that bleak hill, bespoke the presence of no ordinary personage. Accordingly, the "wicket, opening with a latch," ushered in a messenger clad in the livery of the ancient and loyal corporation of Cork, who announced himself as the bearer of a despatch from the mansion-house to his reverence; and, handing it with that deferential awe which even his masters felt for the incumbent of Watergrasshill, immediately withdrew. The letter ran thus:—

Council Chamber, July 24, 1825.

VERY REVEREND DOCTOR PROUT,

Cork harbours within its walls the illustrious author of Waverley. On receiving the freedom

of our ancient city, which we presented to him (as usual towards distinguished strangers) in a box carved out of a chip of the Blarney stone, he expressed his determination to visit the old block itself. As he will, therefore, be in your neighbourhood to-morrow, and as no one is better able to do the honours than you (our burgesses being sadly deficient in learning, as you and I well know), your attendance on the celebrated poet is requested by your old friend and foster-brother,

GEORGE KNAPP,* *Mayor.*

* The republic of letters has great reason to complain of Dr. Maginn, for his non-fulfilment of a positive pledge to publish "a great historical work" on the mayors of Cork. Owing to this desideratum in the annals of the empire, I am compelled to bring into notice thus abruptly the most respectable civic worthy that has worn the cocked hat and chain since the days of John Walters, who boldly proclaimed Perkin Warbeck, in the reign of Henry VII., in the market-place of that beautiful city. Knapp's virtues and talents did not, like those of Donna Ines, deserve to be called

" Classic all,
Nor lay they chiefly in the mathematical,"

for his favourite pursuit during the canicule of 1825, was the extermination of mad dogs; and so vigorously did he urge the carnage during the summer of his mayoralty, that some thought he wished to eclipse the exploit of St. Patrick in destroying the breed altogether, as the saint did that of toads. A Cork poet, the laureate of the mansion-house, has celebrated Knapp's prowess in a didactic composition, entitled *Dog-killing, a Poem*; in which the

Never shall I forget the beam of triumph that lit up the old man's features on the perusal of Knapp's pithy summons; and right warmly did he respond to my congratulations on the prospect of thus coming in contact with so distinguished an author. "You are right, child!" said he; and as I perceived by his manner that he was about to enter on one of those rambling trains of thoughts—half-homily, half-soliloquy—in which he was wont to indulge, I settled myself by the fire-place, and prepared to go through my accustomed part of an attentive listener.

"A great man, Frank! a truly great man! No token of ancient days escapes his eagle glance, no venerable memorial of former times his observant scrutiny; and still, even he, versed as he is in the monumentary remains of bygone ages, may yet learn something more, and have no cause to regret his visit to Blarney. Yes! since our 'groves' are to be honoured by the presence of the learned baronet,

'Sylvæ sint consule dignæ!'

let us make them deserving of his attention. He shall

mayor is likened to Apollo in the Grecian camp before Troy, in the opening of the *Iliad*:—

Αυτὰρ βούσ πρῶτον ἐφ' ὤκειτο καὶ κύναις Ἀργείους.

But as you might think it all mere *doggerel*, I shall omit to quote from it, though it might edify many a magisterial Dogberry, and prove a real mayor's nest. — F. CRESSWELL.

fix his antiquarian eye and rivet his wondering gaze on the rude basaltic mass that crowns the battlements of the main tower; for though he may have seen the "chair at Scone," where the Caledonian kings were crowned; though he may have examined that Scotch pebble in Westminster Abbey, which the Cockneys, in the exercise of a delightful credulity, believe to be "Jacob's pillow;" though he may have visited the mishapen pillars on Salisbury plain, and the Rock of Cashel, and the "Hag's Bed," and St. Kevin's petrified matelas at Glendalough, and many a cromleach of Druidical celebrity,—there is a stone yet unexplored, which he shall contemplate to-morrow, and place on record among his most profitable days that on which he shall have paid it homage:

'Hunc, Macrine, diem numera meliore lapillo!'

"I am old, Frank. In my wild youth I have seen many of the celebrated writers that adorned the decline of the last century, and shed a lustre over France, too soon eclipsed in blood at its sanguinary close. I have conversed with Buffon and with Fontenelle, and held intercourse with Nature's simplest child, Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of "Paul and Virginia;" Gresset and Marmontel were my college-friends; and to me, though a frequenter of the halls of Sorbonne, the octogenaire of Ferney was not unknown: nor was I unacquainted with the recluse of Ermenon-

ville. But what are the souvenirs of a single period, however brilliant and interesting, to the recollections of full seven centuries of historic glory, all condensed and concentrated in Scott? What a host of personages does his name conjure up! what mighty shades mingle in the throng of attendant heroes that wait his bidding, and form his appropriate retinue! Cromwell, Claverhouse, and Montrose; Saladin, Front de Bœuf, and Cœur de Lion; Rob Roy, Robin Hood, and Marmion; those who fell at Culloden and Flodden-field, and those who won the day at Bannockburn,—all start up at the presence of the Enchanter. I speak not of his female forms of surpassing loveliness—his Flora M'Ivor, his Rebecca, his Amy Robsart: these you, Frank, can best admire. But I know not how I shall divest myself of a secret awe when the wizard, with all his spells, shall rise before me. The presence of my old foster-brother, George Knapp, will doubtless tend to dissipate the illusion; but if so, it will be by personifying the Baillie Nicol Jarvie of Glasgow, his worthy prototype. Nor are Scott's merits those simply of a pleasing novelist or a spirit-stirring poet; his "Life of Dryden," his valuable commentaries on Swift, his researches in the dark domain of demonology, his biography of Napoleon, and the sterling views of European policy developed in "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," all contribute to enhance his literary pre-eminence. Rightly has Silius

Italicus depicted the Carthaginian hero, surrounded even in solitude by a thousand recollections of well-earned renown—

‘ Nec credis inermem

Quem mihi tot cinxere duces: si admoveris ora,
Cannas et Trebiam ante oculos, Romanaque busta,
Et *Pauli* stare ingentem miraberis umbram !’

Yet, greatly and deservedly as he is prized by his contemporaries, future ages will value him even more; and his laurel, ever extending its branches, and growing in secret like the ‘fame of Marcellus,’ will overshadow the earth. Posterity will canonise his every relic; and his footsteps, even in this remote district, will be one day traced and sought for by the admirers of genius. For, notwithstanding the breadth and brilliancy of effect with which he waved the torch of mind while living, far purer and more serene will be the lamp that shall glimmer in his tomb and keep vigil over his hallowed ashes: to that fount of inspiration other and minor spirits, eager to career through the same orbit of glory, will recur, and

‘ In their golden urns draw light.’

Nor do I merely look on him as a writer who, by the blandishment of his narrative and the witchery of his style, has calmed more sorrow, and caused more happy hours to flow, than any save a higher and a holier page,—a writer who, like the autumnal meteor

of his own North, has illumined the dull horizon of these latter days with a fancy ever varied and radiant with joyfulness,—one who, for useful purposes, has interwoven the plain warp of history with the many-coloured web of his own romantic loom;—but further do I hail in him the genius who has rendered good and true service to the cause of mankind, by driving forth from the temple of Religion, with sarcasm's knotted lash, that canting puritanic tribe who would obliterate from the book of life every earthly enjoyment, and change all its paths of peace into walks of bitterness. I honour him for his efforts to demolish the pestilent influence of a sour and sulky system that would interpose itself between the gospel sun and the world—that retains no heat, imbibes no light, and transmits none; but flings its broad, cold, and disastrous shadow over the land that is cursed with its visitation.

“The excrescences and superfœtations of my own church most freely do I yield up to his censure; for while in his Abbot Boniface, his Friar Tuck, and his intriguing Rashleigh, he has justly stigmatised monastic laziness, and denounced ultramontane duplicity, he has not forgotten to exhibit the bright reverse of the Roman medal, but has done full measure of justice to the nobler inspirations of our creed, bodied forth in Mary Stuart, Hugo de Lacy, Catherine Seaton, Die Vernon, and Rose de Béranger. Nay, even

in his fictions of cloistered life, among the drones of that ignoble crowd, he has drawn minds of another sphere, and spirits whose ingenuous nature and piety unfeigned were not worthy of this world's deceitful intercourse, but fitted them to commune in solitude with Heaven.

“Such are the impressions, and such the mood of mind in which I shall accost the illustrious visitor; and you, Frank, shall accompany me on this occasion.”

Accordingly, the next morning found Prout, punctual to Knapp's summons, at his appointed post on the top of the castle, keeping a keen look-out for the arrival of Sir Walter. He came, at length, up the “laurel avenue,” so called from the gigantic laurels that overhang the path,

“Which bowed,

As if each brought a new classic wreath to his head;”

and alighting at the castle-gate, supported by Knapp, he toiled up the winding stairs as well as his lameness would permit, and stood at last, with all his fame around him, in the presence of Prout. The form of mutual introduction was managed by Knapp with his usual tact and urbanity; and the first interchange of thoughts soon convinced Scott that he had lit on no “clod of the valley” in the priest. The confabulation which ensued may remind you of the “*Tusculanæ Quæstiones*” of Tully, or the dialogues “*De Oratore*,”

or of Horne Took's "Diversions of Purley," or of all three together. *La voici.*

SCOTT.

I congratulate myself, reverend father, on the prospect of having so experienced a guide in exploring the wonders of this celebrated spot. Indeed, I am so far a member of your communion, that I take delight in pilgrimages; and you behold in me a pilgrim to the Blarney stone.

PROUT.

I accept the guidance of so sincere a devotee; nor has a more accomplished palmer ever worn scrip, or staff, or scollop-shell, in my recollection; nay, more—right honoured shall the pastor of the neighbouring upland feel in affording shelter and hospitality, such as every pilgrim has claim to, if the penitent will deign visit my humble dwelling.

SCOTT.

My vow forbids! I must not think of bodily refreshment, or any such profane solitudes, until I go through the solemn rounds of my devotional career—until I kiss "the stone," and explore the "cave where no daylight enters," the "fracture in the battlement," the "lake well stored with fishes," and, finally, "the sweet rock-close."

PROUT.

All these shall you duly contemplate when you shall have rested from the fatigue of climbing to this lofty eminence, whence, seated on these battlements, you can command a landscape fit to repay the toil of the most laborious peregrination; in truth, if the ancient observance were not sufficiently vindicated by your example to-day, I should have thought it my duty to take up the gauntlet for that much-abused set of men, the pilgrims of olden time.

SCOTT.

In all cases of initiation to any solemn rites, such as I am about to enter on, it is customary to give an introductory lecture to the neophyte; and as you seem disposed to enlighten us with a preamble, you have got, reverend father, in me a most docile auditor.

PROUT.

There is a work, Sir Walter, with which I presume you are not unacquainted, which forcibly and beautifully portrays the honest fervour of our forefathers in their untutored views of Christianity: but if the "Tales of the Crusaders" count among their *dramatis personæ* the mitred prelate, the cowed hermit, the croziered abbot, and the gallant templar, strange mixture of daring and devotion,—far do I prefer the sketch of that peculiar creation of Catho-

licity and romance, the penitent under solemn vow, who comes down from Thabor or from Lebanon to embark for Europe; and who in rude garb and with unshodden feet will return to his native plains of Languedoc or Lombardy, displaying with pride the emblem of Palestine, and realising what Virgil only dreamt of—

“ *Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas!* ”

But I am wrong in saying that pilgrimages belong exclusively to our most ancient form of Christianity, or that the patent for this practice appertains to religion at all. It is the simplest dictate of our nature, though piety has consecrated the practice, and marked it for her own. Patriotism, poetry, philanthropy, all the arts and all the finer feelings, have their pilgrimages, their hallowed spots of intense interest, their haunts of fancy and of inspiration. It is the first impulse of every genuine affection, the tendency of the heart in its fervent youthhood; and nothing but the cold scepticism of an age which Edmund Burke so truly designated as that of calculators and economists, could scoff at the enthusiasm that feeds on ruins such as these, that visits with emotion the battle-field and the ivied abbey, or Shakespeare's grave, or Galileo's cell, or Runymede, or Marathon.

Filial affection has had its pilgrim in Telemachus; generous and devoted loyalty in Blondel, the best of

troubadours; Bruce, Belzoni, and Humboldt, were pilgrims of science; and John Howard was the sublime pilgrim of philanthropy.

Actuated by a sacred feeling, the son of Ulysses visited every isle and inhospitable shore of the boisterous Ægean, until a father clasped him in his arms;—propelled by an equally absorbing attachment, the faithful minstrel of Cœur de Lion sang before every feudal castle in Germany, until at last a dungeon-keep gave back the responsive echo of “*O Richard! O mon roy!*” If Belzoni died toil-worn and dissatisfied—if Baron Humboldt is still plodding his course through the South American peninsula, or wafted on the bosom of the Pacific—it is because the domain of science is infinite, and her votaries must never rest:

“ For there are wanderers o'er eternity,

Whose bark goes on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be!”

But when Howard explored the secrets of every prison-house in Europe, performing that which Burke classically described as “ a circumnavigation of charity;” nay, when, on a still holier errand, three eastern sages came from the boundaries of the earth to do homage to a cradle; think ye not that in theirs, as in every pilgrim's progress, a light unseen to others shone on the path before them? derived they not untiring vigour from the exalted nature of their pur-

suit, felt they not "a pinion lifting every limb?" Such are the feelings which Tasso beautifully describes when he brings his heroes within view of Sion:

“ Al grand piacer che quella prima vista
 Dolcemente spiro, nel altrui petto
 Alta contrizion successe, mista
 Di timoroso e riverente affetto.
 Osano appena d' innalzar la vista
 Ver la città di Cristo, albergo eletto,
 Dove morì, dove sepolto fue,
 Dove trionfator riveste le membra sue!”

Canto III.

I need not tell you, Sir Walter, that the father of history, previous to taking up the pen of Clio, explored every monument of Upper Egypt; or that Herodotus had been preceded by Homer, and followed by Pythagoras, in this philosophic pilgrimage; that Athens and Corinth were the favourite resorts of the Roman literati, Sylla, Lucullus, and Mæcenas, when no longer the seats of empire; and that Rome itself is, in its turn, become as well the haunt of the antiquarian as of the poet, and the painter, and the Christian pilgrim; for dull indeed would that man be, duller than the stagnant weed that vegetates on Lethe's shore, who again would put the exploded interrogatory, once fallen, not inaptly, from the mouth of a clown—

“ Quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?”

I mean not to deny that there exist vulgar minds and

souls without refinement, whose perceptions are of that stunted nature that they can see nothing in the "pass of Thermopylæ" but a gap for cattle; in the "Forum" but a cow-yard; and for whom St. Helena itself is but a barren rock: but, thank Heaven! we are not all yet come to that unenviable stage of utilitarian philosophy; and there is still some hope left for the Muses' haunts, when he of Abbotsford blushes not to visit the castle, the stone, and the groves of Blarney.

Nor is he unsupported in the indulgence of this classic fancy; for there exists another pilgrim, despite of modern cavils, who keeps up the credit of the profession—a wayward childe, whose restless spirit has long since spurned the solemn dulness of conventional life, preferring to hold intercourse with the mountain-top and the ocean-brink: Ida and Salamis "are to him companionship;" and every broken shaft, prostrate capital, and marble fragment of that sunny land, tells its tale of other days to a fitting listener in Harold: for him Etruria is a teeming soil, and the spirit of song haunts Ravenna and Parthenopé: for him

" There is a tomb in Arquá,"

which to the stolid peasant that wends his way along the Eugancian hills is mute indeed as the grave, nor breathes the name of its indweller; but a voice

breaks forth from the mausoleum at the passage of Byron, the ashes of Petrarch grow warm in their marble bed, and the last wish of the poet in his "Legacy" is accomplished :

" Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
 Shall touch on thy cords in passing along,
 O may one thought of its master waken
 The sweetest smile for the *Childe of Song!*"

SCOTT.

Proud and flattered as I must feel, O most learned divine! to be classified with Herodotus, Pythagoras, Belzoni, Bruce, and Byron, I fear much that I am but a sorry sort of pilgrim, after all. Indeed, an eminent writer of your church has laid it down as a maxim, which I suspect applies to my case, " Qui multùm peregrinantur rarò sanctificantur." Does not Thomas à Kempis say so?

PROUT.

The doctrine may be sound; but the book from which you quote is one of those splendid productions of uncertain authorship which we must ascribe to some "great unknown" of the dark ages.

SCOTT.

Be that as it may, I can give you a parallel sentiment from one of your French poets; for I understand

you are partial to the literature of that merry nation. The pilgrim's wanderings are compared by this Gallic satirist to the meandering course of a river in Germany, which, after watering the plains of Protestant Wirtemberg and Catholic Austria, enters, by way of finale, on the domains of the Grand Turk :

“ J'ai vu le Danube inconstant,
 Qui, tantôt Catholique et tantôt Protestant,
 Sert Rome et Luther de son onde ;
 Mais, comptant après pour rien
 Romain et Luthérien,
 Finit sa course vagabonde
 Par n'être pas même Chrétien.
 Rarement en courant le monde
 On devient homme de bien !”

By the way, have you seen Stothard's capital print, “ The Pilgrimage to Canterbury ?”

PROUT.

Such orgies on pious pretences I cannot but deplore, with Chaucer, Dryden, and Pope, who were all of my creed, and pointedly condemned them. The Papal hierarchy in this country have repeatedly discountenanced such unholy doings. Witness their efforts to demolish the cavern of Loughderg, called St. Patrick's Purgatory, that has no better claim to antiquity than our Blarney cave, in which “ bats and badgers are for ever bred.” And still, concerning

this truly Irish curiosity, there is a document of a droll description in Rymer's "Fœdera," in the 32d year of Edward III. A.D. 1358. It is no less than a certificate, duly made out by that good-natured monarch, shewing to all men as how a foreign nobleman did really visit the Cave of St. Patrick,* and passed a night in its mysterious recesses.

* This is, we believe, what Prout alludes to; and we confess it is a precious relic of olden simplicity, and ought to see the light:—

“ A. D. 1358, an. 32 Edw. III.

“ Litteræ testimoniales super morâ in S^{cti} Patricii Purgatorio.

Rex universis et singulis ad quos præsentēs litteræ pervenerint, salutem!

“ Nobilis vir Malatesta Ungarus de Arimenio, miles, ad præsentiam nostram veniens, maturè nobis exposuit quod ipse nuper à terræ suæ discedens laribus, Purgatorium Sancti Patricii, infra terram nostram Hybernæ constitutum, in multis corporis sui laboribus peregrè visitârat, ac per integræ diei ac noctis continuatum spatium, ut est moris, clausus manserat in eodem, nobis cum instantiâ supplicando, ut in præmissorum veracius fulcimentum regales nostras litteras inde sibi concedere dignaremur.

“ Nos autem ipsius peregrinationis considerantes periculosa discrimina, licet tanti nobilis in hâc parte nobis assertio sit accepta, quia tamen dilecti ac fidelis nostri Almarici de S^{to} Amando, militis, justiciarii nostri Hybernæ, simul ac Prioris et Conventûs loci dicti Purgatorii, et etiam aliorum auctoritatis multæ virorum litteris, aliisque claris evidentiis informamur quod dictus nobilis hanc peregrinationem *ritè* perfecerat et etiam *animosè*.

“ Dignum duximus super his testimonium nostrum favorabiliter adhibere, ut sublato cujusvis dubitationis involucro, præ-

SCOTT.

I was aware of the existence of that document, as also of the remark made by one Erasmus of Rotterdam concerning the said cave: "Non desunt hodiè qui descendunt, sed priùs triduo enecti jejunio ne sano capite ingrediantur."* Erasmus, reverend friend, was an honour to your cloth; but as to Edward III., I am not surprised he should have encouraged such

missorum veritas singulis lucidius patefiat, has litteras nostras sigillo regio consignatas illi duximus concedendas.

"Dat' in palatio nostro West', xxiv die Octobris, 1358."

Rymer's Fœdera, by Caley. London, 1825.

Vol. iii. pt. i. p. 408.

* Erasmus in Adagia, artic. de antro Trophonii. See also Camden's account of this cave in his *Hybèriæ Descriptio*, edition of 1594, p. 671. It is a singular fact, though little known, that from the visions said to occur in this cavern, and bruited abroad by the fraternity of monks, whose connexion with Italy was constant and intimate, Dante took the first hint of his *Divina Commedia*, *Il Purgatorio*. Such was the celebrity this cave had obtained in Spain, that the great dramatist Calderon made it the subject of one of his best pieces; and it was so well known at the court of Ferrara, that Ariosto introduced it into his *Orlando Furioso*, canto x. stanza 92.

"Quindi Ruggier, poi che di banda in banda
Vide gl' Inglesi, andò verso l' Irlanda
E vide Ibernia fabulosa, dove
Il santo vecchiare' fece la cava
In che tanta merce' par che si trove
Che l' uom vi purga ogni sua colpa prava!"

F. CRESSWELL.

excursions, as he belonged to a family whose patronymic is traceable to a pilgrim's vow. My reverend friend is surely in possession of the historic fact, that the name of Plantagenet is derived from *plante de genest*, a sprig of heath, which the first Duke of Anjou wore in his helmet as a sign of penitential humiliation, when about to depart for the holy land: though why a broom-sprig should indicate lowliness is not satisfactorily explained.

PROUT.

The monks of that day, who are reputed to have been very ignorant, were perhaps acquainted with the "Georgics" of Virgil, and recollected the verse—

"Quid majora sequar? Salices humilesque Genestæ."

II. 434.

SCOTT.

I suppose there is some similar recondite allusion in that unaccountable decoration of every holy traveller's accoutrement, the scallop-shell? or was it merely used to quaff the waters of the brook?

PROUT.

It was first assumed by the penitents who resorted to the shrine of St. Jago di Compostella, on the western coast of Spain, to betoken that they had extended their penitential excursion so far as that sainted

shore ; just as the palm-branch was sufficient evidence of a visit to Palestine. Did not the soldiers of a Roman general fill their helmets with cockles on the brink of the German Ocean? By the by, when my laborious and learned friend the renowned Abbé Trublet, in vindicating the deluge against Voltaire, instanced the heaps of marine remains and conchilia on the ridge of the Pyrenees, the witty reprobate of Ferney had the unblushing effrontery to assert that those were shells left behind by the pilgrims of St. Jaques on recrossing the mountains.

SCOTT.

I must not, meantime, forget the objects of my devotion ; and with your benison, reverend father, shall proceed to examine the “ stone.”

PROUT.

You behold, Sir Walter, in this block the most valuable remnant of Ireland’s ancient glory, and the most precious lot of her Phœnician inheritance! Possessed of this treasure, she may well be designated

“ First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea ;”

for neither the musical stone of Memnon, that “ so sweetly played in tune,” nor the oracular stone at Delphi, nor the lapidary talisman of the Lydian Gyges, nor the colossal granite shaped into a sphinx in Upper Egypt, nor Stonehenge, nor the Pelasgic walls

of Italy's Palæstrina, offer so many attractions. The long-sought *lapis philosophorum*, compared with this jewel, dwindles into insignificance; nay, the savoury fragment which was substituted for the infant Jupiter, when Saturn had the mania of devouring his children; the Luxor obelisk; the treaty-stone of Limerick, with all its historic endearments; the zodiacal monument of Denderach, with all its astronomic importance; the Elgin marbles with all their sculptured, the Arundelian with all their lettered, riches,—cannot for a moment stand in competition with the Blarney block. What stone in the world, save this alone, can communicate to the tongue that suavity of speech, and that splendid effrontery, so necessary to get through life? Without this resource, how could Brougham have managed to delude the English public, or Dan O'Connell to gull even his own countrymen? How could St. John Long thrive? or Dicky Sheil prosper? What else could have transmuted my old friend Pat Lardner into a man of letters—LL.D., F.R.S. L. and E., M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.C.P.S., &c. &c.? What would have become of Spring Rice? and who would have heard of Charley Phillips? When the good fortune of the above-mentioned individuals can be traced to any other source, save and except the Blarney stone, I am ready to renounce my belief in it altogether.

This palladium of our country was brought hither originally by the Phœnician colony that peopled Ire-

land, and is the best proof of our eastern parentage. The inhabitants of Tyre and Carthage, who for many years had the Blarney stone in their custody, made great use of the privilege, as the proverbs *fides Punica, Tyriosque bilingues*, testify. Hence the origin of this wondrous talisman is of the remotest antiquity.

Strabo, Diodorus, and Pliny, mention the arrival of the Tyrians in Ireland about the year 883 before Christ, according to the chronology of Sir Isaac Newton, and the twenty-first year after the sack of Troy.

Now, to shew that in all their migrations they carefully watched over this treasure of eloquence and source of diplomacy, I need only enter into a few etymological details. Carthage, where they settled for many centuries, but which turns out to have been only a stage and resting-place in the progress of their western wanderings, bears in its very name the trace of its having had in its possession and custody the Blarney stone. This city is called in the Scripture *Tarsus*, or *Tarshish*, תַּרְשִׁישׁ, which in Hebrew means a *valuable stone*, a *stone of price*, rendered in your authorised (?) version, where it occurs in the 28th and 39th chapters of Exodus, by the specific term *beryl*, a sort of jewel. In his commentaries on this word, an eminent rabbi, Jacob Rodrigues Moreira, the Spanish Jew, says that Carthage is evidently the

Tarsus of the Bible, and he reads the word thus—*חרשגו*, accounting for the termination in *ish*, by which *Carthago* becomes *Carshish*, in a very plausible way: “now,” says he, “our peoplish have de very great knack of ending dere vords in *ish*; for if you go on the 'Change, you will hear the great man Nicholish Rotchild calling the English coin *monish*.”—See *Lectures delivered in the Western Synagogue*, by J. R. M.

But, further, does it not stand to the reason that there must be some other latent way of accounting for the *purchase of as much ground as an ox-hide would cover*, besides the generally received and most unsatisfactory explanation? The fact is, the Tyrians bought as much land as their Blarney stone would require to fix itself solidly,—

“Taurino quantum potuit circumdare tergo;”

and having got that much, by the talismanic stone they humbugged and deluded the simple natives, and finally became the masters of Africa.

SCOTT.

I confess you have thrown a new and unexpected light on a most obscure passage in ancient history; but how the stone got at last to the county of Cork, appears to me a difficult transition. It must give you great trouble.

PROUT.

My dear sir, don't mention it! It went to Minorca with a chosen body of Carthaginian adventurers, who stole it away as their best safeguard on the expedition. They first settled at Port Mahon,—a spot so called from the clan of the O'Mahonys, a powerful and prolific race still flourishing in this county; just as the Nile had been previously so named from the tribe of the O'Neils, its aboriginal inhabitants. All these matters, and many *more curious points*, will be one day revealed to the world by my friend Henry O'Brien, in his work on the Round Towers of Ireland. Sir, we built the pyramids before we left Egypt; and all those obelisks, sphinxes, and Memnonic stones, were but emblems of the great relic before you.

George Knapp, who had looked up to Prout with dumb amazement from the commencement, here pulled out his spectacles, to examine more closely the old block, while Scott shook his head doubtingly.

“I can convince the most obstinate sceptic, Sir Walter,” continued the learned doctor, “of the intimate connexion that subsisted between us and those islands which the Romans called *insulæ Baleares*, without knowing the signification of the words which they thus applied. That they were so called from the *Blarney* stone, will appear at once to any person

accustomed to trace Celtic derivations: the Ulster king of arms, Sir William Betham, has shewn it by the following scale."

Here Prout traced with his cane on the muddy floor of the castle the words

" BaLeARes iNsulÆ = Blarnae!"

SCOTT.

Prodigious! My reverend friend, you have set the point at rest for ever—*rem acu tetigisti!* Have the goodness to proceed.

PROUT.

Setting sail from Minorca, the expedition, after encountering a desperate storm, cleared the Pillars of Hercules, and landing in the Cove of Cork, deposited their treasure in the greenest spot and the shadiest groves of this beautiful vicinity.

SCOTT.

How do you account for their being left by the Carthaginians in quiet possession of this invaluable deposit?

PROUT.

They had sufficient tact (derived from their connexion with the stone) to give out, that in the storm

it had been thrown overboard to relieve the ship, in latitude 36° 14", longitude 24°. A search was ordered by the senate of Carthage, and the Mediterranean was dragged without effect; but the mariners of that sea, according to Virgil, retained a superstitious reverence for every submarine appearance of a stone:

“Saxa vocant Itali mediis quæ in fluctibus aras!”

And Aristotle distinctly says, in his treatise “De Mirandis,” quoted by the erudite Justus Lipsius, that a law was enacted against any further intercourse with Ireland. His words are: “In mari, extra Herculis Columnas, insulam desertam inventam fuisse *sylvâ nemorosam*, in quam crebrò Carthaginienses commeârint, et sedes etiam fixerunt: sed veriti ne nimis cresceret, et Carthago laberetur, edicto cavisse ne quis pœnâ capitis eò deinceps navigaret.”

The fact is, Sir Walter, Ireland was always considered a lucky spot, and constantly excited the jealousy of Greeks, Romans, and people of every country. The Athenians thought that the ghosts of departed heroes were transferred to our fortunate island, which they call, in the war-song of Harmodius and Aristogiton, the land of O's and Macs:

Φιλταθ' Ἀρμοδι, ουτε που τεθνηχας,
Νησις δ' εν ΜΑΚ αρ' ΩΝ σε φασιν ειναι.

And the “Groves of Blarney” have been commemorated

ated by the Greek poets many centuries before the Christian era.

SCOTT.

There is certainly somewhat of Grecian simplicity in the old song itself; and if Pindar had been an Irishman, I think he would have celebrated this favourite haunt in a style not very different from Millikin's classic rhapsody.

PROUT.

Millikin, the reputed author of that song, was but a simple translator from the Greek original. Indeed, I have discovered, when abroad, in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, an old Greek manuscript, which, after diligent examination, I am convinced must be the oldest and "princeps editio" of the song. I begged to be allowed to copy it, in order that I might compare it with the ancient Latin or Vulgate translation which is preserved in the Brera at Milan; and from a strict and minute comparison with that, and with the Norman-French copy which is appended to Domesday-book, and the Celtic-Irish fragment preserved by Crofton Croker, (rejecting as spurious the Arabic, Armenian, and Chaldaic stanzas on the same subject, to be found in the collection of the Royal Asiatic Society,) I have come to the conclusion that the Greeks were the undoubted original con-

trivers of that splendid ode ; though whether we ascribe it to Tyrtæus or Callimachus will depend on future evidences ; and perhaps, Sir Walter, *you* would give me your opinion, as I have copies of all the versions I allude to at my dwelling on the hill.

SCOTT.

I cannot boast, learned father, of much *vous* in Hellenistic matters ; but should find myself quite at home in the Gaelic and Norman-French, to inspect which I shall with pleasure accompany you : so here I kiss the stone !

The wonders of “ the castle,” and “ cave,” and “ lake,” were speedily gone over ; and now, according to the usage of the dramatist in presenting his characters to the spectators, *modò Romæ, modò ponit Athenis*, we shift the scene to the Grecian tabernacle of Father Prout on Watergrasshill, where, in that rustic parlour described in the last Number of REGINA, round a small table sat Scott, Knapp, and Prout—a triumvirate of critics never surpassed in keen and judicious scrutiny. The papers before them fell into my possession when the table was cleared for the subsequent repast ; and thus I am able to submit to the world’s decision what these three doctors could not decide, *viz. which* is the *original* version of the “ Groves of Blarney.”

The Groves of Blarney.

I.

The groves of Blarney,
 They look so charming,
 Down by the purlings
 Of sweet silent brooks,
 All decked by posies
 That spontaneous grow there,
 Planted in order
 In the rocky nooks.
 'Tis there the daisy,
 And the sweet carnation,
 The blooming pink,
 And the rose so fair;
 Likewise the lily,
 And the daffodilly—
 All flowers that scent
 The sweet open air.

II.

'Tis Lady Jeffers
 Owns this plantation;
 Like Alexander,
 Or like Helen fair,
 There's no commander
 In all the nation,
 For regulation,
 Can with her compare.
 Such walls surround her,
 That no nine-pounder
 Could ever plunder
 Her place of strength;
 But Oliver Cromwell,
 Her he did pommel,
 And made a breach
 In her battlement.

LE BOIS DE BLARNAYE.

I.

Charmans bocages!
Vous me ravissez,
Que d'avantages
Vous réunissez!
Rochers sauvages,
Paisibles ruisseaux,
Tendres ramages
De gentils oiseaux:
Dans ce doux parage
Aimable Nature
A fait étalage
D'éternelle verdure;
Et les fleurs, à mesure
Qu'elles croissent, à raison
De la belle saison
Font briller leur parure!

II.

C'est Madame de Jefferts,
Femme pleine d'adresse,
Qui sur ces beaux déserts
Règne en fière princesse.
Elle exerce ses droits
Comme dame maîtresse,
Dans cette forteresse
Que là haut je vois.
Plus sage mille fois
Qu'Hélène ou Cléopâtre,
Cromvel seul put l'abbâtre,
La mettant aux abois,
Quand, allumant sa mèche,
Point ne tira au hasard,
Mais bien dans son rempart
Fit irréparable brèche.

Ἡ Ὑλη Βλαρνικη.

α.

Της Βλαρνιας αἰ ὕλαι
 Φερισται, καλλιφυλλαι,
 Ὅπου σιγη εἰσοσι
 Πηγαί ψιθυρίζουσαι
 Ἐκοντα γεννηθεντα
 Ὅμως τε φυτευθεντα
 Μισσοις ἐν ἀγκονισσιν
 Ἔστ' ἀνθ' ἑτρωδεσσιν.
 Ἐκεῖ ἐστ' ἀγλαιημα
 Γλυκυ και εἰρηθημα,
 Ἴον τ' ἐκεῖ θαλον τε
 Βασιλικον ῥοδον τε.
 Και λειριον τε φρεῖ,
 Ἀσφοδιλος τε βρευι,
 Παντ' ἀνθεμ' ἃ καλησιν
 Ἐν ευδαιαις ἀησιν.

β.

Ταυτης ἸΕΦΕΡΕΣΣΑ
 Καλη και χαριεσσα
 Ὅς Ἐλενη, ὡς τ' υἱος
 Του Ἀμμωνος ὁ διος,
 Φυτειας ἐστ' ἀνασση.
 Ἰερῆ τ' ἐν ἀπαση
 Ουτις βροτων γεναιτο
 Ὅς αὐτῆ συμφεροιτο
 Οικονομεῖν γαρ οἶδε
 Τοιχοι τοσοι τοιοι δε
 Αὐτην ἀμφιστεφονται,
 Πολεμικη ὡς βροντη
 Ματην νιν βαλλ' ὡς ἦρωσ
 Κρομυελλος Ολιφηρος
 Ἐτερεσε, δι' ἀπασας
 Ἀκροπολειωσ περασσας.

Blarneum Nemus.

I.

Quisquis hīc in lætis
 Gaudes errare viretis,
 Turrigeras rupes
 Blarnea saxa stupes !
 Murmure dum cæco
 Lympharum perstrepat echo,
 Quas veluti mutas
 Ire per arva putas.
 Multus in hoc luco
 Rubet undique flos sine fuco,
 Ac ibi formosam
 Cernis ubique rosam ;
 Suaviter hi flores
 Miscent ut amabis odores ;
 Nec requiem demus,
 Nam placet omne nemus !

II.

Fœmina dux horum
 Regnat Jeferessa locorum,
 Pace, virago gravis,
 Marteque pejor avis !
 Africa non atram
 Componeret ei Cleopatram,
 Nec Dido constares !
 Non habet illa pares.
 Turre manens istâ
 Nullâ est violanda balistâ :
 Turris erat diris
 Non penetranda viris ;
 Cromwellus latum
 Tamen illic fecit hiatum,
 Et ludos heros
 Lusit in arce feros !

III.

There is a cave where
 No daylight enters,
 But cats and badgers
 Are for ever bred;
 And mossed by nature
 Makes it completer
 Than a coach-and-six,
 Or a downy-bed.
 'Tis there the lake is
 Well stored with fishes,
 And comely eels in
 The verdant mud;
 Besides the leeches,
 And groves of beeches,
 Standing in order
 To guard the flood.

IV.

There gravel walks are
 For recreation,
 And meditation
 In sweet solitude.
 'Tis there the lover
 May hear the dove, or
 The gentle plover,
 In the afternoon;
 And if a lady
 Would be so engaging
 As for to walk in
 Those shady groves,
 'Tis there the courtier
 Might soon transport her
 Into some fort, or
 The "sweet rock-close."

III.

*Il est dans ces vallons
 Une sombre caverne,
 Où jamais nous n'allons
 Qu'armés d'une lanterne.
 La mousse en cette grotte
 Tapissant chaque motte
 Vous offre des sofas;
 Et là se trouve unie
 La douce symphonie
 Des hiboux et des chats.
 Tout près on voit un lac,
 Où les poissons affluent,
 Avec assez de sangsues
 Pour en remplir un sac;
 Et sur ces bords champêtres
 On a planté des hêtres.*

IV.

*Ici l'homme atrabilaire
 Un sentier peut choisir
 Pour y suivre à loisir
 Son rêve solitaire,
 Quand une nymphe cruelle
 L'a mis au désespoir,
 Sans qu'il puisse émuouvoir
 L'inexorable belle.
 Quel doux repos je goûte,
 Assis sur ce gazon!
 Du rossignol j'écoute
 Le tendre diapason.
 Ah! dans cet antre noir
 Puisse ma Léonore,
 Celle que mon cœur adore,
 Venir furtive au soir!*

γ.

Και αντρον εστ' εκει δε
 'Ογ ἡμέρ' ουποτ' ειδε,
 Μελεις δε και γαλαι εν
 Αυτω τρεφονται αιεν'
 Εντελεστερον φυον τε
 Αμφις παιει βρυον γε
 Εξιππου η διφροιο
 Η κοιτης ιουλοιο
 Ιχθυεων τε μεστη
 Λιμνη εκει παρεστι,
 Τ' εγγελεες φυουσι
 Εν ιλι θαλουση'
 Βδελλαι τε εισιν' αλλα
 Φηγων τε αλση καλ' ᾶ
 Στιχισσ' εκει τετακται,
 Αίς ρση πεφυλακται.

δ.

Λιθινας γ' εχει πορειας
 'Ενεκα περιπαταιας,
 Εγνοιαν τε θειαν
 Κατ' ερημιαν γλυκειαν'
 Εξεστι και εραστη
 Μίθ' ἑσπερον αλαστη
 Ακουειν η τρηρων' η
 Σε, μικρε λιγυφωνε!
 Ει τις τε και δεσποιναι
 Εκει καλη μενοιναι
 Αλᾶσθαι τεμενεσσι
 Ισως εν σκιοσσι,
 Τις ευγενης γενοιτο
 Αυτην ος απαγοιτο
 Εις πυργον τι η προς σε,
 Ω λιθινον σπιος γε!

III.

Hic tenebrosa caverna
 Est, gattorumque taberna,
 Talpâ habitata pigro,
 Non sine fele nigro;
 Muscus iners olli
 Stravit loca tegmine molli
 Lecticæ, ut plumis
 Mollior esset humus:
 Inque lacu anguillæ
 Luteo nant gurgite mille;
 Quo nat, amica luti,
 Hostis hirudo cuti:
 Grande decus pagi,
 Fluvii stant margine fagi;
 Quodque tegunt ramo
 Labile flumen amo!

IV.

Cernis in hos valles
 Quò ducunt tramite calles,
 Hunc mente in sedem
 Fer meditante pedem,
 Quisquis ades, bellæ
 Transfixus amore puellæ,
 Aut patriæ caræ
 Tempus inane dare!
 Dumque jaces herbâ,
 Turtur flet voce superbâ,
 Arboreoque throno
 Flet philomela sono:
 Spelunca apparet
 Quam dux Trojanus amaret,
 In simili nido
 Nam fuit icta Dido.

V.

There are statues gracing
 This noble place in —
 All heathen gods,
 And nymphs so fair;
 Bold Neptune, Cæsar,
 And Nebuchadnezzar,
 All standing naked
 In the open air!
 There is a boat on
 The lake to float on,
 And lots of beauties
 Which I can't entwine;
 But were I a preacher,
 Or a classic teacher,
 In every feature
 I'd make 'em shine!

VI.

There is a stone there,
 That whoever kisses,
 Oh! he never misses
 To grow eloquent.
 'Tis he may clamber
 To a lady's chamber,
 Or become a member
 Of parliament:
 A clever spouter
 He'll sure turn out, or
 An out-and-outer,
 "To be let alone."
 Don't hope to hinder him,
 Or to bewilder him;
 Sure he's a pilgrim
 From the Blarney stone!*

* End of Millikin's Translation
 of the Groves of Blarney.

V.

*Dans ces classiques lieux
 Plus d'une statue brille,
 Et se présente aux yeux
 En parfait déshabillé!
 Là Neptune on discerne,
 Et Jules César en plomb,
 Et Venus, et le tronc
 Du Général Holoferne.
 Veut-on voguer au large
 Sur ce lac? un esquif
 Offre à l'amateur craintif
 Les chances d'un naufrage.
 Que ne suis-je Victor Hugo,
 Ou quelqu'auteur en vogue,
 En ce genre d'éplogue
 Je n'aurais pas d'égaux.*

VI.

*Une pierre s'y rencontre,
 Estimable trésor,
 Qui vaut son poids en or
 Au guide qui la montre.
 Qui baise ce monument,
 Acquiert la parole
 Qui doucement cajole;
 Il devient éloquent.
 Au boudoir d'une dame
 Il sera bien reçu,
 Et même à son insçu
 Fera naître une flamme.
 Homme à bonnes fortunes,
 A lui on peut se fier,
 Pour mystifier
 La Chambre des Communes.†*

† Ici finist le Poème dit le
 Bois de Blarnaye, copié du Livre
 de Doomsdaye, A.D. 1069.

ε.

Ειδωλ' αγκλαιζοντα
 Εστι διον τοπον τε'
 Των εθνικων θεων τε,
 Των Δρυαδων καλων τε'
 Ποσειδων ηδε Καισαρ
 Τ' ιδου Ναβεχυδναισιαρ'
 Εν αιθρα ἀπαντας
 Εστ' ιδειν γυμνους σταντας.
 Εν λιμνη εστι πλοιον,
 Ει τις πλεειν θελοι αν'
 Και καλα οσσ' εγω σοι
 Ου δυναμ' εκτυπωσαι'
 Αλλ' ει γ' ειην λογιστης,
 Η διδασκαλος σοφιστης,
 Τοτ' εξοχωτατ' αν σοι
 Δειξαιμι το ἀπαν σοι.

ζ.

Εκει λιθον τ' εὐρησεις'
 Αυτον μεν ει φιλησεις
 Ευδαιμον το φιλημα'
 Ρητωρ γαρ παραχηρημα
 Γενησαι συ δεινος,
 Γυναιξι τ' ερατεινος'
 Σεμνοτατα τε λαλῶν
 Εν βουλη των μετ' αλλων.
 Και εν ταις αγοραισι
 "Καθολικαις" βοαισι
 Δημος σοι κολουθησει,
 Και χειρας σοι κροτησει,
 Ως ανδρι τῶ μεγαιστῶ
 Δημογορων τ' αριστῶ'
 Ω ὁδος ουρανωνδε
 Δια Βλαρηνιζον λιθον γ' η.*

* Τελος της ἑΤλης Βλαρηνιζης.
 Ex Codice Vatic. vetustiss. incert. ævi, circa an. Sal. C. M.

v.

Plumbea signa Deûm
 Nemus ornant, grande trophæum!
 Stas ibi, Bacche teres!
 Nec sine fruge Ceres;
 Neptunique vago
 De flumine surgit imago;
 Julius hic Cæsar
 Stat, Nabechud que Nezar!
 Navicula insonti
 Dat cuique pericula ponti,
 Si quis cymbâ hâc cum
 Vult super ire lacum.
 Carmini huic ter sum
 Conatus hic addere versum;
 Pauper at ingenio,
 Plus nihil invenio!

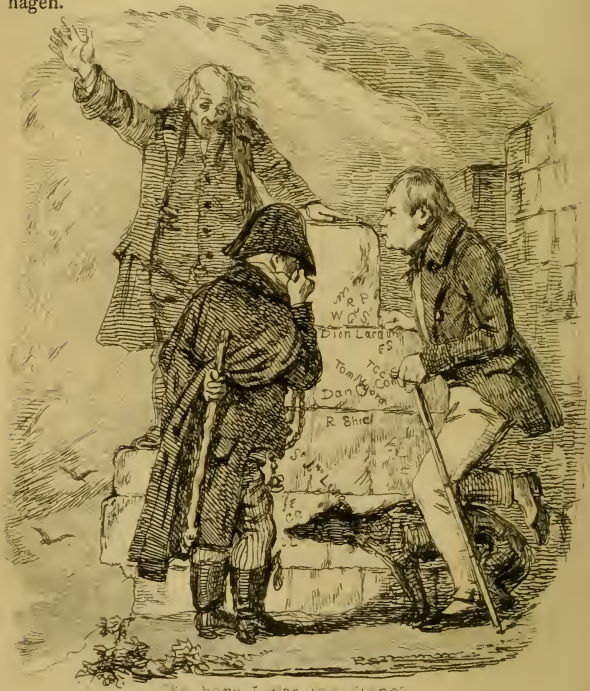
vi.

Fortunatam autem
 Premuerunt oscula cautem
 (Fingere dùm conor
 Debitus huic sic honor):
 Quam bene tu fingis
 Qui saxi oracula lingis,
 Eloquioque sapis
 Quod dedit ille lapis!
 Gratus homo bellis
 Fit unctis melle labellis,
 Gratus erit populo
 Oscula dans scopulo;
 Fit subito orator,
 Caudâque sequente senator.
 Scandere vis æthram?
 Hanc venerare petram! †

† Explicit hic Carmen de Nemore Blarnensi. Ex Codice No. 464 in Bibliothecâ Breræ, apud Mediolanum.

Leir an be Ierri beannair an aic reo
 Man treun-Martnam no Helen C'aoin
 Ni'l ceahfeadhna ari fadhna t'ne
 Corinnal leiri cum ariactair d' r:azail.
 Ta cairleañ 'na t'omjoll, haleo'ric pleurca,
 Zi ballaid teahna d'arziñ na rziñor;
 Ziéc Oibber C'romjil; d'f'uz zo eah í,
 Zi r'ne beanna mhór iona fálta r'ne.*

* Fragment of a Celtic MS., from the King's Library, Copenhagen.



"We here I kiss and sign"

No. III.

FATHER PROUT'S CAROUSAL.

“ He spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily pressed and smiled;
 And, skilled in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguiled.”

GOLDSMITH.

BEFORE we resume the thread (or yarn) of Frank Cresswell's narrative concerning the memorable occurrences which took place at Blarney, on the remarkable occasion of Sir Walter Scott's visit to “the groves,” we feel it imperative on us to set ourselves right with an illustrious correspondent, relative to a most important particular. We have received, through that useful medium of the interchange of human thought, “the twopenny post,” a letter which we think of the utmost consequence, inasmuch as it goes to impeach the veracity, not of Father Prout (*patrem quis dicere falsum audeat?*), but of the young and somewhat facetious barrister who has been the volunteer chronicler of his life and con-

versations. Now, as we never wish to give currency to apocryphal statements, and as we took Father Prout's colloquial effusions, such as furnished by Frank Cresswell, and authenticated by his signature, to be what they profess to be, *bonâ fide conversations* of the departed worthy, not a whit more ideal than what my Lady Blessington has given to the world as the colloquies of Byron, we have sifted the matter of this "twopenny" letter; and the result is a full confidence in the fidelity of Frank's transcript of Prout's life and opinions.

For the better understanding of the thing, as it is likely to become a *quæstio vexata* in other quarters, we may be allowed to bring to the recollection of the public that, in enumerating the many eminent men who had kissed the Blarney stone during Prout's residence in the parish—an experience extending itself over a period of nearly half a century—Doctor D. Lardner was triumphantly mentioned by the benevolent and simple-minded incumbent of Watergrasshill, as a proud and incontestable instance of the virtue and efficacy of the talisman, applied to the most ordinary materials with the most miraculous

result. Instead of feeling a lingering remnant of gratitude towards the old parent-block for such supernatural interposition on his behalf, and looking back to that "kiss" with fond and filial recollection,—instead of allowing "the stone" to occupy the greenest spot in the wilderness of his memory—"the stone" that first sharpened his intellect, and on which ought to be inscribed the line of Horace,

" Fungor vice cotis, acutum

Reddere quæ valeat ferrum, exsors ipsa secandi"—

instead of this praiseworthy expression of tributary acknowledgment, the Doctor writes to us denying all obligation in the quarter alluded to, and contradicting most flatly the "soft impeachment" of having kissed the stone at all. His note is couched in such peevish terms, and conceived in such fretful mood, that we protest we do not recognise the tame and usually unexcited tracings of his gentle pen; but rather suspect he has been induced, by some medical wag, to use a quill plucked from the membranous integument of that celebrated "man-porcupine" who has of late exhibited his hirsuteness at the Middlesex Hospital.

“ *London University, May 8th.*

“ SIR,

“ I owe it to the great cause of ‘ Useful Knowledge,’ to which I have dedicated my past labours, to rebut temperately, yet firmly, the assertion *reported* to have been made by the late Rev. Mr. Prout (for whom I had a high regard), in conversing with the late Sir Walter Scott on the occasion alluded to in your ephemeral work; particularly as I find the statement reasserted by that widely circulated journal the *Morning Herald*, of yesterday’s date. Were either the reverend clergyman or the distinguished baronet now living, I would appeal to their candour, and so shame the inventor of that tale. But as both are withdrawn by death from the literary world, I call on you, sir, to insert in your next Number this positive denial on my part of having ever kissed that stone; the supposed properties of which, I am ready to prove do not bear the test of chemical analysis. I do recollect having been solicited by the present Lord *Chancellor* of England (and also of the London University), whom I am proud to call my friend (though you have given him the *sobriquet* of Bridle-goose, with your accustomed want of deference for great names), to join him, when, many years ago, he privately embarked on board a Westmoreland collier to perform his devotions at Blarney. That

circumstance is of old date: it was about the year that Paris was taken by the allies, and certainly previous to the Queen's trial. But I did not accompany the then simple *Harry Brougham*, content with what nature had done for me in that particular department.

“ You will please insert this disavowal from,

“ Sir,

“ Your occasional reader,

“ DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.D.”

“ P.S.—If you neglect me, I shall take care to state my own case in the Cyclopædia. I'll prove that the block at Blarney is an “Aerolithe,” and that your statement as to its Phœnician origin is unsupported by historical evidence. Recollect, you have thrown the first stone.”

Now, to us, considering these things and much pondering on the Doctor's letter, it seemed advisable to refer the matter to our reporter, Frank Cresswell aforesaid; whose observations, we are glad to say, have given us perfect satisfaction. By him our attention was called, first, to the singular bashfulness of the learned man, in curtailng from his signature on this occasion the usual appendages that shed such

lustre o'er his name. He lies before us in this epistle a simple D.D., whereas he certainly is entitled to write himself F.R.S., M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.C.P.S., &c. Thus, in his letter, "we saw him," to borrow an illustration from the beautiful episode of Jemmy Thomson,

" We saw him charming ; but we saw not half—
The rest his downcast modesty concealed."

Next as to dates: how redolent of my Uncle Toby—"about the year Dendermonde was taken by the allies." The reminiscence was probably one of which he was unconscious, and we therefore shall not call him a plagiarist; but how slyly, how diabolically does he seek to shift the onus and gravamen of the whole business on the rickety shoulders of his learned friend Bridle-geese! This will not do, O sage *Thaumaturgus!* By implicating "Bridison," you shall not extricate yourself—" *et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic;*" and Frank Cresswell has let us into a secret. Know then, all men, that among the "Prout Papers" (which we may as well consider as our own exclusive property, they being the gift of his executors, though we

regret the unaccountable delay we experience in the transmission of that valuable chest to our office from Watergrasshill, and begin to suspect treachery somewhere), among these never-too-anxiously-to-be-looked-out-for "Prout Papers," there is a positive record of the initiation both of Henry Brougham and Patrick Lardner to the freemasonry of the Blarney stone; and, more important still—(O, most rare document!)—there is to be found amid the posthumous treasures of Father Prout the original project of *a University at Blarney*, to be then and there founded by the united efforts of Lardner, Prout, and Bridle-goose; and of which the Doctor's "AEROLITHE" was to have been the corner-stone. Frank Cresswell tells us that the statutes, and the whole getting-up of that contemplated *alma mater*, have been reproduced like a "twice-boiled cabbage"—a sort of *crambe repetita*—in the Gower Street Academy for Young Cockneys; but that the soil being evidently not congenial to the plant, unless it be transferred back to Blarney, the place of its nativity, it must droop and die. So we often told the young gulls that frequent the school itself—so we told Lardner, the great

oracle of its votaries — so we often told Lord Brougham and Vaux, the sublime shepherd of the whole flock :

“ Formosi pecoris custos, formosior ipse ! ”

We therefore rely on the forthcoming Prout Papers for a confirmation of all we have said ; and here do we cast down the glove of defiance to the champion of Stinkomalee, even though he come forth armed to the teeth in a panoply, not, of course, forged on the classic anvil of the Cyclops, however laboriously hammered in the clumsy arsenal of his own “ Cyclopædia.”

We know there is another world, where every man will get his due according to his deserts ; but if there be a *limbus patrum*, or literary purgatory, where the effrontery and ingratitude of folks ostensibly belonging to the republic of letters (however unworthy of the right of citizenship in that pleasant commonwealth) are to be visited with condign retribution, we think we behold in that future middle state of purification (which, from our friend's real name, we shall call *Patrick's Purgatory*,) Dr. Lardner

rolling the Blarney stone, *à la Sisyphus*, up the hill of Science.

Και μην Σισυφον εισειδον κρατερ' αλγε' εχοντα
 Λααν βασταζοντα πελωριον αμφοτερησιν,
 Αυτις επειτα πεδονδε κυλινδετο ΛΑΑΣ ΑΝΑΙΔΗΣ!

And now we return to the progress of events on Watergrasshill, and to matters more congenial to the taste of our REGINA.

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 1st June, 1835.

Furnival's Inn, May 14.

ACCEPT, O Queen! my compliments congratulatory on the unanimous and most rapturous welcome with which the whole literary world hath met, on its first entrance into life, that wonderful and more than *Siamese* bantling, your "Polyglot edition" of the "Groves of Blarney." Of course, various are the conjectures of the gossips in Paternoster Row as to the real paternity of that "most delicate monster;" and some have the unwarrantable hardihood to hint that, like the poetry of Sternhold and Hopkins, your incomparable lyric must be referred to a joint-stock sort of parentage: but, *entre nous*, how stupid and

malignant are all such insinuations! How little do such simpletons suspect or know of the real source from which hath emanated that rare combination of the Teïan lyre and the Tipperary bagpipe—of the Ionian dialect blending harmoniously with the Cork brogue; an Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt, and the humours of Donnybrook wed to the glories of Marathon! Verily, since the days of the great Complutensian Polyglot (by the compilation of which the illustrious Cardinal Ximenes so endeared himself to the bibliomaniacal world), since the appearance of that still grander effort of the “Clarendon” at Oxford, the “Tetrapla,” originally compiled by the most laborious and eccentric father of the Church, Origen of Alexandria, nothing has issued from the press in a completer form than your improved quadruple version of the “Groves of Blarney.” The celebrated proverb, *lucus à non lucendo*, so often quoted with malicious meaning and for invidious purposes, is no longer applicable to *your* “Groves:” this quaint conceit has lost its sting, and, to speak in Gully’s phraseology, you have taken *the shine* out of it. What a halo of glory, what a flood of lustre, will henceforth spread itself over that romantic “plantation!” How oft shall its echoes resound with the voice of song, Greek, French, or Latin, according to the taste or birthplace of its European visitors; all charmed with its shady bowers, and enraptured with its dulcet

melody! From the dusty purlieus of High Holborn, where I pine in a fœtid atmosphere, my spirit soars afar to that enchanting scenery, wafted on the wings of poesy, and transported with the ecstasy of Elysium—

“ Videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ!”

Mine may be an illusion, a hallucination, an “*amabilis insania*,” if you will; but meantime, to find some solace in my exile from the spot itself, I cannot avoid poring, with more than antiquarian relish, over the different texts placed by you in such tasteful juxtaposition, anon comparing and collating each particular version with alternate gusto—

“ Amant alterna Camœnæ.”

How pure and pellucid the flow of harmony! how resplendent the well-grouped images, shining, as it were, in a sort of milky way, or poetic galaxy, through your glorious columns; to which I cannot do better than apply a line of St. Gregory (the accomplished Greek father) of Nazianzene—

‘Η σοφίας πηγη εν βιβλιοισι ρρει!

A great minister is said to have envied his foreign secretary the ineffable pleasure of reading “*Don Quixote*” in the original Spanish, and it would, no

doubt, be a rare sight to get a peep at Lord Palmerston's French notes to Talleyrand; but how I pity the sorry wight who hasn't learnt Greek! What can he know of the recondite meaning of certain passages in the "Groves?" He is incapacitated from enjoying the full drift of the ode, and must only take it diluted, or *Velluti-ed*, in the common *English* version. *Nôrunt fideles*, as Tom Moore says.

For my part, I would as soon see such a periwig-pated fellow reading your last Number, and fancying himself capable of understanding the full scope of the poet, as to behold a Greenwich pensioner with a wooden leg trying to run a race with Atalanta for her golden apple, or a fellow with a *modicum quid* of legal knowledge affecting to sit and look big under a chancellor's peruke, like Bridlegoose on the woosack. In verity, gentlemen of the lower house ought to supplicate Sir Daniel Sandford, of Glasgow, to give them a few lectures on *Greek*, for the better intelligence of the real Blarney style; and I doubt not that every member will join in the request, except, perhaps, Joe Hume, who would naturally oppose any attempt to throw light on Greek matters, for reasons too tedious to mention. *Verb. sap.*

To have collected in his youthful rambles on the continent, and to have diligently copied in the several libraries abroad, these imperishable versions of an immortal song, was the pride and consolation of

Father Prout's old age; and still, by one of those singular aberrations of mind incident to all great men, he could never be prevailed on to give further publicity to the result of his labours; thus sitting down to the banquet of literature with the egoistic feelings of a churl. He would never listen to the many offers from interested publishers, who sought for the prize with eager competition; but kept the song in manuscript, on detached leaves, despite of the positive injunction of the sibyl in the *Æneid*—

“ Non foliis tu carmina manda,
Ne correpta volant rapidis ludibria ventis!”

I know full well to what serious imputations I make myself liable, when I candidly admit that I did not come by the treasure lawfully myself; having, as I boldly stated in the last Number of *REGINA*, filched the precious papers, *disjecti membra poetæ*, when the table was being cleared by Prout's servant-maid for the subsequent repast. But there are certain “pious frauds” of which none need be ashamed in the interests of science: and when a great medal-collector (of whom “*Tom England*” will tell you the particulars), being, on his homeward voyage from Egypt, hotly pursued by the Algerines, swallowed the golden series of the Ptolemies, who ever thought of blaming Mr. Dufour, as he had purchased in their human envelope these recondite coins, for having applied

purgatives and emetics, and every possible stratagem, to come at the deposit of glory?

But to describe "the repast" has now become my solemn duty—a task imposed on me by you, O Queen! to whom nothing relating to Sir Walter Scott or to Father Prout appears to be uninteresting. In that I agree with you, for nothing to my mind comes recommended so powerfully as what hath appertained to these two great ornaments of "humanity;" which term I must be understood to use in its double sense, as relating to mankind in general, and in particular to the *literæ humaniores*, of which you and I are rapturously fond, as Seneca was before we were born, according to the hackneyed line—

"Homo sum: humani nihil à me alienum puto!"

That banquet was in sooth no ordinary jollification, no mere bout of sensuality, but a philosophic and rational commingling of mind, with a pleasant and succulent addition of matter—a blending of soul and substance, typified by the union of Cupid and Psyche—a compound of strange ingredients, in which a large infusion of what are called (in a very Irish-looking phrase) "animal spirits" coalesced with an abundance of distilled ambrosia; not without much erudite observation and the interlude of jovial song; wit contending for supremacy with learning, and folly asserting her occasional predominance, like the tints

of the rainbow in their *tout ensemble*, or like the smile and the tear in Erin's left eye, when that fascinating creature has taken "a drop" of her own mountain-dew. But though there were lots of fun at Prout's table at all times, which the lack of provisions never could interfere with one way or another, I have special reason for recording in full the particulars of THIS carousal, having learned with indignation that, since the appearance of the Father's "Apology for Lent," calumny has been busy with his character, and attributed his taste for meagre diet to a sordid principle of economy. No! Prout was not a penurious wretch! And since it has been industriously circulated in the club-houses at the west end, that he never gave a dinner in his life, by the statement of *one* stubborn fact I must silence for ever that "whisper of a faction."

From the first moment of delight, when the perusal of George Knapp's letter (dated July 25, 1825) had apprised Prout of the visit intended by Sir Walter Scott to the Blarney stone, he had predetermined that the Great Unknown should partake of sacerdotal hospitality. I recollect well on that evening (for you are aware I was then on a visit to my aunt at Watergrasshill, and, as luck would have it, happened to be in the priest's parlour when the news came by express,) how often he was heard to mutter to himself, as if resolving the mighty project of a

“let out,” in that beautiful exclamation borrowed from his favourite Milton—

“What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste with wine?”

I then foresaw that there really would be “a dinner;” and sure enough there was no mistake, for an entertainment ensued such as the refinement of a scholar and the tact of a well-informed and observant traveler naturally and unaffectedly produced, with the simple but not less acceptable materials which circumstances allowed of, and a style as far removed from the selfishness of the anchorite as the extravagance of the glutton.

Prout had seen much of mankind; and in his deportment through life shewed that he was well versed in all those varied arts of easy, but still gradual acquirement, which singularly embellish the intercourse of society: these were the results of his excellent continental education—

Πολλων δ' ανθρωπων ιδον αστεα, και νοον εγνω.

But at the head of his own festive board he particularly shone; for though in his ministerial functions he was exemplary and admirable, ever meek and unaffected at the altar of his rustic chapel, where

“His looks adorned the venerable place,”

still, surrounded by a few choice friends, the calibre

of whose genius was in unison with his own, with a bottle of his choice old claret before him, he was truly a paragon. I say *claret*; for when, in his youthful career of early travel, he had sojourned at Bourdeaux in 1776, he had formed an acquaintanceship with the then representatives of the still flourishing house of Maccarthy and Co.; and if the prayers of the old priest are of any avail, that firm will long prosper in the splendid capital of Gascony. This long-remembered acquaintanceship was periodically refreshed by many a quarter cask of excellent *medoc*, which found its way (no matter how) up the rugged by-roads of Watergrasshill to the sacerdotal cellar.

Nor was the barren upland, of which he was the pastor (and which will one day be as celebrated for having been his residence as it is now for *water-cresses*), so totally estranged from the wickedness of the world, and so exalted above the common level of Irish highlands, that no *whisky* was to be found there; for though Prout never openly countenanced, he still tolerated Davy Draddy's public-house at the sign of the "Mallow Cavalry." But there is a spirit, (an evil one,) which pays no duty to the King, under pretence of having paid it to her majesty the Queen (God bless her!)—a spirit which would tempt even you, O REGINA! to forsake the even tenour of your ways—a spirit which Father Prout could never effectually chain down in the Red Sea, where every foul

demon ought to lie in durance until the vials of wrath are finally poured out on this sinful world—*that* spirit, endowed with a smoky fragrance, as if to indicate its caliginous origin,—not a drop of it would he give Sir Walter. He would have wished, such was his anxiety to protect the morals of his parishioners from the baneful effects of private distillation, that what is called technically “mountain-dew” were never heard of in the district; and that in this respect Watergrasshill had resembled the mountain of Gilboa, in the country of the Philistines.

But of legitimate and excellent malt whisky he kept a constant supply, through the friendship of Joe Hayes, a capital fellow, who presides, with great credit to himself, and to his native city, over the spiritual concerns of the Glin Distillery. Through his intelligent superintendence, he can boast of maintaining an unextinguishable furnace and a *worm* that never dies; and O! may he in the next life, through Prout's good prayers, escape both one and the other. This whisky, the pious offering of Joe Hayes to his confessor, Father Prout, was carefully removed out of harm's way; and even I myself was considerably puzzled to find out where the good divine had the habit of concealing it, until I got the secret out of Margaret, his servant-maid, who, being a 'cute girl, had suggested the hiding-place herself. I don't know whether you recollect my description, in your April Number, of

the learned Father's bookcase and the folio volumes of stone-flag inscribed "CORNELII A LAPIDE *Opera quæ ext. omn.:*" well, behind them lay hidden the whisky in a pair of jars—

For buxom Maggy, careful soul,
 Had two stone bottles found,
 To hold the liquor that Prout loved,
 And kept it safe and sound.

Orders had been given to this same Margaret to kill a turkey, in the first impulse of the good old man's mind, "on hospitable thoughts intent:" but, alas! when the fowl had been slain, in accordance with his hasty injunctions, he bethought himself of the melancholy fact, that, the morrow being Friday, fish diet was imperative, and that the death-warrant of the turkey had been a most premature and ill-considered act of precipitancy. The *corpus delicti* was therefore hung up in the kitchen, to furnish forth the Sunday's dinner next ensuing, and his thoughts of necessity ran into a piscatory channel. He had been angling all day, and happily with considerable success; so that, what with a large eel he had hooked out of the lake at Blarney, and two or three dozen of capital trout from the stream, he might emulate the exploit of that old Calabrian farmer, who entertained Virgil on the produce of his hives:

" Serâque revertens
 Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis."

But when Prout did the thing, he did it respectably: this was no ordinary occasion—"pot luck" would not do here. And though he bitterly deplored the untoward coincidence of the fast-day on the arrival of Sir Walter, and was heard to mutter something from Horace very like an imprecation, viz. "*Ille et nefasto te posuit die, quicumque,*" &c. &c.; still it would ill become the author of an "Apology for Lent" to despair of getting up a good fish dinner.

In this emergency he summoned Terry Callaghan, a genius infinitely superior even to the man-of-all-work at Ravensworth Castle, the never-to-be-forgotten Caleb Balderstone. Terry Callaghan (of whom we suspect we shall have, on many a future occasion, much to recount, ere the star of Father Prout shall eclipse itself in the firmament of REGINA), Terry Callaghan is a character well known in the Arcadian neighbourhood of Watergrasshill, the life and soul of the village itself, where he officiates to this day as "pound-keeper," "grave-digger," "notary public," and "parish piper." In addition to these situations of trust and emolument, he occasionally stands as deputy at the turnpike on the mail-coach road, where he was last seen with a short pipe in his mouth and a huge black crape round his "caubeen," being in mourning for the subject of these memoirs. He also is employed on Sundays at the chapel-door to collect the coppers of the faithful, and, like the dragon of

the Hesperides, keeps watch over the "box" with untamable fierceness, never having allowed a *rap* to be subtracted for the O'Connell tribute, or any other humbug, to the great pecuniary detriment of the Derrynane dynasty. In the palace at Iveragh, where a geographical chart is displayed on the wall, shewing at a glance the topography of the "rint," and exhibiting all those districts, from Dan to Beersheba, where the copper-mines are most productive, the parish of Watergrasshill is marked "all barren;" Terry very properly considering that, if there was any surplus in the poor-box, it could be better placed, without going out of the precincts of that wild and impoverished tract, in the palm of squalid misery, than in the all-absorbing Charybdis, the breeches-pocket of our glorious Dan.

Such was the "Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill," to whom Prout delivered his *provisional* orders for the market of Cork; and early, with a hamper on his back, at the dawn of that important day which settled into so glorious an evening of fun and conviviality, Terry set off to lay the foundation of the whole affair at the fish-stall kept by that celebrated *dame de la halle*, the widow Desmond. Pursuant to directions, he bought a turbot, two lobsters, a salmon, and a hake, with a hundred of Cork-harbour oysters; and considering, prudently, that a *corps de reserve* might be wanted in the course of the repast,

he added to the aforesaid matters, which Prout had himself specified, a *hors d'œuvre* of his own selection, viz. a keg of cod-sounds; he having observed that on all state occasions, when Prout entertained his bishop, he had always, to suit his lordship's taste, a *plat obligé* of cod-sounds, "by particular desire."

At the same time he was commissioned to deliver sundry notes of invitation to certain choice spirits, who try to keep in wholesome agitation, by the buoyancy of their wit and hilarity, the otherwise stagnant pond of Corkonian society; citizens of varied humour and diversified accomplishments, but of whom the highest praise and the most comprehensive eulogy cannot convey more to the British public than the simple intimation of their having been "the friends of Father Prout:" for while Job's Arabian "friends" will be remembered only as objects of abhorrence, Prout's associates will be cherished by the latest posterity. These were, Jack Bellew, Dan Corbet, Dick Dowden, Bob Olden, and Friar O'Meara.

Among these illustrious names, to be henceforth embalmed in the choicest perfume of classic recollection, you will find on inquiry, O Queen! men of all parties and religious persuasions, men of every way of thinking in politics and polemics, but who merged all their individual feelings in the broad expanse of one common philanthropy; for at Prout's table the serene horizon of the festive board was never clouded

by the suffusion of controversy's gloomy vapours, or the mephitic feuds of party contention. And, O most peace-loving REGINA! should it ever suit your fancy to go on a trip to Ireland, be on your guard against the foul and troublesome nuisance of speech-makers and political oracles, of whatever class, who infest that otherwise happy island: betake thyself to the hospitable home of Dan Corbet, or some such good and rational circle of Irish society, where never will a single drop of acrimony be found to mingle in the disembosomings of feeling and the perennial flow of soul—

“ Sic tibi cùm fluctus præterlabere Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam!”

But, in describing Prout's guests, rank and precedence belong of right to that great modern ruler of mankind, “ the Press;” and therefore do we first apply ourselves to the delineation of the merits of Jack Bellew, its significant representative—he being the wondrous editor of that most accomplished newspaper the “ Cork Chronicle.”

Jack Montesquieu Bellew* (*quem honoris causâ*

* How the surname of the illustrious author of the *Esprit des Lois* came to be used by the Bellews in Ireland has puzzled the Herald's College. Indeed, many other Irish names offer a wide field for genealogical inquiry: *e. g.* Sir *Hercules* Langhrish, *Cæsar* Otway, *Eneas* MacDonnell, *Hannibal* Plunkett, *Ebenezer* Jacob, *Jonah* Barrington (this last looks very like a whale). That the

nomino) was—(I say *was*, for, alas! he too is no more: Prout's death was too much for him; 'twas a blow from which he never recovered; and since then he was visibly so heart-broken at the loss of his friend, that he did nothing but droop, and soon died of what the doctor said was a decline;)—Jack was the very image of his own "Chronicle," and, *vice versâ*, the "Chronicle" was the faithful mirror (*ειδωλον*, or *alter ego*) of Jack: both one and the other were the queerest concerns in the south of Ireland. The post of editor to a country newspaper is one, generally speaking, attended with sundry troubles and tribulations; for even the simple department of "deaths, births, and marriages," would require a host of talent and a superhuman tact to satisfy the vanity of the subscribers, without making them ridiculous to their next neighbours. Now Bellew didn't care a jot who came into the world or who left it; and thus he made no enemies by a too niggardly panegyric of their kindred and deceased relations. There was an exception, however, in favour of an old subscriber to the "paper," whose death was usually commemorated by a rim of mourning at the edges of the "Chronicle; "

Bellews dealt largely in *spirits* appears to be capable of *proof*: at any rate, there was never any propensity for *l'esprit des lois*, whatever might be the *penchant* for *unlawful spirit*, at the family mansion *Knock an isquieu*—*Anglicè* Mount Whisky, *Gallicè* Montesquieu.

and it was particularly when the subscription had not been paid (which, indeed, was generally the case) that the emblems of sorrow were conspicuous—so much so, that you could easily guess the amount of the arrears actually due, from the proportionate breadth of the black border, which in some instances was prodigious. But Jack's attention was principally turned to the affairs of the Continent, and he kept an eye on Russia, an eye of vigilant observation, which considerably annoyed the czar. In vain did Pozzo di Borgo endeavour to silence, or purchase, or intimidate Bellew; he was to the last an uncompromising opponent of the "miscreant of the North." The opening of the trade to China was a favourite measure with our editor; for he often complained of the bad tea sold at the sign of the "Elephant," on the Parade. He took part with Don Pedro against the Serene Infanta Don Miguel; but that was attributed to a sort of Platonic he felt for the fascinating Donna Maria da Gloria. As to the great question of *repale*, he was too sharp not to see the full absurdity of that brazen imposture. He endeavoured, however, to suggest a "*juste milieu*," a "*medius terminus*," between the politicians of the Chamber of Commerce and the common-sense portion of the Cork community; and his plan was,—to hold an imperial parliament for the three kingdoms on the Isle of Man! But he failed in procuring the adoption of his conciliatory sentiments. Most Irish provincial

papers keep a London "private correspondent"—some poor devil, who writes from a blind alley in St. Giles's, with the most graphic minuteness, and a truly laughable hatred of mystery, all about matters occurring at the cabinet meetings of Downing Street, or in the most impenetrable circles of diplomacy. Jack despised such fudge, became his own "London private correspondent," and addressed to himself long communications dated from Whitehall. The most useful intelligence was generally found in this epistolary form of soliloquy. But in the "Fashionable world," and "News from the beau monde," the "Chronicle" was unrivalled. The latest and most *recherché* modes, the newest Parisian fashions, were carefully described; notwithstanding which, Jack himself, like Diogenes or Sir Charles Wetherell, went about in a most ragged habiliment. To speak with Shakspeare, though not well dressed himself, he was the cause of dress in others. His finances, alas! were always miserably low; no fitting retribution was ever the result of his literary labours; and of him might be said what we read in a splendid fragment of Petronius Arbiter,—

" Sola pruinosis horret facundia pannis,
Atque inopi linguâ disertas invocat artes!"

Such was Bellew; and next to him of political importance in public estimation was the celebrated Dick Dowden, the great inventor of the "pyrolig-

neous acid for curing bacon." He was at one time the deservedly popular librarian of the Royal Cork Institution; but since then he has risen to eminence as the greatest soda-water manufacturer in the south of Ireland, and has been unanimously chosen by the sober and reflecting portion of his fellow-citizens to be the perpetual president of the "Cork Temperance Society." He is a Presbyterian—but I believe I have already said he was concerned in vinegar.* He is a great admirer of Dr. Bowring, and of the Rajah Rammohun Roy; and some think him inclined to favour the new Utilitarian philosophy. But why do I spend my time in depicting a man so well known as Dick Dowden? Who has not heard of Dick Dowden? I pity the wretch to whom his name and merits are unknown; for *he* argues himself a dunce that knows not Dowden, and deserves the anathema pronounced by Goldsmith against his enemies,—

"To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor!"

Talking of *razors*, the transition to our third guest, Bob Olden, is most smooth and natural—Olden, the great inventor of the wonderful shaving-lather, called by the Greeks EUKEIROGENEION (ΕΥΚΕΙΡΟΓΕΝΕΙΟΝ)!—Olden, the reproducer of an Athenian cosmetic, and the grand discoverer of the patent "Trotter-

* "A Quaker, sly; a Presbyterian, sour."—POPE.

oil," for the growth of the human hair ; a citizen of infinite worth and practical usefulness ; a high churchman eke was he, and a Tory ; but his " conservative " excellence was chiefly applicable to the epidermis of the chin, which he effectually preserved by the incomparable lather of his *Ευκλειδογενείον* ; an invention that would, to use the words of a Cork poet,

" Bid even a Jew bid adieu to his beard."

But Dan Corbet, the third guest, was a real trump, the very quintessence of fun and frolic, and of all Prout's friends the one of whom he was most particularly proud. He is the principal dentist of the Munster district—a province where a toothach is much rarer, unfortunately for dentists, than a broken head or a black eye. In Corbet, the kindest of human beings, and sincerest of Corkonians, the butter-milk of human friendliness was ever found in plentiful exuberance ; while the loud laugh and the jocund song bespoke the candour of his soul. Never was a professor of odontology less pedantic or less given to quackery. His ante-chamber was always full of patients, awaiting his presence with pleasurable anticipation ; and some were known to feign a toothach, in order to have a pleasant interview with the dentist. When he made his appearance in his morning-gown before the crowd of afflicted visitors, a general titter of cheerfulness enlivened the visages of the sufferers ;

and I can only compare the effect produced by his presence to the welcome of Scarron on the banks of the Styx, when that man of wondrous hilarity went down to the region of the ghosts as a dispeller of sorrow :

“ Solvuntur risu mœstissima turba silentum,
Cùm venit ad Stygias Scarro facetus aquas.”

I have only one thing to say against Corbet. At his hospitable table, where, without extravagance, every good dish is to be found, a dessert generally follows remarkable for the quantity and iron-hardness of the walnuts, while not a nut-cracker can be had for love or money from any of the servants. Now this is too bad ; for, you must know, that next morning most of the previous *guests* reappear in the character of *patients* ; and the nuts (like the dragon-teeth sown in a field by Cadmus) produce a harvest of lucrative visitors to the cabinet of the professor. Ought not this system to be abolished, O Queen ! and is it any justification or palliation of such an enormity to know that the bane and antidote are both before one ? When I spoke of it to Corbet, he only smiled at my simplicity, and quoted the precedent in Horace (for he is a good classic scholar),

“ Et nux ornabat mensam, cum duplice ficu.”

Lib. ii. sat. 2.

But I immediately pointed out to him, that he reversed

the practice of the Romans; for, instead of the figs being in *double ratio to the nuts*, it was the latter with him that predominated in quantity, besides being pre-eminently hard when submitted to the double action of that delicate lever the human jaw, which nature never (except in some instances, and these more apparent, perhaps, in the conformation of the nose and chin) intended for a nut-cracker.

Of Friar O'Meara there is little to be said. Prout did not think much of friars in general; indeed, at all times the working parochial clergy in Ireland have looked on them as a kind of undisciplined Cossacks in the service of the church militant, of whom they cannot conveniently get rid, but who are much better adepts in sharing the plunder than in labouring to earn it. The good father often explained to me how the matter stood, and how the bishop wanted to regulate these friars, and make them work for the instruction of the poor, instead of their present lazy life; but they were a match for him in Rome, where none dare whisper a word against one of the fraternity of the cowl. There are some papers in the Prout collection on this subject, which (when you get the chest) will explain all to you. O'Meara (who was not the "Voice from St. Helena," though he sometimes passed for that gentleman on the Continent) was a pleasant sort of fellow, not very deep in divinity or black-lettered knowledge of any kind, but conversable

and chatty, having frequently accompanied young 'squires as travelling tutor to Italy, much in the style of those learned functionaries who lead a dancing-bear through the market-towns of England. There was no dinner within seven miles of Cork without O'Meara. Full soon would his keen nostril, ever upturned (as Milton sayeth) into the murky air, have snuffed the scent of culinary preparation in the breeze that came from Watergrasshill; therefore it was that Prout sent him a note of invitation, knowing he *would* come, whether or no.

Such were the guests who, with George Knapp and myself, formed the number of the elect to dine with Sir Walter at the father's humble board; and when the covers were removed (grace having been said by Prout in a style that would have rejoiced the sentimental Sterne), a glorious vision of fish was unfolded to the raptured sight; and I confess I did not much regret the absence of the turkey, whose plump carcass I could get an occasional glimpse of, hanging from the roof of the kitchen. We ate, and confabulated as follows:—

“I don't approve,” said Bob Olden, of Homer's ideas as to a social entertainment: he does not let his heroes converse rationally until long after they have sat down to table, or, as Pope vulgarly translates it,

‘Soon as the rage of hunger is repressed.’

Now I think that a very gross way of proceeding."

O'MEARA.

In our convent we certainly keep up the observance, such as Pope has it. The repast is divided into three distinct periods; and in the conventual refectory you can easily distinguish at what stage of the feeding-time the brotherhood are engaged. The first is called, 1°, *altum silentium*; then, 2°, *clangor dentium*; then, 3°, *rumor gentium*.

CORBET.

I protest against the personal allusion contained in the second item. You are always making mischief, O'Meara.

BELLEW.

I hope that when the friars talk of the *news of the day*—for such I suppose is the meaning of *rumor gentium*—they previously have read the private London correspondence of the "Cork Chronicle."

PROUT.

Sir Walter, perhaps you would wish to begin with a fresh egg, *ab ovo*, as Horace recommends; or perhaps you'd prefer the order described by Pliny, in his letter to Septimius, 1°, *a radish*; 2°, *three snails*;

and 3°, *two eggs*,* or *oysters ad libitum*, as laid down by Macrobius.†

SCOTT.

Thank you, I can manage with this slice of salmon-trout: I can relish the opinion of that great ornament of your church, Thomas à Kempis, to whose taste nothing was more delicious than a salmon, always excepting the *Psalms of David!* as he properly says, *Mihi Psalmi Davidici sapiunt salmone!* ‡

PROUT.

That was not a bad idea of Tom Kempis. But my favourite author, St. Chrysostom, surpasses him

* Vide Plin. Ep. ad Septim., where he acquaints us with the proper manner of commencing operations. His words are, "Lac-tucas singulas, cochleas tres, ova bina." It is a singular origin that of the French word *cuiller*, a spoon, derived from the Latin *cochleare*; of which *cochlea* (a snail or periwinkle) is the root. Thus we read in Martial—

" Sum cochleis habilis, sed nec magis utilis ovis;
Numquid scis potius cur cochleare vocer?"

† In the third book of his "Saturnalia," Macrobius, describing the feast given by the Flamen Lentulus to the Roman people on his installation to office, praises the host's generosity, inasmuch as he opened the banquet by providing as a whet "*ostreas crudas quantum quisque vellet.*"

‡ See the Elzevir edition of *Thom. à Kempis, in vita*, p. 246.

in wit. When talking of the sermon on the Lake of Tiberias, he marvels at the singular position of the auditory relative to the preacher : his words are, *Δεινον θεαμα, οἱ ιχθυες επι την γην, και ὁ ἀλιευς εν θαλαττη!*—*Serm. de Nov. et Vet. Test.*

O'MEARA.

That is a capital turbot, O Prout! and, instead of talking Greek and quoting old Chrysostom (the saint with the golden mouth), you ought to be helping Jack Bellew and George Knapp.—What sauce is that?

PROUT.

The senate of Rome decided the sauce long ago, by order of Domitian, as Juvenal might tell you, or even the French translation—

“ Le senat mit aux voix cette affaire importante,
Et le turbot fut mis à la sauce piquante.”

KNAPP.

Sir Walter! as it has been my distinguished lot—a circumstance that confers everlasting glory on my mayoralty—to have had the honour of presenting you yesterday with the freedom of the corporation of Cork, allow me to present you with our next best thing, a potato.

SCOTT.

I have received with pride the municipal franchise, and I now accept with equal gratitude the more substantial gift you have handed me, in this capital esculent of your happy country.

PROUT.

Our round towers, Sir Walter, came from the east, as will be one day proved; but our potatoes came from the west: Persia sent us the one, and Virginia the other. We are a glorious people! The two hemispheres minister to our historic recollections; and if we look back on our annals, we get drunk with glory;

“ For when hist’ry begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west.”

May I have the pleasure of wine with you? Gentlemen, fill all round.

SCOTT.

I intend writing a somewhat in which Sir Walter Raleigh shall be a distinguished and prominent character; and I promise you the potato shall not be forgotten. The discovery of that root is alone sufficient to immortalise the hero who lost his head so unjustly on Tower Hill.

KNAPP.

Christopher Columbus was equally ill-treated; and neither he nor Raleigh have even given their name to the objects they discovered. Great men have never obtained justice from their contemporaries.—I'll trouble you for some of the fins of that turbot, Prout.

PROUT.

Nay, further, without going beyond the circle of this festive board, why has not Europe and the world united to confer some signal distinction on the useful inventor of "Pyroligneous Acid?" Why is not the discoverer of "Trotter-oil" and "Eukeirogeneion" fittingly rewarded by mankind? Because men have narrow views, and prefer erecting columns to Spring Rice, and to Bob Waithman who sold shawls in Fleet Street.—Let me recommend some lobster-sauce.

CORBET.

Minerva, who first extracted oil from the olive, was deified in Greece; and Olden is not yet even a member of the dullest scientific body; while Dr. Lardner belongs to them all, if I can understand the phalanx of letters that follows his name.

KNAPP.

I have read the utilitarian Doctor's learned treatise

tise on the potato—a subject of which he seems to understand the chemical manipulation. He says, very justly, that as the root contains saccharine matter, *sugar* may be extracted therefrom; he is not sure whether it might not be distilled into *whisky*; but he is certain that it makes capital *starch*, and triumphantly shews that the *rind* can feed pigs, and the *stalk* thatch the pigsty. O most wonderful Doctor Lardner! Here's his health! $\Delta\iota\omicron\nu\sigma\iota\omicron\varsigma!$ —not a bad introduction to a bumper of claret. [*Three times three.*]

PROUT.

I too have turned my thoughts into that channel, and among my papers there is a treatise on “*the root.*” I have prefixed to *my* dissertation this epigraph from Cicero's speech “*pro Archiâ Poetâ,*” where the Roman orator talks of the *belles lettres*; but I apply the words much more literally—I hate metaphor in practical matters such as these: “They are the food of our youth, the sustenance of our old men; they are delightful at home, and by no means in one's way abroad; they cause neither nightmare nor indigestion, but are capital things on a journey, or to fill the wallet of a pilgrim”—“*Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*” So much for potatoes. But there are

other excellent natural productions in our island, which are also duly celebrated in my papers, and possibly may be published; but not till I am gathered to the grave. I have never forgotten the interests of posterity.—Pass that decanter.

SCOTT.

Talking of the productions of the soil, I cannot reconcile the antiquity, the *incontestable* antiquity, of the lyric ode called the “Groves of Blarney,” of which before dinner we have traced the remote origin, and examined so many varied editions, with a book of more modern date, called “Cæsar’s Commentaries.” The *beech-tree*, Cæsar says, does not grow in these islands, or did not in his time: All trees grow there, he asserts, the same as in Gaul, except the lime-tree and the beech—“*Materia ferè eadem ac in Galliâ, præter fagum et abietem.*” (*Cæs. de Bello Gallico*, lib. v.) Now in the song, which is infinitely older than Cæsar, we have mention made, “besides the leeches,” of certain “groves of beeches,”—the text is positive.

KNAPP.

That observation escaped me totally; and still the different versions all concur in the same assertion. The Latin or Vulgate codex says—

“Grande decus pagi,
Fluvii stant margine FAGI.”

The Greek or Septuagint version is equally stubborn in making out the case—

Ἰσταμενων και ἕλη
ΦΗΓΩΝ, ροης φυλακτηρ.

And the French copy, taken from Doomsday Book, is conclusive, and a complete poser—

“ Sur ces bords champêtres
On a planté des HETRES.”

I am afraid Cæsar's reputation for accuracy will be greatly shaken by this discovery: he is a passable authority in military tactics, but not in natural history: give me Pliny!—This trout is excellent!

OLDEN.

I think the two great authors at issue on this *beech-tree* business can be conciliated thus: let us say, that by the Greek *φηγων*, and the Latin *fagi*, nothing more is meant than the clan of the O'FAGANS, who are very thickly planted hereabouts. They are still a hungry race, as their name Fagan indicates—
απο του φαγειν.

PROUT.

It must have been one of that family who, in the reign of Aurelius, distinguished himself by his great

appetite at the imperial court of Rome. Thus Berchoux sings, on the authority of Suetonius :

“ Phagon fut en ce genre un homme extraordinaire ;
 Il avait l'estomac (grands Dieux !) d'un dromadaire :
 Il faisait disparaître, en ses rares festins,
Un porc, un sanglier, un mouton, et cent pains !!!”

O'MEARA.

That's what we at Paris used to call *pain à discrétion*.—Margaret, open some oysters, and get the cayenne pepper.

BELLEW.

I protest I don't like to see the O'Fagans run down—my aunt was an O'Fagan; and as to deriving the name from the Greek *απο του φαγειν*, I think it a most gratuitous assumption.

KNAPP.

I agree with my worthy friend Bellew as to the impropriety of harping on names. One would think the mayor of Cork ought to obtain some respect, and be spared the infliction of the waggery of his fellow-townsmen. But no; because I clear the city of mad dogs, and keep hydrophobia far from our walls, I am called the “*dog-* (I had almost said kid-) *Knapper* !” Now, my family is of German extraction, and my great-grandfather served under the gallant Dutchman

in his wars with the "Grand Monarque," before he came over with William to deliver this country from slavery and wooden shoes. It was my great-grandfather who invented that part of a soldier's accoutrement, called, after him, a "Knapp's sack."

CORBET.

I hope, Sir Walter, you will not leave Cork without dining at the mansion-house with our worthy mayor. Falstaff himself could not find fault with the excellent flavour of Knapp's *sack*.

SCOTT.

I fear I shall not be able to postpone my departure; but as we are on this subject of names, I have to observe, that it is an old habit of the vulgar to take liberty with the syllables of a great man's patronymic. Melancthon* was forced to clothe his name in Greek to escape their allusions; Jules de l'Echelle changed his into Scaliger; Pat Lardner has become Dionysius; and the great author of those immortal letters, which he has taken care to tell us will be read

* The real name of Melancthon was Philippe Schwartzerd (*Schwarzerd*), which in English means literally *black earth*, and is most happily rendered into Greek by the term Melancthon, *Μελαινα χθων*. Thus sought he to escape the vulgar conundrums which his name in the vernacular German could not fail to elicit.

when the commentaries of Cornelius à Lapide are forgotten, gave no name at all to the world—

“ Stat nominis umbra !”

PROUT.

Poor Erasmus ! how he used to be badgered about his cognomen—

“ Quæritur unde tibi sit nomen ERASMUS ?—Eras Mus !”

for even so that arch wag, the Chancellor Sir Thomas More, addressed him. But his reply is on record, and his *pentameter* beats the Chancellor's *hexameter*—

“ Si *sum Mus* ego, te *judice Summus* ero !”

SCOTT.

Ay, and you will recollect how he splendidly retaliated on the punster by dedicating to Sir Thomas his *Μωρίας Εγκωμιον*. Erasmus 'was a capital fellow,

“ The glory of the priesthood, and the shame !”

O'MEARA.

Pray, Sir Walter, are you any relation of our great irrefragable doctor, Duns Scotus ? He was an ornament of the Franciscan order.

SCOTT.

No, I have not that honour; but I have read what Erasmus says of certain members of your fraternity, in a dialogue between himself and the Echo:

“(ERASMUS *loquitur.*)—Quid est sacerdotium?

(ECHO *respondit.*)—Otium!”

PROUT.

That reminds me of Lardner’s idea of “*otium cum dignitate*,” which he proposes to read thus—*otium cum diggin’ ’taties!*—The sugar and the materials here for Mr. Bellew.

CORBET.

There was a witty thing, and a severe thing, said of the Barberini family at Rome, when they took the stones of the Amphitheatrum Flavium to build them their palazzo: “*Quod non fecerant Barbari, hoc fecerunt Barberini.*” But I think Jack Bellew, in his “Chronicle,” made as pointed a remark on Sir Thomas Deane, knight and builder, who bought the old furniture and gutted the old castle of Blarney: “The *Danes*,” quoth Jack, “have always been pillaging old Ireland!”

SCOTT.

Whoever connived at or abetted the destruction of that old mansion, or took any part in the transaction,

had the soul of a Goth; and the "Chronicle" could not say less.

CORBET.

Bellew has vented his indignation in a song, which, if called on by so distinguished an antiquary, he will, no doubt, sing. And first let me propose the "Liberty of the Press" and the "Cork Chronicle,"—nine times nine, standing. Hurra!

Jack Bellew's Song.

AIR—*"O weep for the hour!"*

Oh! the muse shed a tear
 When the cruel auctioneer,
 With a hammer in his hand, to sweet Blarney came!
 Lady Jeffery's ghost
 Left the Stygian coast,
 And shriek'd the live-long night for her grandson's shame.

The Vandal's hammer fell,
 And we know full well
 Who bought the castle furniture and fixtures, O!
 And took off in a cart
 ('Twas enough to break one's heart!)
 All the statues made of lead, and the pictures, O!

You're the man I mean, hight
 Sir Thomas Deane, knight,
 Whom the people have no reason to thank at all;

But for you those things so old
 Sure would never have been sold,
 Nor the fox be looking out from the banquet-hall.

Oh, ye pull'd at such a rate
 At every wainscoting and grate,
 Determin'd the old house to sack and garble, O!
 That you did'nt leave a splinter
 To keep out the could winter,
 Except a limestone chimney-piece of marble, O!

And there the place was left
 Where bold King Charles the Twelfth
 Hung, before his portrait went upon a journey, O!
 Och! the family's itch
 For going to law was sitch,
 That they bound him long before to an attorney, O!

But still the magic stone
 (Blessings on it!) is not flown,
 To which a debt of gratitude Pat Lardner owes:
 Kiss that block, if you're a dunce,
 And you'll emulate at once
 The genius who to fame by dint of blarney rose.

SCOTT.

I thank you, Mr. Bellew, for your excellent ode on that most lamentable subject: it must have been an evil day for Blarney.

BELLEW.

A day to be blotted out of the annals of Innisfail

—a day of calamity and downfall. The nightingale never sang so plaintively in “the groves,” the dove or the “gentle plover” were not heard “in the afternoon,” the fishes wept in the deepest recesses of the lake, and strange sounds were said to issue from “the cave where no daylight enters.”—Let me have a squeeze of lemon.

SCOTT.

But what became of the “statues gracing this noble mansion?”

BELLEW.

Sir Thomas Deane bought “Nebuchadnezzar,” and the town-clerk, one Besnard, bought “Julius Cæsar.” Sir Thomas of late years had taken to devotion, and consequently coveted the leaden effigy of that Assyrian king, of whom Daniel tells us such strange things; but it turned out that the graven image was a likeness of Hercules, after all! so that, having put up the statue in his lawn at Blackrock, the wags have since called his villa “Herculaneum.” Like that personage of whom Tommy Moore sings, in his pretty poem about a sculptor’s shop, who made a similar *qui pro quo*. What’s the verse, Corbet?

CORBET.

“He came to buy *Jonah*, and took away *Jove*!”

O'MEARA.

There is nothing very wonderful in that. In St. Peter's at Rome we have an old statue of Jupiter (a capital antique bronze it is), which, with the addition of "keys" and some other modern improvements, makes an excellent figure of the prince of the apostles.

PROUT.

Swift says that Jupiter was originally a mere corruption of "*Jew Peter*." You have given an edition of the Dean, Sir Walter?

SCOTT.

Yes; but to return to your Blarney statue: I wonder the peasantry did not rescue, *vi et armis*, the ornaments of their immortal groves from the grasp of the barbarians. I happened to be in Paris when the allies took away the sculptured treasures of the Louvre, and the Venetian horses of the Carrousel; and I well remember the indignation of the sons of France. Pray what was the connexion between Blarney Castle and Charles XII. of Sweden?

BELLEW.

One of the Jeffery family served with distinction under the banners of the gallant Swede, and had received the royal portrait on his return to his native country, after a successful campaign against the Czar

Peter. The picture was swindled out of Blarney by an attorney, to satisfy the costs of a law-suit.

OLDEN.

The Czar Peter was a consummate politician; but when he chopped off the beards of the Russians, and *forced* his subjects by penal laws to shave their chins, he acted very unwisely: he should have procured a supply of *eukeirogeneion*, and effected his object by smooth means.

CORBET.

Come, Olden, let us have one of your songs about that wonderful discovery.

OLDEN.

I'll willingly give you an ode in praise of the incomparable lather; but I think it fair to state that my song, like my *eukeirogeneion*, is a modern imitation of a Greek original: you shall hear it in both languages.

Olden's Song.

Come, list to my stave,
Ye who roam o'er the land or the wave,
Or in grotts subterranean,
Or up the blue Mediterranean,
Near Etna's big crater,
Or across the equator,
Where, within St. Helena, there lieth
an emperor's grave;

Ευκειρογενειον.

Της εμης ακροῦσθε
Ωδης, ὅσοι πλανασθε
Εν γῆ, τ' ἐν κυματεσσι
Καταγειοις, τ' ἐν σπηεσσι
Κυανειῶ τε Μεσογαίῳ,
Πατρα καμινῶ Αἰτναίῳ,
Ισημερινοῦ περαν τε
Κυκλου, ἐπ' Εὐσηαν τε

If, when you have got to the Cape of
Good Hope,
You begin to experience a sad want of
soap,

Bless your lot

On the spot,

If you chance to lay eye on

A flask of Eukeirogeneion;

For then you may safely rely on

A smooth and most comforting shave!

In this liquid there lies no deception;

For even old Neptune,

Whose bushy chin frightens

The green squad of Tritons,—

And who turns up the deep

With the huge flowing sweep

Of his lengthy and ponderous beard,—

Should he rub but his throttle

With the foam of this bottle,

He'd find,

To his mind,

In a twinkling the mop would have all dis-
appear'd.

King Nebuchadnezzar,

Who was turn'd for his sins to a grazier,

(For they stopp'd his allowance of praties,

And made him eat grass on the banks of

Euphrates),

Whose statue Sir Thomas

Took from us;

Along with the image of Cæsar;

(But Frank Cresswell will tell the whole
story to Fraser:)

Though they left him a capital razor,

Still went for seven years in his hair like
a lion,

For want of Eukeirogeneion.

‘Οδον πλεοντες μακρῶν,
“Αγαθελπίδος” πρὸς ἀκρῶν,
Σπανίς εἰ τις γένοιτο
Σαπῶνος, κῆξ χαιροῖτο
Εἰ γ’ ὄμμα το βλεπέι σου
Τὸ ΕΥΚΕΙΡΟΓΕΝΕΙΟΝ,
Κουρὰ γὰρ ἡ μαλίστα
Παρεστί σοι τριλλίστα.

Ἐν κλυσματ’ οὐπᾶ τῶδε
Ἔστ’ ἀπατή, γὰρ ὁ δὴ
Ποσειδῶν, ὁ γεραιὸς
Μεγᾶς Ἐννοσιγαιὸς,
Δασὸν ἔχων παγῶνα,
‘Ἠ φῶεῖεῖ Τριτῶνα,
Καὶ οἰδανεὶ θαλασσαν,
Ὀσακίς ἐξεπέτασσαν
Παγῶνος ἐκταθεντας
Πλοκαμους βοτρυοεντας,
Προσωπὸν εἰ γέ λουεῖ,
Κυτῶς ἀφρῶ τουτουῖ
Ἐν ἀκαρξί το θεῖον
Λειαινεται γενεῖον.

Νεῦχαδναῖσας (συλῆς
Ὀυ Βλαρηνικῆς ἀφ’ ὕλης
‘Ο Θῶμας το εἰδῶλον
‘Ο βαρῶρος μὴ Σολῶν,
Μεγάλῃν ἀφαιρῶν λειαν
Καὶ δῆσιον φυτεῖαν,
Σοὶ τ’ αὐτο ρεῖε Καῖσας,
‘Ὡς γινώσεται ὁ ΦΡΑΙΣΑΡ)
Τὰ ξυρ’ ἀριστ’ ἀναξ’ ἐν
Οἰκῶ ἔχων ταρῶξιν,
‘Ο παγῶν καὶ χαιτησίην
Ἐσθημενὸς, πλανῆς ἠν
Θῆς ὠσ’, οὐπᾶ γὰρ δῖον
Εἰχ’ ΕΥΚΕΙΡΟΓΕΝΕΙΟΝ.

PROUT.

I don't think it fair that Frank Cresswell should say nothing all the evening. Up, up, my boy! give us a speech or a stave of some kind or other. Have you never been at school? Come, let us have "Norval on the Grampian hills," or something or other.

Thus apostrophised, O Queen! I put my wits together; and, anxious to contribute my quota to the common fund of classic enjoyment, I selected the immortal ode of Campbell, and gave a Latin translation in rhyme as well as I could.

*The Battle of Hohenlinden.**Prælium apud Hohenlinden.*

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

Sol ruit cælo minuitque lumen,
Nix super terris jacet usque munda,
Et tenebrôsâ fluit Iser undâ
Flebile flumen!

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of
night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of the scenery.

Namque nocturnus simul arsit ignis,
Tympanum rauco sonuit boatu,
Dum micant flammis, agitante
flatu,
Rura malignis.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful rivalry.

Jam dedit vocem tuba! fax rubentes
Ordinat turmis equites, et ultrò
Fert equos ardor, rutilante cultro,
Ire furentes.

Then shook the hills, by thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery!

Tum sono colles tremuere belli,
Tum ruit campo sonipes, et æther
Mugit, et rubrâ tonitru videtur
Arce revelli!

The combat thickens! on, ye brave!
 Who rush to glory or the grave.
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners
 wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ingruit strages! citò, ferte gressum!
 Quos triumphantem redimere pul-
 chro
 Tempori laurum juvat! aut sepul-
 chro
 Stare cupressum!

Few, few shall part where many
 meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-
 sheet,
 And every sod beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

Hic ubi campum premuere multi,
 Tecta quàm rari patriæ videbunt!
 Heu sepulchrali nive quot mane-
 bunt,
 Pol! nec inulti!

Such, O Queen! was my feeble effort; and to your fostering kindness I commit the luckless abortion, hoping to be forgiven by Tom Campbell for having upset into very inadequate Latin his spirit-stirring poetry. I made amends, however, to the justly enraged Muse, by eliciting the following dithyrambic from Dan Corbet, whom I challenged in my turn:

Dan Corbet's Song.

The Ivory Tooth.

Believe me, dear Prout,
 Should a tooth e'er grow loose in your head,
 Or fall out,
 And perchance you'd wish one in its stead,
 Soon you'd see what my art could contrive for ye;
 When I'd forthwith produce,
 For your reverence's use,
 A most beautiful tooth carved from ivory!

Which, when dinner-time comes,
 Would so well fit your gums,
 That to make one superior
 'Twould puzzle a fairy, or
 Any 'cute Leprechawn
 That trips o'er the lawn,
 Or the spirit that dwells
 In the lonely harebells,
 Or a witch from the big lake Ontario!

'Twould fit in so tight,
 So brilliant and bright,
 And be made of such capital stuff,
 That no food
 Must needs be eschew'd
 On account of its being too tough;
 'Twould enable a sibyl
 The hardest sea-biscuit to nibble:
 Nay, with such a sharp tusk, and such polish'd enamel,
 Dear Prout, you could eat up a camel!

As I know you will judge
 With eye microscopic
 What I say on this delicate topic,
 And I wish to beware of all fudge,
 I tell but the bare naked truth,
 And I hope I don't state what 's irrelevant,
 When I say that this tooth,
 Brought from Africa, when
 In the depths of a palm-shaded glen
 It was captured by men,
 Then adorned, in the full bloom of youth,
 The jaws of a blood-royal elephant.

We are told,
 That a surgeon of old —
 Oh, 'tis he was well skill'd in the art of nosology!
 For such was his knowledge, he
 Could make you a nose bran new!
 I scarce can believe it—can you?
 And still did a public most keen and discerning
 Acknowledge his learning;
 Yea, such skill was his,
 That on any unfortunate phiz,
 By some luckless chance,
 In the wars of France,
 Deprived of its fleshy ridge,
 He'd raise up a nasal bridge.

Now my genius is not so precocious
 As that of Dr. Tagliacotius,
 For I only profess to be versed in the art of dontology;
 To make you a nose
 “ C'est toute autre chose;”
 For at best, my dear Prout,
 Instead of a human snout,
 You'd get but a sorry apology.
 But let me alone
 For stopping a gap, or correcting a flaw
 In a patient's jaw;
 Or making a tooth that, like bone of your bone,
 Will outlive your own,
 And shine on in the grave when your spirit is flown.

I know there's a blockhead
 That will put you a tooth up with wires,
 And then, when the clumsy thing tires,

This most impudent fellow
 Will quietly tell you
 To take it out of its socket,
 And put it back into your waistcoat pocket!
 But 'tis not so with mine,
 O most learned divine!
 For without any spurious auxiliary,
 So firmly infix'd in your dexter maxillary,
 To your last dying moment 'twill shine,
 Unless 'tis knock'd out,
 In some desperate rout,
 By a sudden discharge of artillery.

Thus the firmer 'twill grow, as the wearer grows older,
 And then, when in death you shall moulder,
 Like that Greek who had gotten an ivory shoulder,
 The delight and amazement of ev'ry beholder,
 You'll be sung by the poets in your turn, O!

“ Dente Prout humeroque Pelops insignis eburno !”

VIRG. *Georg. II.*

CORBET.

Come, old Prout, let us have a stave! And first,
 here's to your health, my old cock!

“ Perpetual bloom
 To the Church of Rome!”

[Drunk standing.]

The excellent old man acknowledged the toast with becoming dignity, and tunefully warbled the *Latin original* of one of “ the Melodies.”

Father Prout's Song.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,
 When Malachi wore the collar of
 gold,
 Which he won from the proud in-
 vader;
 When Nial, with standard of green
 unfurl'd,
 Led the red-branch knights to dan-
 ger,
 Ere the emerald gem of the western
 world
 Was set in the brow of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fish-
 erman strays,
 When the cool, calm eve's declin-
 ing,
 He sees the round towers of other
 days
 Beneath the waters shining.
 So shall memory oft, in dream sub-
 lime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that
 are over,
 And, sighing, look through the waves
 of time,
 For the long-faded glories they
 cover.

Prout cantat.

O! utinam sanos mea Ierne reco-
 gitet annos
 Antea quàm nati vincla dedêre
 pati,
 Cùm Malachus TORQUE ut patriæ
 defensor honorque
 Ibat: erat verò pignus ab hoste
 fero.
 Tempore vexillo viridante equitabat
 in illo
 Nialus ante truces fervidus ire
 duces.
 Hi nec erant anni radiis in fronte
 tyranni
 Fulgeret ut claris, insula gemma
 maris.

Quando tacet ventus, Neaghæ dùm
 margine lentus
 Piscator vadit, vesperæ ut umbra
 cadit,
 Contemplans undas, turres ibi stare
 rotundas
 Credidit, inque lacûs oppida cer-
 nit aquis.
 Sic memori in somnis res gesta re-
 ponitur omnis
 Historicosque dies rettulit alma
 quies,
 Gloria sublimis sese effert fluctibus
 imis,
 Atque apparet ibi patria cara tibi.

PROUT.

I now call on my worthy friend Dowden, whom I
 am sorry to see indulging in nothing but soda all the

evening: come, President of the "Temperance," and ornament of "the Kirk," a song!

Dick Dowden's Song.

AIR—*"I sing the Maid of Lodi."*

I sing the fount of soda,
 That sweetly springs for me,
 And I hope to make this ode a
 Delightful melody;
 For if "Castalian" water
 Refresh'd the tuneful nine,
 Health to the Muse! I've brought her
 A bubbling draught of mine.

Ἀριστον μὲν το ἕδωρ—
 So Pindar sang of old,
 Though modern bards—*proh pudor!*—
 Deem water dull and cold;
 But if at my suggestion
 They'd try the crystal spring,
 They'd find that, for digestion,
 Pure element's the thing.

With soda's cheerful essence
 They'd fill the brimming glass,
 And feel the mild 'fervescence
 Of hydrogen and gas;
 Nor quaff Geneva's liquor—
 Source of a thousand ills!
 Nor swill the poisonous ichor
 Cork (to her shame!) distills.

Gin is a lurking viper
That stings the maddened soul,
And Reason pays the piper,
While Folly drains the bowl ;
And rum, made of molasses,
Inclineth man to sin ;
And far *potheen* surpasses
The alcohol of gin.

But purest air in fixture
Pervades the soda draught,
And forms the sylph-like mixture
Brewed by our gentle craft.
Nor is the beverage injured,
When flavoured with a lime ;
Or if, when slightly gingered,
'T is swallowed off in time.

Far from the tents of toppers
Blest be my lot to dwell,
Secure from interlopers
At peaceful "*Sunday's well.*"
Free o'er my lawn to wander,
Amid sweet flowers and fruits ;
And may I still grow fonder
Of chemical pursuits.

Through life with step unerring
To glide, nor wealth to hoard,
Content if a red-herring
Adorn my frugal board ;
While Martha, mild and placid,
Assumes the household cares,
And *pyroligneous acid*
The juicy ham prepares.

SCOTT.

That is a capital defence of the Temperance Society and of sodaic compounds, Mr. Dowden, and clearly refutes the rash assertion of Horace—

“Nec durare diù nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.”

PROUT.

Dick, you have a decided claim for a song on any of our guests whose melodious pipe we have not as yet heard.

DOWDEN.

I call on O'Meara, whom I have detected watching, with a covetous eye, something in the distant landscape. A song, friar!

O'MEARA.

I am free to confess that yonder turkey, of which I can get a glimpse through the kitchen-door, has a most tempting aspect. Would it were spitted!—but, alas! this is Friday. However, there are substitutes even for a turkey, as I shall endeavour to demonstrate in the most elegant style of Franciscan Latinity; adding a free translation for the use of the ignorant.

Friar O' Meara's Song.

Why then, sure, it was made by a
 learned owl,
 The "rule" by which I beg,
 Forbidding to eat of the tender fowl
 That hangs on yonder peg.
 But, rot it! no matter;
 For here, on a platter,
 Sweet Margaret brings
 A food fit for kings;
 And a meat
 Clean and neat—
 That's an egg!
 Sweet maid,
 She brings me an egg newly laid!
 And to fast I need ne'er be afraid,
 For 'tis Peg
 That can find me an egg.

Three different ways there are of eat-
 ing them:
 First boil'd, then fried with salt,—
 But there's a particular way of treating
 them,
 Where many a cook's at fault:
 For with parsley and flour
 'Tis in Margaret's power
 To make up a dish,
 Neither meat, fowl, nor fish;
 But in Paris they call 't
 A neat
 Omelette.
 Sweet girl!
 In truth, as in Latin, her name is a
 pearl,
 When she gets
 Me a platter of nice omelettes.

Cantilena Omearica.

I.
 Nostrâ non est regulâ
 Edenda gallina,
 Altera sed edula
 Splendent in culinâ;
 Ova manus sedula
 Affert mihi bina!
 Est Margarita,
 Quæ facit ita,
 Puellarum regina!

II.
 Triplex mos est edere:
 Primò, genuina;
 Dein, certo fœdere
 Tosta et salina;
 Tertiò, cùm hederæ
 Mixta est farina.
 Est Margarita,
 Quæ facit ita,
 Puellarum regina!

III.

(Lento e maestoso.)

Och! 'tis all in my eye, and a joke,
 To call fasting a sorrowful yoke;
 Sure, of Dublin-bay herrings a keg,
 And an egg,
 Is enough for all sensible folk!
 Success to the fragrant turf-smoke,
 That curls round the pan on the fire;
 While the sweet yellow yolk
 From the egg-shells is broke
 In that pan,
 Who can,
 If he have but the heart of a man,
 Not feel the soft flame of desire,
 When it burns to a clinker the heart
 of a friar?

Tempus stulta plebs abhorret
 Quadragesimale;
 Halec sed si in mensâ foret,
 Res iret non tam male;
 Ova dum hæc nympha torret
 In ollâ cum sale.
 Est Margarita,
 Quæ facit ita,
 Puellarum regina!

PROUT.

I coincide with all that has been said in praise of eggs; I have written a voluminous essay on the subject: and as to frying them in a pan, it is decidedly the best method. That ingenious man, Crofton Croker, was the first among all the writers on "useful knowledge" who adorn this utilitarian epoch (including Dr. Lardner) to discover the striking resemblance that exists between those two delightful objects in natural history, *a daisy* and *a fried egg*. Eggs broken into a pan seem encircled with a whitish border, having a yellow nucleus in the centre; and the similar appearance of the field-daisy ought to have long since drawn the notice of philosophers. Meantime, in the matter of frying eggs, care should be taken not to

overdo them, as an old philosopher has said—μελετη το παν. But let none imagine that in all I have said I intend to hint, in the remotest manner, any approval of that barbarous and unnatural combination—that horrid amalgam, yclept a *pancake*, than which nothing can be more detestable.

SCOTT.

Have you any objection, learned host, to our hearing a little instrumental music? Suppose we got a tune on the bagpipe? I understand your man, Terry Callaghan, can squeeze the bags to some purpose.

PROUT.

Terry, you ruffian! come in here, and bring your pipes!

Terry, nothing loath, came, though with some difficulty, and rather unsteadily, from the kitchen; and having established himself on a three-legged stool (the usual seat of Pythonic inspiration), gave, after a short prelude, the following harmonious strain, with vocal accompaniment to suit the tuneful drone of the bags: in which arrangement he fully adhered to Homeric practice; for we find that the most approved and highly gifted minstrels of the “*Odyssey*,” (especially that model among the bards of antiquity,

Demodocus,) owing to their contempt for wind-instruments, were enabled to play and sing at the same time: but neither the lyre, the plectrum, the φορμυξ, the chelys, the testudo, or the barbiton, afford such facilities for the concomitance of voice and music as that wondrous engine of harmony, the Celtic bagpipe, called "*corne muse*" by the French, as if *par excellence* "*cornu musæ.*" Terry, having exalted his horn, sang thus:

Terry Callaghan's Song;

Being a full and true account of the storming of Blarney Castle by the united forces of Cromwell, Ireton, and Fairfax, in 1628.

AIR—" *I'm akin to the Callaghans.*"

O Blarney Castle, my darlint!
 Sure you're nothing at all but a stone,
 Wrapt in ivy—a nest for all varmint,
 Since the ould Lord Clancarty is gone.
 Och! 'tis you that was once strong and aincient,
 And ye kep all the Sassenachs down,
 While fighting them battles that aint yet
 Forgotten by martial renown.

O Blarney Castle, &c.

Bad luck to that robber, ould Crommill!
 That plundered our beautiful fort;
 We'll never forgive him, though some will—
 Saxons! such as George Knapp and his sort.

But they tell us the day 'll come, when Dannel
 Will purge the whole country, and drive
 All the Sassenachs into the channel,
 Nor leave a Cromwellian alive.
 O Blarney Castle, &c.

Curse the day clumsy Noll's ugly *corpus*,
 Clad in copper, was seen on our plain ;
 When he rowled over here like a porpoise,
 In two or three hookers from Spain !
 And bekase that he was a freemason
 He mounted a battering-ram,
 And into her mouth, full of treason,
 Twenty pound of gunpowder he 'd cram.
 O Blarney Castle, &c.

So that when the brave boys of Clancarty
 Looked over their battlement-wall,
 They saw wicked Oliver's party
 All a feeding on powder and ball ;
 And that giniral that married his daughter,
 Wid a heap of grape-shot in his jaw—
 That's bould Ireton, so famous for slaughter—
 And he was his brother-in-law.
 O Blarney Castle, &c.

So they fired off their bullets like thunder,
 That whizzed through the air like a snake ;
 And they made the ould castle (no wonder!)
 With all its foundations to shake.
 While the Irish had nothing to shoot off
 But their bows and their arras, the sowls !

Waypons fit for the wars of old Plutarch,
 And perhaps mighty good for wild fowls.
 O Blarney Castle, &c.

Och! 't was Crommill then gave the dark token—
 For in the black art he was deep;
 And though th' eyes of the Irish stood open,
 They found themselves all fast asleep!
 With his jack-boots he stepped on the water,
 And he walked clane right over the lake;
 While his sodgers they all followed after,
 As dry as a duck or a drake.

O Blarney Castle, &c.

Then the gates he burnt down to a cinder,
 And the roof he demolished likewise;
 O! the rafters they flamed out like tinder,
 And the buildin' *flared up* to the skies.
 And he gave the estate to the Jeffers,
 With the dairy, the cows, and the hay;
 And they lived there in clover like heifers,
 As their ancestors do to this day.

O Blarney Castle, &c.

Such was the song of Terry, in the chorus of which he was aided by the sympathetic baryton of Jack Bellew's voice, never silent when his country's woes are the theme of eloquence or minstrelsy. An incipient somnolency began, however, to manifest itself in Corbet and Dick Dowden; and I confess I myself can recollect little else of the occurrences of the

evening. Wherefore with this epilogue we conclude our account of the repast on Watergrasshill, observing that Sir Walter Scott was highly pleased with the sacerdotal banquet, and expressed himself so to Knapp; to whom, on their return in a post-chaise to Cork, he exclaimed,

“Prorsùs jucundè cœnam produximus illam.”

HOR.



THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT.

No. IV.

DEAN SWIFT'S MADNESS. A TALE OF A CHURN.

From the Prout Papers.

“ O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver—
 Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy grieved country's *copper chains* unbind !”

POPE.

WE are fully cognisant of, and perfectly prepared for, the overwhelming burst of universal felicitation which we shall elicit from a sympathising public, when we announce the glad tidings of the safe arrival in London of the Watergrasshill “ chest,” fraught with treasures such as no Spanish galleon ever wafted from Manilla or Peru into the waters of the Guadalquiver. From the remote Irish highland where Prout wasted so much of true Athenian suavity on the desert air, unnoticed and unappreciated by the rude tenants of the hamlet, his trunk of posthumous papers has been

brought into our cabinet; and there it stands before us, like unto the Trojan horse, replete with the armed offspring of the great man's brain, right well packed with most classic stuffing—ay, pregnant with life and glory! Haply has Fate decreed that it should fall into proper hands and fitting custody; else to what vile uses might not this box of learned lumber have been unwittingly converted—we shudder in spirit at the probable destiny that would have awaited it. The Caliph Omar warmed the baths of Alexandria with Ptolemy's library; and the "Prout Papers" might ere now be lighting the pipes of "the boys" in Blarney Lane, while the chest itself might afford materials for a three-legged stool—

"Truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum!"

In verity it ought to be allowable at times to indulge in that most pleasing opiate, self-applause; and having made so goodly an acquisition, why should not we, OLIVER YORKE to wit, chuckle inwardly while we are congratulated from without, ever and anon glancing an eye of satisfaction at the chest:

"Mihi plaudo ipse domi, simul ac contemplor in arcâ!"

Never did that learned ex-Jesuit, Angelo Mai, now librarian of the Vatican, rejoice more over a "palimpsest" MS. of some crazy old monk, in which his quick eye fondly had detected the long-lost decades of Livy—never did friend Pettigrew gloat over a newly uncoffined mummy (warranted of the era of Sesostris)—never did (that living mummy) Maurice de Talleyrand exult over a fresh bundle of Palmerstonian protocols, with more internal complacency,—than did we, jubilating over this sacerdotal anthology, this miscellany "in boards," at last safely lodged in our possession.

Apropos. We should mention that we had previously the honour of receiving from his Excellency Prince Maurice (aforesaid) the following note, to which it grieved us to return a flat negative.

"Le Prince de Talleyrand prie Mr. OLIVIER YORKE d'agréer ses respectueux hommages. Ayant eu l'avantage de connaître personnellement feu l'Abbé de Prout lors de ses études à la Sorbonne en 1778, il serait charmé, sitôt qu'arriveront les papiers de ce respectable ecclésiastique, d'assister à l'ouverture du coffre. Cette faveur, qu'il se flatte d'obtenir de la

politesse reconnue de Monsieur YORKE, il sçaura duement apprécier.

“ *Ambassade de France, Hanovre Sq.*

“ *ce 3 Juin.*”

We suspected at once, and our surmise has proved correct, that many documents would be found referring to Marie Antoinette's betrayers, and the practices of those three prime intriguers, Mirabeau, Cagliostro, and Prince Maurice; so that we did well in eschewing the honour intended us in overhauling these papers — Non “ Talley” auxilio!

We hate a flourish of trumpets; and though we could justly command all the clarions of renown to usher in these Prout writings, let their own intrinsic worth be the sole herald of their fame. We are not like the rest of men—Liston Bulwer, D'Israeli, Dr. Lardner, and Bob Montgomery—obliged to inflate our cheeks with incessant effort to blow our commodities into notoriety. No! we are not disciples in the school of Puffendorf: Prout's *fish* will be found fresh and substantial—not “blown,” as happens too frequently in the literary market. We have more than once acknowledged the unsought and unpur-

chased plaudits of our contemporaries ; but it is to the imperishable verdict of posterity that we ultimately look for a ratification of modern applause : with Cicero we exclaim—“ *Memoriâ vestrâ, Quirites, nostræ res vivent, sermonibus crescent, litterarum monumentis veterascent et corroborabuntur!*” Yes! while the ephemeral writers of the day, mere bubbles on the surface of the flood, will become extinct in succession,—while a few, more lucky than their comrade dunces, may continue for a space to swim with the aid of those vile bladders, newspaper-puffs, Father Prout will be seen floating triumphantly down the stream of time, secure and buoyant in a genuine “Cork” jacket.

Some friends of literature have been importuning us to publish at once a *catalogue raisonné*, or table of contents, of all the matters, historic, critic, analytic, and philologic, embraced in the range of these MSS. ; but as we don't wish to tempt housebreakers to our premises, we shall keep the secret of our treasures locked up in our own breast, nor expose to any mishap a goose that is to lay so many eggs of anticipated gold. The example of Homer has been quoted

to us in this matter ineffectually; and notwithstanding the famed "catalogue of ships" and redoubtable "army-list" with which he opens the business of the "Iliad," enumerating all the component parts of the *matériel de guerre* which he subsequently puts in motion, — still, for the obvious reason already stated, we demurred to this proposal.

We owe it to the public to account for the delay experienced in the transmission of the "chest" from Watergrasshill to our hands; but the fact is, at a meeting of the parishioners held on the subject (Mat Horrogan, of Blarney, in the chair), it was *resolved*, "That Terry Callaghan, being a tall and trustworthy man, able to do credit to the village in London, and carry eleven stone weight (the precise tariff of the trunk), should be sent at the public expense, *viâ* Bristol, with the coffer strapped to his shoulders, and plenty of the wherewithal to procure 'refreshment' on the western road, until he should deliver the same at Mr. Fraser's, Regent Street, with the compliments of the parish." Terry, wisely considering, like the Commissioners of the Deccan prize-money, that the occupation was too good a thing not to make it last

as long as possible, kept refreshing himself, at the cost of the parochial committee, on the great western road, and only arrived last week in Regent Street. Having duly stopped to admire Lady Aldborough's "round tower," and elbowed his way through what he calls the "Squadrint," he at last made his appearance at our office; and when he had there discharged his load, went off to take pot-luck with Feargus O'Connor.

Here, then, we are enabled, no longer deferring the promised boon, to lay before the public the first of the "Prout Papers;" breaking bulk, to use a seaman's phrase, and producing at hazard a specimen of what is contained in the coffer brought hither on the shoulders of tall and trustworthy Terry Callaghan.

"*Pandere res altá Terrá et Caligine mersas.*"

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 1st July, 1834.

Watergrasshill, March 1830.

YET a few years, and a full century shall have elapsed since the death of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. Yes, O my friends! if such I may

presume to designate you into whose hands, when I myself am gathered to the silent tomb, these writings shall fall, and to whose kindly perusal I commend them, bequeathing, at the same time, the posthumous blessing of a feeble and toil-worn old man—yes, when a few winters more shall have added to the accumulated snow of age that weighs on the hoary head of the pastor of this upland, and a short period shall have rolled on in the dull monotony of these latter days, the centenary cycle will be fully completed, the secular anthem of dirge-like solemnity may be sung, since the grave closed for ever on *one* whom Britain justly reveres as the most upright, intuitive, and gifted of her sages; and whom Ireland, when the frenzied hour of strife shall have passed away, and the turbulence of parties shall have subsided into a national calm, will hail with the rapture of returning reason, as the first, the best, the mightiest of her sons. The long arrears of gratitude to the only true disinterested champion of her people will then be paid—the long-deferred apotheosis of the patriot-divine will then take place—the shamefully forgotten debt of glory which the lustre of his genius shed around his semi-barbarous countrymen will be deeply and feelingly remembered: the old land-mark of genuine worth will be discerned in the ebbing of modern agitation, and due honour will be rendered by a more enlightened age to the keen and scrutinising philosopher, the

scanner of whate'er lies hidden in the folds of the human heart, the prophetic seer of coming things, the unsparing satirist of contemporary delinquency, the stern Rhadamanthus of the political and of the literary world, the star of a benighted land, the lance and the buckler of Israel—

“ We ne'er shall look upon his like again.”*

And still why must I recall (what I would fain obliterate) the ever-painful fact,—graven, alas! too indelibly on the stubborn tablets of his biographers, chronicled in the annals of the country, and, above all, firmly and fatally established by the monumental record of his own philanthropic munificence,—the disastrous fact, that ere this brilliant light of our island was quenched in death, towards the close of

* Note in Prout's handwriting: “ Doyle, of Carlow, faintly resembles him. Bold, honest, disinterested, an able writer, a scholar, a gentleman; a bishop, too, in our church, with none of the shallow pedantry, silly hauteur, arrant selfishness, and anile dotage, which may be sometimes covered, but not hidden, under a mitre. Swift demolished, in his day, Woods and his bad half-pence; Doyle denounced Daniel and his box of coppers. A provision for the starving Irish was called for by ‘ the Dean,’ and sued for by ‘ J. K. L.’ Alas! when will the Government awaken to the voice of our island's best and most enlightened patriots? Truly, it hath ‘ Moses and the prophets’—doth the Legislature wait until one come from the dead?”

Doyle is since dead—but “ defunctus adhuc loquitur!”—O.Y.

the year 1745—long before that sad consummation, the flame had wavered wild and flickered fitfully in its lamp of clay, casting around shadows of ghastly form, and anon assuming a strange and melancholy hue, that made every well-wisher hail as a blessing the event of its final extinction in the cold and dismal vaults of St. Patrick's? In what mysterious struggle his gigantic intellect had been cloven down, none could tell. But the evil genius of insanity had clearly obtained a masterdom over faculties the most powerful, and endowments the highest, that have fallen to the lot of man.

We are told of occasional hours of respite from the fangs of his tormenting *δαίμων*,—we learn of moments when the “mens divinior” was suffered to go loose from its gaoler, and to roam back, as it were on “parole,” into the dominions of reason, like the ghost of the murdered king, allowed to revisit, for a brief space, the glimpses of our glorious firmament,—but such gleams of mental enlightenment were but few, and short in their duration. They were like the flash that is seen to illumine the wreck when all hope is gone, and, fiercely bursting athwart the darkness, appears but to seal the doom of the cargo and the mariners—intervals of lugubrious transport, described by our native bard as

“That ecstasy which, from the depths of sadness,
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness.”

Alas! full rapidly would that once clear and sagacious spirit falter and relapse into the torpor of idiocy. His large expressive eyes, rolling wildly, would at times exhibit, as it were, the inward working of his reason, essaying in vain to cast off the nightmare that sat triumphant there, impeding that current of thought, once so brisk and brilliant. Noble and classic in the very writhings of delirium, and, often sublime, he would appear a living image of the sculptured Laocoon, battling with a serpent that had grasped, not the body, but the mind, in its entangling folds. Yet must we repeat the sad truth, and again record in sorrow, that the last two or three years of Jonathan Swift presented nothing but the shattered remnants of what had been a powerfully organised being, to whom it ought to have been allotted, according to our faint notions, to carry unimpaired and undiminished into the hands of *Him* who gave such varied gifts, and formed such a goodly intellect, the stores of hoarded wisdom and the overflowing measure of talents well employed: but such was not the counsel of an inscrutable Providence, whose decree was to be fulfilled in the prostration of a mighty understanding—

Διος ὄ ετελειετο βουλη.

And here let me pause—for a sadly pleasing reminiscence steals across my mind, a recollection of youthful days. I love to fix, in its flight, a transi-

tory idea ; and I freely plead the privilege of discursiveness conceded to the garrulity of old age. When my course of early travel led me to wander in search of science, and I sought abroad that scholastic knowledge which was denied to us at home in those evil days ; when by force of legislation I became, like others of my clerical brethren, a “ peripatetic ” philosopher—like them compelled to perambulate some part of Europe in quest of professional education,—the sunny provinces of southern France were the regions of my choice ; and my first gleanings of literature were gathered on the banks of that mighty stream so faithfully characterised by Burdigala’s native poet, Ausonius, in his classic enumeration :

“ *Lentus Arar, Rhodanusque celer, PLENUSQUE GARUMNA.* ”

One day a goatherd, who fed his shaggy flock along the river, was heard by me, as, seated on the lofty bank, he gazed on the shining flood, to sing a favourite carol of the country. ’Twas but a simple ballad ; yet it struck me as a neat illustration of the ancient parallel between the flow of human life and the course of the running waters ; and thus it began :

“ Salut ! O vieux fleuve, qui coulez par la plaine !

Hélas ! un même cours ici bas nous entraîne —

Egal est en tout notre sort :

Tous deux nous fournissons la même carrière ;

Car un même destin nous mène, O rivière ! —

Vous à la mer ! nous à la mort ! ”

So sang the rustic minstrel. But it has occurred to me, calmly and sorrowfully pondering on the fate of Swift, that although this melancholy resemblance, so often alluded to in Scriptural allegory, may hold good in the general fortunes of mankind, still has it been denied to some to complete in their personal history the sad similitude; for not a few, and these some of the most exalted of our species, have been forbidden to glide into the Ocean of Eternity bringing thereunto the fulness of their life-current with its brimming banks undrained.

Who that has ever gazed on the glorious Rhine, coeval in historic memory with the first Cæsar, and boasting much previous traditionary renown, at the spot where it gushes from its Alpine source, would not augur to it, with the poet, an uninterrupted career, and an ever-growing volume of copious exuberance?

“ Au pied du Mont Adulle, entre mille roseaux,
 Le Rhin tranquille, et fier du progrès de ses eaux,
 Appuyé d'une main sur son urne penchante,
 S'endort au bruit flatteur de son onde naissante.”

BOILEAU.

Whence if it is viewed sweeping in brilliant cataracts through many a mountain glen, and many a woodland scene, until it glides from the realms of romance into the business of life, and forms the majestic boundary of two rival nations, conferring benefits on both—

reflecting from the broad expanse of its waters anon the mellow vineyards of Johannisberg, anon the gorgeous turrets of Drachenfels—who then could venture to foretell that so splendid an alliance of usefulness and grandeur was destined to be dissolved—that yon rich flood would never gain that ocean into whose bosom a thousand rivulets flow on with unimpeded gravitation, but would disappear in the quagmires of Helvoetsluys, be lost in the swamps of the Brabant, or absorbed in the sands of Holland?

Yet such is the course of the Rhine, and such was the destiny of Swift,—of that man the outpourings of whose abundant mind fertilised alike the land of his fathers* and the land of his birth: that man the very overflowings of whose strange genius were looked on by his contemporaries with delight, and welcomed as the inundations of the Nile are hailed by the men of Egypt.

A deep and hallowed motive impels me to select that last and dreary period of his career for the subject of special analysis; to elucidate its secret history, and to examine it in all its bearings; eliminating conjecture, and substituting fact; prepared to demolish the visionary superstructure of hypothesis, and to place the matter on its simple basis of truth and reality.

It is far from my purpose and far from my heart

* Prout supposes Swift to have been a natural son of Sir William Temple. We believe him in error here.—O. Y.

to tread on such solemn ground save with becoming awe and with feet duly unshodden. If, then, in the following pages, I dare to unseal the long-closed well, think not that I seek to desecrate the fountain: if it devolves on me to lift the veil, fear not that I mean to profane the sanctuary: tarry until this paper shall have been perused to its close; nor will it fall from your grasp without leaving behind it a conviction that its contents were traced by no unfriendly hand, and by no *unwarranted* biographer: for if a bald spot were to be found on the head of Jonathan Swift, the hand of Andrew Prout should be the first to cover it with laurels.

There is a something sacred about insanity: the traditions of every country agree in flinging a halo of mysterious distinction around the unhappy mortal stricken with so sad and so lonely a visitation. The poet who most studied from nature and least from books, the immortal Shakespeare, has never made our souls thrill with more intense sympathy than when his personages are brought before us bereft of the guidance of reason. The grey hairs of King Lear are silvered over with additional veneration when he raves; and the wild flower of insanity is the tenderest that decks the pure garland of Ophelia. The story of Orestes has furnished Greek tragedy with its most powerful emotions; and never did the mighty Talma sway with more irresistible dominion the assembled

men of France, than when he personated the fury-driven maniac of Euripides, revived on the French stage by the muse of Voltaire. We know that among rude and untutored nations madness is of rare occurrence, and its instances few indeed. But though its frequency in more refined and civilised society has taken away much of the deferential homage paid to it in primitive times, still, in the palmiest days of Greek and Roman illumination, the oracles of Delphi found their fitting organ in the frenzy of the Pythoness; and through such channels does the Latin lyrist represent the Deity communicating with man:

. ——— “quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius.”

But let us look into our own breasts, and acknowledge that, with all the fastidious pride of fancied superiority, and in the full plenitude of our undimmed reason, we cannot face the breathing ruin of a noble intellect undismayed. The broken sounds, the vague intensity of that gaze, those whisperings that seem to commune with the world of spirits, the play of those features, still impressed with the signet of immortality, though illegible to our eye, strike us with that awe which the obelisk of the desert, with its insculptured riddles, inspires into the Arabian shepherd. An oriental opinion makes such beings the favourites of Heaven: and the strong tincture of eastern ideas,

so discernible on many points in Ireland, is here also perceptible; for a born idiot among the offspring of an Irish cabin is prized as a family *palladium*.

To contemplate what was once great and resplendent in the eyes of man slowly mouldering in decay, has never been an unprofitable exercise of thought; and to muse over reason itself fallen and prostrate, cannot fail to teach us our complete dependency. If to dwell among ruins and amid sepulchres—to explore the pillared grandeur of the tenantless Palmyra, or the crumbling wreck of that Roman amphitheatre once manned with applauding thousands and rife with joy, now overgrown with shrubs and haunted by the owl—if to soliloquise in the valley where autumnal leaves are thickly strewn, ever reminding us by their incessant rustle, as we tread the path, “that all that’s bright must fade;”—if these things beget that mood of soul in which the suggestions of Heaven find readiest adoption,—how forcibly must the wreck of mind itself, and the mournful aberrations of that faculty by which most we assimilate to our Maker, humble our self-sufficiency, and bend down our spirit in adoration! It is in truth a sad bereavement, a dissevering of ties long cherished, a parting scene melancholy to witness, when the ethereal companion of this clay takes its departure, an outcast from the earthly coil that it once animated with intellectual fire, and wanders astray, cheerless

and friendless, beyond the picturings of poetry to describe;—a picture realised in Swift, who, more than Adrian, was entitled to exclaim:

“ Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos!”

“ Wee soul, fond rambler, whither, say,
Whither, boon comrade, fleest away?
Ill canst thou bear the bitter blast—
Houseless, unclad, affright, aghast;
Jocund no more! and hush'd the mirth
That gladden'd oft the sons of earth!”

Nor unloath am I to confess that such contemplations have won upon me in the decline of years. Youth has its appropriate pursuits; and to him who stands on the threshold of life, with all its gaieties and festive hours spread in alluring blandishment before him, such musings may come amiss, and such studies may offer no attraction. We are then eager to mingle in the crowd of active existence, and to mix with those who swarm and jostle each other on the molehill of this world—

“ Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.”

But to me, numbering fourscore years, and full tired of the frivolities of modern wisdom, metaphysical inquiry returns with all its charms, fresh as when first I courted, in the halls of Sorbonne, the science of the soul. On this barren hill where my lot is fallen, in that “sunset of life” which is said to “bring

mystical lore," I love to investigate subjects such as these.

“ And may my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high, lonely tower,
Seeking, with Plato, to unfold
What realms or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal soul that hath forsook
Its mansion in this fleshy nook!
And may, at length, my weary age
Find out some peaceful hermitage,
Till old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain !”

To fix the precise limits where sober reason's well-regulated dominions end, and at what bourne the wild region of the fanciful commences, extending in many a tract of lengthened wilderness until it joins the remote and volcanic territory of downright insanity,— were a task which the most deeply-read psychologist might attempt in vain. Hopeless would be the endeavour to settle the exact confines; for nowhere is there so much debatable ground, so much unmarked frontier, so much undetermined boundary. The degrees of longitude and latitude have never been laid down, nor, that I learn, ever calculated at all, for want of a really sensible solid man to act the part of a first meridian. The same remark is applicable to a congenial subject, viz. that state of the human frame akin to *insanity*, and called *intoxica-*

tion; for there are here also various degrees of intensity; and where on earth (except perhaps in the person of my friend Dick Dowden,) will you find, *κατα φρενα και κατα θυμον*, a SOBER man, according with the description in a hymn of our church liturgy?

“ Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humanos levis afflat aurâ
Spiritus ignes.”

*Ex officio Brev. Rom. de communi Conf. non
Pont. ad vespas.*

I remember well, when in 1815 the present Lord Chancellor (then simple Harry Brougham) came to this part of the country (attracted hither by the fame of our Blarney-stone), having had the pleasure of his society one summer evening in this humble dwelling, and conversing with him long and loudly on the topic of inebriation. He had certainly taken a drop extra, but perhaps was therefore better qualified for debating the subject, viz. *at what precise point drunkenness sets in, and what is the exact low-water mark*. He first advocated a *three-bottle system*, but enlarged his view of the question as he went on, until he reminded me of those spirits described by Milton, who sat apart on a hill retired, discussing *free-will, fixed fate, fore-knowledge absolute*,

“ And found no end, in wandering mazes lost!”

My idea of the matter was very simple, although I had some trouble in bringing him round to the true understanding of things; for he is obstinate by nature, and, like the village schoolmaster, whom he has sent "abroad,"

"Even though vanquished, he can argue still."

I shewed him that the poet Lucretius, in his elaborate work "*De Naturâ Rerum*," had long since established a criterion, or standard—a sort of clepsydra, to ascertain the final departure of sobriety,—being the well-known phenomenon of reduplication in the visual orb, that sort of second sight common among the Scotch :

"*Bina lucernarum flagrantia lumina flammis,
Et duplices hominum vultus et corpora bina!*"

LUCRETIUS, lib. iv. 452.

But, unfortunately, just as I thought I had placed my opinions in their most luminous point of view, I found that poor Harry was completely fuddled, so as to be unconscious of all I could urge during the rest of the evening; for, as Tom Moore says in "*Lalla Rookh*,"

—— "the delicate chain

Of thought once tangled, could not clear again."

It has long ago been laid down as a maxim by Seneca, that "*nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ insanix.*" Newton was decidedly mad when he wrote

his comment on Revelations; so, I think, was Napier of the logarithms, when he achieved a similar exploit; Burns was more than once labouring under delirium; Tasso was acquainted with the cells of a madhouse; Nathaniel Lee,* the dramatist, when a tenant of Bedlam, wrote a tragedy twenty-five acts long; and Sophocles was accused before the tribunal of the *φρατρια*, and only acquitted of insanity by the recitation of his *Ædip. Colon.* Pascal was a miserable hypochondriac; the poet Cowper and the philo-

* This fact concerning Lee I stumbled on in that singular *olla podrida*, the "Curiosities of Literature," by the elder D'Israeli. In his chapter on the "Medicine of the Mind," (vol. i. second series: Murray, 1823,) I find a passage which tells for my theory; and I therefore insert it here, on the principle of *je prends mon bien partout où je le trouve*: "Plutarch says, in one of his essays, that should the body sue the mind in a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to have been a most ruinous tenant to its landlord." This idea seemed to me so ingenious, that I searched for it through all the metaphysical writings of the Bœotian sage; and lo! I find that Democritus, the laughing philosopher, it was who first made the assertion retailed by him of Cheronæa: Οἰμαι μαλιστα τον Δημοκριτον ειπειν, ὡς ει το σωμα δικασαιτο τη ψυχη, κακασίας ουκ αν αυτην αποφυγειν. Theophrastus enlarges on the same topic: Θεοφραστος αληθες ειπεν, πολυ τῶ σωματι τελειν ενοικιον την ψυχην. Πλειονα μεντοι το σωμα της ψυχης απολαυει κακα, μη κατα λογον αυτω χρωμενος.—See the magnificent edition of Plutarch's Moral Treatises, from the Clarendon press of Oxford, 1795, in the British Museum, being ΠΛΟΥΤ. ΤΑ ΗΘΙΚΑ, tom. i. p. 375.—PROUT.

sopher Rousseau were subject to lunacy; Luis de Camoens died raving in an hospital at Lisbon; and, in an hospital at Madrid, the same fate, with the same attendant madness, closed the career of the author of "Don Quixote," the immortal Miguel Cervantes. Shelley was mad outright; and Byron's blood was deeply tainted with maniacal infusion. His uncle, the eighth lord, had been the homicide of his kindred, and hid his remorse in the dismal cloisters of Newstead. He himself enumerates three of his maternal ancestors who died by their own hands. Last February (1830), Miss Milbanke, in the book she has put forth to the world, states her belief and that of her advisers, that "the Lord Byron was actually insane." And in Dr. Millingen's book (the surgeon of the Suliote brigade) we find these words attributed to the *Childe*: "I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or terminating my days, like Swift, a grinning idiot."—*Anecdotes of Byron's Illness and Death*, by JULIUS MILLINGEN, p. 120.—*London*.

Strange to say, few men have been more exempt from the usual exciting causes of insanity than Swift. If ambition, vanity, avarice, intemperance, and the fury of sexual passion, be the ordinary determining agents of lunacy, then should he have proudly defied the approaches of the evil spirit, and withstood his attacks. As for ambitious cravings, it is well known that he sought not the smiles of the court, nor ever

sighed for ecclesiastical dignities. Though a churchman, he had none of the crafty, aspiring, and intriguing mania of a Wolsey or a Mazarin. By the boldness and candour of his writings, he effectually put a stop to that ecclesiastical preferment which the low-minded, the cunning, and the hypocrite, are sure to obtain: and of him it might be truly said, that the doors of clerical promotion closed while the gates of glory opened.

But even *glory* (mystic word!), has it not its fascinations, too powerful at times even for the eagle eye of genius, and capable of dimming for ever the intellectual orb that gazes too fixedly on its irradiance? How often has splendid talent been its own executioner, and the best gift of Heaven supplied the dart that bereft its possessor of all that maketh existence valuable! The very intensity of those feelings which refine and elevate the soul, has it not been found to operate the work of ruin?

“ 'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Views his own feather on the fatal dart
Which wing'd the shaft that quivers in his heart.
Keen are his pangs; but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drinks the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.”

So Byron sings in his happiest mood ; and so had sung before him a young French poet, who died in early life, worn out by his own fervour :

“ Oui, l'homme ici bas aux talents condamné,
 Sur la terre en passant sublime infortuné,
 Ne peut impunément achever une vie
 Que le Ciel surchargea du fardeau du génie !
 Souvent il meurt brûlé de ces célestes feux . . .
 Tel quelquefois l'oiseau du souverain des dieux,
 L'aigle, tombe du haut des plaines immortelles,
Brûlé du foudre ardent qu'il portait sous ses ailes !”

CHENEDOLLÉ.

I am fully aware that in Swift's case there was a common rumour among his countrymen in Ireland at the time, that over-study and too much learning had disturbed the equilibrium of the doctor's brain, and unsettled the equipoise of his cerebellum. The “most noble” Festus, who was a well-bred Italian gentleman, fell into the same vulgar error long ago with respect to St. Paul, and opined that much literature had made of him a madman ! But surely such a sad confusion of materialism and spiritualism as that misconception implies, will not require a refutation. The villagers in Goldsmith's beautiful poem may have been excusable for adopting so unscientific a theory ; but beyond the sphere of rustic sages the hypothesis is intolerable :

“ And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew !”

How can the ethereal and incorporate stores of knowledge become a physical weight, and turn out an incumbrance, exercising undue pressure on the human brain?—how can mental acquirement be described as a body ponderous? What folly to liken the crevices of the cerebral gland to the fissures in an old barn bursting with the riches of a collected harvest!—*rupuerunt horrea messes*—or to the crazy bark of old Charon, when, being only fitted for the light waftage of ghosts, it received the bulky personage of the *Æneid* :

“ Gemuit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis, ac multam accepit rimosa paludem.”

Lib. vi.

Away with such fantasies! The more learned we grow, the better organised is our mind, the more prejudices we shake off; and the stupid error which I combat is but a pretext and consolation for ignorance.

The delusions of love swayed not the stern mind of the Dean of St. Patrick's, nor could the frenzy of passion ever overshadow his clear understanding. Like a bark gliding along a beautiful and regular canal, the soft hand of woman could, with a single riband, draw him onward in a fair and well-ordered channel; but to drag him out of his course into any devious path, it was not in nature nor the most potent fascination to accomplish. Stella, the cherished com-

panion of his life, his secretly wedded bride, ever exercised a mild influence over his affections—

“ And rose, where'er he turned his eye,
The morning star of memory.”

But his acquaintanceship with Vanessa (Mrs. Vanhomrigg) was purely of that description supposed to have been introduced by Plato. For my part, having embraced celibacy, I am perhaps little qualified for the discussion of these delicate matters; but I candidly confess, that never did Goldsmith so win on my good opinion, by his superior knowledge of those recondite touches that ennoble the favourite character of a respectable divine, as when he attributes severe and uncompromising tenets of *monogamy* to Dr. Primrose, vicar of Wakefield; that being the next best state to the one which I have adopted myself, in accordance with the Platonic philosophy of Virgil, and the example of Paul:

“ *Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat ;
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti ;
Omnibus his niveâ cinguntur tempora vittâ !*”

Æneid. VI.

The covetousness of this world had no place in the breast of Swift, and never, consequently, was his mind liable to be shaken from its basis by the inroads of that overwhelming vice, avarice. Broad lands and manorial possessions he never sighed for; and, as

Providence had granted him a competency, he could well adopt the resignation of the poet, and exclaim, "Nil amplius oro." Nothing amused him more than the attempt of his friend Doctor Delany to excite his jealousy by the ostentatious display of his celebrated villa, which, as soon as purchased, he invited the Dean to come and admire. We have the humorous lines of descriptive poetry which were composed by Swift on the occasion, and were well calculated to destroy the doctor's vanity. The estate our satirist represents as liable to suffer "an eclipse of the sun" whenever "a crow" or other small opaque body should pass between it and that luminary. The plantations "might possibly supply a toothpick;"

" And the stream that 's called ' *Meander* '
Might be sucked up by a gander!"

Such were the sentiments of utter derision with which he contemplated the territorial aggrandisement so dear to the votaries of Mammon; nor is it foreign from this topic to remark, that the contrary extreme of hopeless poverty not having ever fallen to his lot, one main cause of insanity in high minds was removed. Tasso went mad through sheer distress and its concomitant shame; the fictions of his romantic love for a princess of the court of Ferrara are all fudge: he had at one time neither fire nor a decent coat to his back; and he tells us that, having no lamp

in his garret, he resorted to his cat to lend him the glare of her eyes :

“ Non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi ! ”

Intemperance and debauchery never interfered with the quiet tenour of the Dean's domestic habits ; and hence the medical and constitutional causes of derangement flowing from these sources must be considered as null in this case. I have attentively perused the best record extant of his private life—his own “ Journal to Stella,” detailing his sojourn in London ; and I find his diet to have been such as I could have wished.

“ London, Oct. 1711. Mrs. Vanhomrigg has changed her lodgings—I dined with her to-day. I am growing a mighty lover of *herrings* ; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and ate six *oysters*.”—*Letter 32. p. 384, in Scott's edition of Swift.*

“ I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigg, with some company who did not come ; but I ate nothing but *herrings*.”—*Same letter, p. 388.*

“ Oct. 23, 1711. I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lost my dinner. So I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me *three herrings*, which I am very fond of. And they are a light *victuals*” (*sic in orig.*)—*Letter 33. p. 400.*

He further shews the lively interest he always

evinced for fish diet by the following passage, which occurs in a publication of his printed in Dublin, 1732, and entitled "An Examination of certain Abuses, Corruptions, and Enormities in this City of Dublin. By Dr. Jonathan Swift, D.D."

"The affirmation solemnly made in the cry of *Herrings!* is directly against all truth, viz. 'Herrings alive, ho!' The very proverb will convince us of this; for what is more frequent in ordinary speech than to say of a neighbour for whom the bell tolls, He is dead as a herring! And pray, how is it possible that a herring, which, as philosophers observe, cannot live longer than one minute three seconds and a half out of water, should bear a voyage in open boats from Howth to Dublin, be tossed into twenty hands, and preserve its life in sieves for several hours?"

The sense of loneliness consequent on the loss of friends, and the withdrawal of those whose companionship made life pleasant, is not unfrequently the cause of melancholy monomania; but it could not have affected Swift, whose residence in Dublin had estranged him long previously from those who at that period died away. Gay, his bosom friend, had died in December 1732; Bolingbroke had retired to France in 1734; Pope was become a hypochondriac from bodily infirmities; Dr. Arbuthnot was extinct; and he, the admirer and the admired of Swift,

John of Blenheim, the illustrious Marlborough, had preceded him in a madhouse !

“ Down Marlborough's cheeks the tears of dotage flow.”

A lunatic asylum was the last refuge of the warrior, —if, indeed, he and his fellows of the conquering fraternity were not candidates for it all along intrinsically and professionally,

“ From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.”

Thus, although the Dean might have truly felt like one who treads alone some deserted banquet-hall (according to the beautiful simile of the Melodist), still we cannot, with the slightest semblance of probability, trace the outbreak of his madness to any sympathies of severed friendship.

If Swift ever nourished a predominant affection— if he was ever really under the dominion of a ruling passion, it was that of pure and disinterested love of country ; and were he ever liable to be hurried into insane excess by any overpowering enthusiasm, it was the patriot's madness that had the best chance of prostrating his mighty soul. His works are the imperishable proofs of the sincere and enlightened attachment which he bore an island connected with him by no hereditary recollections, but merely by the accident of his birth at Cashel.

We read in the sacred Scriptures (Eccles. lxxvii.), that "the sense of oppression maketh a man mad;" and whosoever will peruse those splendid effusions of a patriot soul, "the Story of an injured Lady" (Dublin, 1725), "Maxims controlled in Ireland" (Dublin, 1724), "Miserable State of Ireland" (Dublin, 1727), must arise from the perusal impressed with the intensity and fervour of the Dean's love of his oppressed country. The "Maxims controlled" develop, according to that highly competent authority, Edmund Burke, the deepest and most statesmanlike views ever taken of the mischievous mismanagement that has constantly marked England's conduct towards her sister island. In the "Miserable State," &c. we have evidence that the wretched peasantry at that time was at just the same stage of civilisation and comfort as they are at the present day; for we find the Dean thus depicting a state of things which none but an Irish landlord could read without blushing for human nature:—"There are thousands of poor creatures who think themselves blessed if they can obtain a hut worse than the squire's dog-kennel, and a piece of ground for potato-plantation, on condition of being as very slaves as any in America, starving in the midst of plenty." Further on, he informs us of a singular item of the then traffic of the Irish:—"Our fraudulent trade in wool to France is the best branch of our commerce."

And in his "Proposal for the Use of Irish Manufactures," which was prosecuted by the Government of the day, and described by the learned judge who sent the case to the jury as a plot to bring in the Pretender! we have this wool-traffic again alluded to: "Our beneficial export of wool to France has been our only support for several years: we convey our wool there, in spite of all the harpies of the custom-house." In this tract he introduces the story of Pallas and the nymph Arachne, whom the goddess, jealous of her spinning, changed into a spider; and beautifully applies the allegory to the commercial restrictions imposed by the sister-country on Ireland. "Arachne was allowed still to spin; but Britain will take our bowels, and convert them into the web and warp of her own exclusive and intolerant industry."

Of the "Drapier's Letters," and the signal discomfiture of the base-currency scheme attempted by William Woods, it were superfluous to speak. Never was there a more barefaced attempt to swindle the natives than the copper imposition of that notorious hardwareman; and the only thing that in modern times can be placed in juxtaposition, is the begging-box of O'Connell. O for a Drapier to expose that second and most impudent scheme for victimising a deluded and starving peasantry!

The Scotch rebellion of 1745 found the Dean an inmate of his last sad dwelling—his own hospital;

but the crisis awakened all his energies, and he found an interval to publish that address to his fellow-countrymen which some attributed to the Lord-Lieutenant Chesterfield, but which bears intrinsic evidence of his pen. It is printed by Sir W. Scott, in the appendix of the "Drapier's Letters." There is a certain chemical preparation called *sympathetic* ink, which leaves no trace on the paper; but if applied to the heat of a fire, the characters will become at once legible. Such was the state of Swift's soul—a universal blank; but when brought near the sacred flame that burnt on the altar of his country, his mind recovered for a time its clearness, and found means to communicate its patriotism. Touch but the interests of Ireland, and the madman was sane again: such was the mysterious nature of the visitation.

“ O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clue;
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
The intellectual daybeam bursts again!
Enough to shew the maze in which the sense
Wandered about, but not to guide thee hence —
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save!”

When Richard Cœur de Lion lay dormant in a dungeon, the voice of a song which he had known in better days came upon his ear, and was the means of leading him forth to light and freedom; but, alas!

Swift was not led forth from his lonely dwelling by the note of long-remembered music, the anthem of fatherland. Gloomy insanity had taken too permanent possession of his mind; and right well did he know that he should die a maniac. For this, a few years before his death, did he build unto himself an asylum, where his own lunacy might dwell protected from the vulgar gaze of mankind. He felt the approach of madness, and, like Cæsar, when about to fall at the feet of Pompey's statue, he gracefully arranged the folds of his robe, conscious of his own dignity even in that melancholy downfall. The Pharaohs, we are told in Scripture, built unto themselves gorgeous sepulchres: their pyramids still encumber the earth. Sardanapalus erected a pyre of cedar-wood and odoriferous spices when death was inevitable, and perished in a blaze of voluptuousness. The asylum of Swift will remain a more characteristic memorial than the sepulchres of Egypt, and a more honourable funereal pyre than that heaped up by the Assyrian king. He died mad, among fellow-creatures similarly visited, but sheltered by his munificence; and it now devolves on me to reveal to the world the unknown cause of that sad calamity.

I have stated that his affections were centered in that accomplished woman, the refined and gentle Stella, to whom he had been secretly married. The reasons for such secrecy, though perfectly familiar to

me, may not be divulged ; but enough to know that the Dean acted in this matter with his usual sagacity. An infant son was born of that marriage after many a lengthened year, and in this child were concentrated all the energies of the father's affection, and all the sensibilities of the mother's heart. In him did the Dean fondly hope to live on when his allotted days should fail, like unto the self-promised immortality of the bard—" Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei vitabit Libitinam !" How vain are the hopes of man ! That child most unaccountably, most mysteriously disappeared ; no trace, no clue, no shadow of conjecture, could point out what had become its destiny, and who were the contrivers of this sorrowful bereavement. The babe was gone ! and no comfort remained to a desponding father in this most poignant of human afflictions.

In a copy of *Verses composed on his own Death*, the Dean indulges in a humorous anticipation of the motives that would not fail to be ascribed, as determining his mind to make the singular disposal of his property which (after the loss of his only child) he resolved on :

" He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for people mad,
To shew, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much."

But this bitter pleasantry only argued the sad inroads

which grief was making in his heart. The love of offspring, which the Greeks call *στοργη* (and which is said to be strongest in the stork), was eminently perceptible in the diagnosis of the Dean's constitution. Sorrow for the loss of his child bowed down his head eventually to the grave, and unsettled a mind the most clear and well-regulated that philosophy and Christianity could form.

THESE PAPERS WILL NOT MEET THE PUBLIC EYE UNTIL I TOO AM NO MORE : BUT WHEN THAT DAY SHALL COME—WHEN THE PASTOR OF THIS OBSCURE UPLAND SHALL, IN A GOOD OLD AGE, BE LAID IN THE EARTH—WHEN NEITHER PRIDE OF BIRTH NOR HUMAN APPLAUSE CAN MOVE THE COLD EAR OF THE DEAD, THE SECRET OF THAT CHILD'S HISTORY, OF SWIFT'S LONG-LOST CHILD, SHALL BE TOLD ; AND THE OLD MAN WHO HAS DEPARTED FROM THIS WORLD OF WOE IN PEACE, WILL BE FOUND TO HAVE BEEN THAT LONG-SOUGHT SON, WHOM WILLIAM WOODS, IN THE BASENESS OF A VILE VINDICTIVENESS, FILCHED FROM A FATHER'S AFFECTIONS.

Baffled in his wicked contrivances by my venerable father, and foiled in every attempt to brazen out his notorious scheme of bad halfpence, this vile tinker, nourishing an implacable resentment in his soul,

“ *Æternum servans sub pectore vulnus,*”

resolved to wreak his vengeance on the Dean ; and sought out craftily the most sensitive part to inflict

the contemplated wound. In the evening of October, 1741, he kidnapped me, Swift's innocent child, from my nurse at Glendalough, and fraudulently hurried off his capture to the extremity of Munster; where he left me exposed as a foundling on the bleak summit of Watergrasshill. The reader will easily imagine all the hardships I had to encounter in this my first and most awkward introduction to my future parishioners. Often have I told the sorrowful tale to my college companion in France, the kind-hearted and sensitive Gresset, who thus alludes to me in the well-known lines of his "Lutrin Vivant:"

" Et puis, d'ailleurs, le petit malheureux,
Ouvrage né d'un auteur anonyme,
Ne connaissant parens, ni légitime,
N'avait, en tout dans ce stérile lieu,
Pour se chauffer que la grace de Dieu!"

Some are born, says the philosophic Goldsmith, with a silver spoon in their mouth, some with a wooden ladle; but wretched I was not left by Woods even that miserable implement as a stock in trade to begin the world. Moses lay ensconced in a snug cradle of bulrushes when he was sent adrift; but I was cast on the flood of life with no equipage or outfit whatever; and found myself, to use the solemn language of my Lord Byron,

" Sent afloat
With nothing but the sky for a greatcoat."

But stop, I mistake. I *had* an appendage round my neck—a trinket, which I still cherish, and by which I eventually found a clue to my real parentage. It was a small locket of my mother Stella's hair, of raven black (a distinctive feature in her beauty, which had especially captivated the Dean): around this locket was a Latin motto of my gifted father's composition, three simple words, but beautiful in their simplicity—"PROUT STELLA REFULGES!" So that, when I was taken into the "Cork Foundling Hospital," I was at once christened "Prout," from the adverb that begins the sentence, and which, being the shortest word of the three, it pleased the chaplain to make my future patronymic.

Of all the singular institutions in Great Britain, philanthropic, astronomic, Hunterian, ophthalmic, obstetric, or zoological, the "Royal Cork Foundling Hospital," where I had the honour of matriculating, was then, and is now, decidedly the oddest in principle and the most comical in practice. Until the happy and eventful day when I managed, by mother-wit, to accomplish my deliverance from its walls (having escaped in a *churn*, as I will recount presently), it was my unhappy lot to witness and to endure all the varieties of human misery. The prince of Latin song, when he wishes to convey to his readers an idea of the lower regions and the abodes of Erebus, begins his affecting picture by placing in the

foreground the souls of infants taken by the mischievous policy of such institutions from the mother's breast, and perishing by myriads under the infliction of a mistaken philanthropy :

“ Infantumque animæ flentes in lumine primo :
 Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes, et ab ubere raptos,
 Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo.”

The inimitable and philosophic Scarron's translation of this passage in the *Æneid* is too much in my father's own style not to give it insertion :

“ Lors il entend, en ce lieu sombre,
 Les cris aigus d'enfants sans nombre.
 Pauvres bambins ! ils font grand bruit,
 Et braillent de jour et de nuit —
 Peut-être faute de nourrice ?” &c. &c.

Eneid travest. 6.

But if I had leisure to dwell on the melancholy subject, I could a tale unfold that would startle the Legislature, and perhaps arouse the Irish secretary to examine into an evil crying aloud for redress and suppression. Had my persecutor, the hard-hearted coppersmith Woods, had any notion of the sufferings he entailed on Swift's luckless infant, he would never have exposed me as an *enfant trouvé* ; he would have been satisfied with plunging my father into a mad-house, without handing over his child to the mercies of a foundling hospital. Could he but hear my woful story, I would engage to draw “copper” tears down the villain's cheek.

Darkness and mystery have for the last half century hung over this establishment; and although certain returns have been moved for in the House of Commons, the public knows as little as ever about the fifteen hundred young foundlings that there nestle until supplanted, as Death collects them under his wings, by a fresh supply of victims offered to the Moloch of *ψευδο*-philanthropy. Horace tells us, that certain proceedings are best not exhibited to the general gaze—

“Nec natos coram populo Medea trucidet.”

Such would appear to be the policy of these institutions, the *only* provision which the Legislature has made for Irish pauperism.

Doctor Chalmers, of Glasgow, has, on his examination this year (1830) before a parliamentary committee (Parl. Rep. 3577), loudly denounced the Dublin and Cork foundling hospitals, as “affording a direct encouragement to immorality.” And Dr. Doyle re-echoes the sentiments of the Scotch divine (*ibid.* 4582), supported in his views by George Ensor (5138), Frederic Page (840), Paulus Emilius Singer (135-6), and James D. Latouche (134).

In 1791, in the Irish House of Commons, Sir John Blaquiere rose in his place to state, that of 19,420 infants admitted to the Dublin Hospital for the last ten years, 17,440 were dead! out of 2180 admitted for the year 1790, only 187 were then alive! He obtained a committee of inquiry, and they gave in

their report on the 8th of May, 1797; by which it appeared, that within the quarter ending March 25 last, 540 children had been received into the house, of whom 450 had already died; and that within the six years that had elapsed since the honourable member's complaint, there were admitted 12,786, died in the same time 12,651; so that, in six years, only 135 lives had been spared!

Some steps, however, have been taken latterly by Government; and from a paper laid before Parliament last month (May 1830), it appears that, in consequence of the act of 1822, the annual admissions in Dublin have fallen from 2000 to 400. But who will restore to society the myriads whom the system has butchered? who will recall the slain? When the flower of Roman chivalry, under improvident guidance, fell in the German forests, "Varus, give back my legions!" was the frantic cry wrung from Augustus in the bitterness of patriotic sorrow.

My illustrious father has written, among other bitter sarcasms on the cruel conduct of Government towards the Irish poor, a treatise, which was printed in 1729, and which he entitled "A Modest Proposal for preventing Poor Children from being a Burden to their Parents." He recommends, in sober sadness, that they should be made into salt provisions for the navy, the colonies, and for exportation; or eaten fresh and spitted, like roasting-pigs, by the aldermen of

Cork and Dublin, at their civic banquets. A quotation from that powerful pamphlet may not be unacceptable here :

“ Infants’ flesh (quoth the Dean) will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, or a little before ; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season. Therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of Popish infants is at least three to one in the kingdom ; and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of Papists amongst us.”

These lines were clearly penned in the very gall and bitterness of his soul ; and while the Irish peasant is still considered by the miscreant landlords of the country as less worthy of his food than the beast of the field, and less entitled to a legal support in the land that bore him ; while the selfish demagogue of the island joins in the common hostility to the claims of that pauper who makes a stock-purse for him out of the scrapings of want and penury ; the proposal of Swift should be reprinted, and a copy sent to every callous and shallow-pated disciple of modern political economy. Poor-laws, forsooth, they cannot reconcile to their clear-sighted views of Irish legislation ; *fever*

hospitals and *gaols* they admire; *grammar-schools* they will advocate, where half-starved urchins may drink the physic of the soul, and forget the cravings of hunger; and they will provide in the *two great foundling hospitals* a receptacle for troublesome infants, who, in those "white-washed sepulchres," soon cease to be a burden on the community. The great agitator, meantime (God wot!) will bring in "a bill" for *a grand national cemetery in Dublin*.* such is the provision he deigns to seek for his starving fellow-countrymen!

"The great have still some favour in reserve —
They help to bury whom they help to starve."

The Dublin Hospital being supported out of the consolidated fund, has, by the *argumentum ad crumenam*, at last attracted the suspicions of Government, and is placed under a course of gradual reduction: but the Cork nursery is upheld by a compulsory local tax on *coal*, amounting to the incredible sum of £6000 a-year, and levied on the unfortunate Corkonians for the support of children brought into their city from Wales, Connaught, and the four winds of heaven! Three hundred bantlings are thus annually saddled on the beautiful city, with a never-failing succession of continuous supply:

"Miranturque novas frondes, et non sua poma!"

* Historical fact. Vide parl. proceedings. — O. Y.

By the Irish act of parliament, these young settlers are entitled, on coming of age (which few do), to claim as a right the freedom of that ancient and loyal corporation; so that, although of the great bulk of them it may be said that we had "no hand in their birth," they have the benefit of their coming — "a place in the commonwealth" (*ita Shakespeare*).

My sagacious father used to exhort his countrymen to burn every article that came from England except coals; and in 1729 he addressed to the "Dublin Weekly Journal" a series of letters *on the use of Irish coals* exclusively. But it strikes me that, as confessedly we cannot do without the English article in the present state of trade and manufactures, the most mischievous tax that any Irish seaport could be visited with would be a tonnage on so vital a commodity to the productive interests of the community. Were this vile impost withdrawn from Cork, every class of manufacture would hail the boon: the iron-foundry would supply us at home with what is now brought across the Channel: the glassblower's furnace would glow with inextinguishable fires; the steam-engine, that giant power, as yet so feebly developed among us, would delight to wield on our behalf its energies unfettered, and toil unimpeded for the national prosperity; new enterprise would inspirit the capitalist; while the humble artificer at the forge would learn the tidings with satisfaction,—

"Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear."

Something too much of this. But I have felt it incumbent on me to place on record my honest conviction of the impolicy of the tax itself, and of the still greater enormity of the evil which it goes to support. To return to my own history.

In this "hospital," which was the first *alma mater* of my juvenile days, I graduated in all the science of the young gipsies who swarmed around me. My health, which was naturally robust, bore up against the fearful odds of mortality by which I was beset; and although I should have ultimately, no doubt, perished with the crowd of infant sufferers that shared my evil destiny, still, like that favoured Grecian who won the good graces of Polyphemus in his anthropophagous cavern, a signal privilege would perhaps have been granted me: "Prout would have been the last to be devoured."

But a ray of light broke into my prison-house. The idea of escape, a bold thought! took possession of my soul. Yet how to accomplish so daring an enterprise? how elude the vigilance of the fat door-keeper, and the keen eye of the chaplain? Right well did they know the muster-roll of their stock of urchins, and often verified the same:

"Bisque die numerant ambo pecus, alter et hædos."

Heaven, however, soon granted what the porter denied. The milkman from Watergrasshill, who

brought the supplies every morn and eve, prided himself particularly on the size and beauty of his churn,—a capacious wooden recipient which my young eye admired with more than superficial curiosity. Having accidentally got on the wagon and explored the capacious hollow of the machine, a bright angel whispered in mine ear to secrete myself in the cavity. I did so; and shortly after, the gates of the hospital were flung wide for my egress, and I found myself jogging onward on the high road to light and freedom! Judge of my sensations! Milton has sung of one who, “long in populous city pent,” makes a visit to Highgate, and, snuffing the rural breeze, blesses the country air: my rapture was of a nature that defies description. To be sure, it was one of the most boisterous days of storm and tempest that ever vexed the heavens; but secure in the churn, I chuckled with joy, and towards evening fell fast asleep. In my subsequent life I have often dwelt with pleasure on that joyous escape; and when in my course of studies I met with the following beautiful elegy of Simonides, I could not help applying it to myself, and translated it accordingly. There have been versions by Denman, the *Queen's* solicitor;* by Elton, by W. Hay, and by Doctor Jortin; but I prefer my own, as more literal, and more conformable to genuine Greek simplicity.

* WE never employed him.—REGINA.

The Lament of Danae.

By Simonides, the elegiac Poet of Cos.

Ὅτε λαρυακι ἐν δαιδαλεῶ, ἀνεμὸς
 Βρέμε πνεῶν, κινήσεισα τε λιμένα
 Δειματι ἤριπεν, οὐδ' ἀδιαντοῖσι
 Παρειαῖς, ἀμφὶ δὲ Περσεὶ βάλει
 Φίλαν χερα, εἶπεν τε· ὦ τεκος,
 Οἶόν ἐχω πόνον· σὺ δ' αὐτεῖς, γαλαθῆν' ἔ'
 Ἡτορὶ κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεὶ δωματι,
 Χαλκεογομφῶ δὲ νυκτιλαμπει
 Κυανῶ τε ὄνοφ'· σὺ δ' ἀυαλεαν
 Ὑπερθε τεῶν κόμων βαθειαν
 Παριοντος κυματος οὐκ ἀλεγεις,
 Οὐδ' ἀνεμοῦ φθογῶν, πορφυρεῶ
 Κείμενος ἐν χλανιδί, προσωπὸν κάλον.
 Εἰ δὲ τοι δεινὸν τογε δεινὸν ἦν,
 Καὶ κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτόν
 Ὑπείχες οὐκ ἀς κέλομαι, εἶδε βρέφος,
 Εἶδετο δὲ πόντος, εἶδετο ἀμέτρον κάκον.
 Ματαιοβουλία δὲ τίς φανεῖη,
 Ζεῦ πατερ, ἐκ σοῦ· ὃ τι δὴ θαρσαλεόν
 Ἔπος, εὐχομαι τεκνοφί δικας μοι.

The Lament of Stella.

By Father Prout.

While round the churn, 'mid sleet and rain,
 It blew a perfect hurricane,
 Wrapt in slight garment to protect her,
 Methought I saw my mother's spectre,

Who took her infant to her breast—
Me, the small tenant of that chest—
While thus she lulled her babe: “How cruel
Have been the Fates to thee, my jewel!
But, caring naught for foe or scoffer,
Thou sleepest in this milky coffer,
Cooper'd with brass hoops weather-tight,
Impervious to the dim moonlight.
The shower cannot get in to soak
Thy hair or little purple cloak;
Heedless of gloom, in dark sojourn,
Thy face illuminates the churn!
Small is thine ear, wee babe, for hearing,
But grant my prayer, ye gods of Erin!
And may folks find that this young fellow
Does credit to his mother *Stella*.”



A TALE OF A CHURN.

No. V.

THE ROGUERIES OF TOM MOORE.

From the Prout Papers.

“ Grata carpendo thyma per laborem
 Plurimum, circa nemus* uvidique
 Tiburis ripas, operosa PARVUS
 Carmina fingo.”

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

“ By taking time, and some advice from Prout,
 A polish'd book of songs I hammered out ;
 But still my Muse, for she the fact confesses,
 Haunts that sweet hill, renown'd for water-cresses.”

THOMAS L. MOORE.

WHEN the star of Father Prout (a genuine son of the accomplished Stella, and in himself the most eccentric luminary that has of late adorned our planetary system) first rose in the firmament of literature, it deservedly attracted the gaze of the learned, and riveted the eye of the sage. We know not what may have been the sensation its appearance created

* *i. e.* Blarneum nemus.

in foreign countries,—at the Observatoire Royal of Paris, in the Val d'Arno, or at Fesolé, where, in Milton's time, the sons of Galileo plied the untiring telescope to descry new heavenly phenomena, "rivers or mountains in the shadowy moon,"—but we can vouch for the impression made on the London University; for all Stinkomalee hath been perplexed at the apparition. The learned Chaldeans of Gower Street opine that it forebodes nothing good to the cause of "useful knowledge," and they watch the "transit" of Prout, devoutly wishing for his "exit." With throbbing anxiety, night after night has Dr. Lardner gazed on the sinister planet, seeking, with the aid of Dr. Babbage's calculating machine, to ascertain the probable period of its final eclipse, and often muttering its name, "to tell how he hates its beams." He has seen it last April shining conspicuously in the constellation of *Pisces*, when he duly conned over the "Apology for Lent;" and the Doctor has reported to the University Board, that, "advancing with retrograde movement in the zodiac," this disastrous orb was last perceived in the *milky way*, entering the sign of "Amphora," or "the

churn." But what do the public care, while the general eye is delighted by its irradiance, that a few owls and dunces are scared by its effulgency? The *Georgium Sidus*, the *Astrum Julium*, the *Soleil d'Austerlitz*, the *Star at Vauxhall*, the *Nose of Lord Chancellor Vaux*,* and the grand Roman *Girandola* shot off from the mole of *Adrian*, to the annual delight of modern "Quirites," are all fine things and rubicund in their generation; but nothing to the star of *Watergrasshill*. Nor is astronomical science or pyrotechnics the only department of philosophy that has been influenced by this extraordinary meteor—the kindred study of *GASTRONOMY* has derived the hint of a new combination from its inspiring ray; and,

* The following song was a favourite with the celebrated *Chancelier d'Aguesseau*. It is occasionally sung, in our own times, by a modern performer on the *woolsack*, in the intervals of business:

" Sitôt que la lumière
 Redore nos côteaux,
 Je commence ma carrière
 Par visiter mes tonneaux.

Ravi de revoir l'aurore,
 Le verre en main, je lui dis,
Vois-tu donc plus, chez le Maure,
Que sur mon nez, de rubis?"

after a rapid perusal of "Prout's Apology for Fish," the celebrated Monsieur Ude, whom Croquis has so exquisitely delineated in the Gallery of REGINA, has invented on the spot an original sauce, a novel *obsonium*, more especially adapted to cod and turbot, to which he has given the reverend father's name; so that Sir William Curtis will be found eating his "turbot à la Prout" as constantly as his "cotelette à la Maintenon." The fascinating Miss Landon has had her fair name affixed to a frozen lake in the map of Captain Ross's discoveries; and if Prout be not equally fortunate in winning terraqueous renown with his pen ("Nititur pennâ vitreo daturus nomina ponto"), he will at least figure on the "carte" at Verey's, our neighbour, opposite.

Who can tell what posthumous destinies await the late incumbent of Watergrasshill? In truth, his celebrity (to use an expression of Edmund Burke) is as yet but "a speck in the horizon—a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body;" and when, in the disemboguing of the chest, in the evolving of his MSS., he shall be unfolded to the view in all his dimensions, developing his proportions in a gor-

geous shape of matchless originality and grandeur, then will be the hour for the admirers of the beautiful and the votaries of the sublime to hail him with becoming veneration, and welcome him with the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music.—(Dan. viii. 15.)

“ Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,
And, starting fresh, as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world’s new spring,
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!!!
Then, too, your prophet from his angel-brow
Shall cast the veil that hides its splendour now,
And gladden’d earth shall, through her wide expanse,
Bask in the glories of his countenance!”

The title of this second paper taken from the Prout Collection is enough to indicate that we are only firing off the small arms—the pop-guns of this stupendous arsenal, and that we reserve the heavy metal for a grander occasion, when the Whig ministry and the dog-days shall be over, and a merry autumn and a Wellington administration shall mellow our October cups. To talk of Tom Moore is but small talk—“ *in tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria;*” for Prout’s great art is to magnify what is little, and to

fling a dash of the sublime into a twopenny-post communication. To use Tommy's own phraseology, Prout could, with great ease and comfort to himself,

“Teach an old cow pater-noster,
And whistle Moll Roe to a pig.”

But we have another reason for selecting this “Essay on Moore” from the papers of the deceased divine. We have seen with regret an effort made to crush and annihilate the young author of a book on the “Round Towers of Ireland,” with whom we are not personally acquainted, but whose production gave earnest of an ardent mind bent on abstruse and recondite studies; and who, leaving the frivolous boudoir and the drawing-room coterie to lisp their ballads and retail their Epicurean gossip unmolested, trod alone the craggy steeps of venturous discovery in the regions of Oriental learning; whence, returning to the isle of the west, the “Iran of the fire-worshipper,” he trimmed his lamp, well fed with the fragrant oil of these sunny lands, and penned a work which will one day rank among the most extraordinary of modern times. The “Edinburgh Review” attempted, long ago,

to stifle the unfledged muse of Byron; these truculent northerners would gladly have bruised in the very shell the young eagle that afterwards tore with his lordly talons both Jeffrey and his colleague Moore (of the leadless pistol), who were glad to wax subservient slaves, after being impotent bullies. The same review undertook to cry down Wordsworth and Coleridge; they shouted their vulgar "crucifigatur" against Robert Southey; and seemed to have adopted the motto of the French club of witlings,

"Nul n'aura de l'esprit que nous et nos amis."

But in the present case they will find themselves equally impotent for evil: O'Brien may defy them. He may defy his own *alma mater*, the silent and unproductive Trin. Coll. Dub.; he may defy the Royal Irish Academy, a learned assembly, which, alas! has neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be damned; and may rest secure of the applause which sterling merit challenges from every freeborn inhabitant of these islands,—

"Save where, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of those who, venturing near her silent bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Moore—(we beg his pardon)—the reviewer, asserts that O'Brien is a plagiarist, and pilfered his discovery from "Nimrod." Now we venture to offer a copy of the commentaries of Cornelius à Lapide (which we find in Prout's chest) to Tommy, if he will shew us a single passage in "Nimrod" (which we are confident he never read) warranting his assertion. But, *apropos* of plagiarisms; let us hear the prophet of Watergrasshill, who enters largely on the subject.

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 1st August, 1834.

Watergrasshill, Feb. 1834.

THAT notorious tinker, William Woods, who, as I have recorded among the papers in my coffer somewhere, to spite my illustrious father, kidnapped me in my childhood, little dreamt that the infant Prout would one day emerge from the Royal Cork Foundling Hospital as safe and unscathed as the children from Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, to hold up his villainy to the execration of mankind:

"Non sine Diis animosus infans!"

Among the Romans, whoever stole a child was liable

by law to get a sound flogging; and as *plaga* in Latin means a *stripe*, or *lash*, kidnappers in Cicero's time were called *plagiarii*, or *cat-o'-nine-tail villains*. I approve highly of this law of the twelve tables; but perhaps my judgment is biassed, and I should be an unfair juror to give a verdict in a case which comes home to my own feelings so poignantly. The term *plagiary* has since been applied metaphorically to literary shoplifters and book-robbers, who stuff their pages with other men's goods, and thrive on indiscriminate pillage. This is justly considered a high misdemeanour in the republic of letters, and the lash of criticism is unsparingly dealt on pickpockets of this description. Among the Latins, Martial is the only classic author by whom the term *plagiarius* is used in the metaphorical sense, as applied to literature; but surely it was not because the practice only began in his time that the word had not been used even in the Augustan age of Rome. Be that as it may, we first find the term in Martial's Epigrams (lib. i. epigr. 53): talking of his verses, he says,

“ Dicas esse meos, manaque missos:
 Hoc si terque quaterque clamitâris,
 Impones *plagiario* pudorem.”

Cicero himself was accused by the Greeks of pilfering whole passages, for his philosophical works, from the scrolls of Athens, and cooking up the fragments and

broken meat of Greek orations to feed the hungry barbarians of the Roman forum. My authority is that excellent critic St. Jerome, who, in the "Proëmium in qu. Heb. lib. Genesis," distinctly says, "Cicero repetundarum accusatur à Græcis," &c. &c.; and in the same passage he adds, that Virgil being accused of taking whole similes from Homer, gloried in the theft, exclaiming, "Think ye it nothing to wrest his club from Hercules?" (*it. ibidem.*) Vide S^{cti} Hieronymi Opera, tom. iv. fol. 90. But what shall we say when we find Jerome accusing another *holy father* of plagiarism? Verily the temptation must have been very great to have shaken the probity of St. Ambrose, when he pillaged his learned brother in the faith, Origen of Alexandria, by wholesale. "Nuper Sanctus Ambrosius Hexaëmeron illius compilavit" (S^{cti} Hieronymi Opera, tom. iii. fol. 87, *in epistolâ ad Pammach*). It is well known that Menander and Aristophanes were mercilessly pillaged by Terence and Plautus; and the Latin freebooters thought nothing of stopping the *Thespian wagon* on the highways of Parnassus. The French dramatists are similarly waylaid by our scouts from the green-room,—and the plunder is awful! What is Talleyrand about, that he cannot protect the property of the French? Perhaps he is better employed.

I am an old man, and have read a great deal in my time—being of a quiet disposition, and having

always had a taste for books, which I consider a great blessing; but latterly I find that I may dispense with further perusal of printed volumes, as, unfortunately, memory serves me but too well; and all I read now strikes me as but a new version of what I had read somewhere before. Plagiarism is so barefaced and so universal, that I can't stand it no longer: I have shut up shop, and won't be taken in no more. *Quære peregrinum? clamo.* I'm sick of hashed-up works, and loathe the *baked meats* of antiquity served in a fricassee. Give me a solid joint, in which no knife has been ever fleshed, and I will share your intellectual banquet most willingly, were it but a mountain kid, or a limb of Welsh mutton. Alas! whither shall I turn? Let me open the reviews, and lo! the critics are but repeating old criticisms; let me fly to the poets, 'tis but the old lyre with new catgut strings; let me hear the orators, —“that's my thunder!” says the ghost of Sheridan or the spectre of Burke; let me listen to the sayers of good things, and alas for the injured shade of Joe Miller! I could go through the whole range of modern authors (save Scott, and a few of that kidney), and exclaim, with more truth than the chieftain of the crusaders in Tasso—

“De qui de voi non so la patria e 'l seme?

Qual spada m' è ignota e qual saetta?

Benche per l' aria ancor sospesa treme,

Non saprei dir s' è Franca, o s' è d' Irlanda,
E quale appunto il braccio è che la manda?"

Gerusal. Liber. canto xx. st. 18.

To state the simple truth, such as I feel it in my own conviction, I declare that the whole mass of contemporary scribblement might be bound up in one tremendous volume, and entitled "Elegant Extracts;" for, if you except the form and style, the varnish and colour, all the rest is what I have known in a different shape forty years ago; and there is more philosophy than meets the vulgar eye in that excellent song on the transmutation of things here below, which perpetually offer the same intrinsic substance, albeit under a different name:

" Dear Tom, this brown jug, which now foams with mild
ale,
Was once Toby Philpot, a merry old soul," &c. &c.

This transmigration of intellect, this metempsychosis of literature, goes on silently reproducing what had been, and reconstructing what had gone to pieces; but those whose memory, like mine, is unfortunately over-tenacious of its young impressions, cannot enjoy the zest of a twice-told tale, and consequently are greatly to be pitied.

It has lately come out that "Childe Harold" (like other naughty children whom we daily read of as terminating their "life in London" by being sent

to the "Euryalus hulk,") was given to picking pockets. Mr. Beckford, the author of "Vathek," and the builder of Fonthill Abbey, has been a serious sufferer by the Childe's depredations, and is now determined to publish his case in the shape of "Travels, in 1787, through Portugal, up the Rhine, and through Italy, by W. Beckford, Esq.;" and it also appears that Saml. Rogers, in his "Italy," has learned a thing or two from the "Bandits of Terracina," and has *dévalisé* Mr. Beckford aforesaid on more than one occasion in the Apennines. I am not surprised at all this: murder will out; and a stolen dog will naturally nose out his original and primitive master among a thousand on a race-course.

These matters may be sometimes exaggerated, and (honour bright!) far be it from me to pull the stool from under every poor devil that sits down to write a book, and sweep away, with unsparing besom, all the cobwebs so industriously woven across Pater-noster Row. I don't wish to imitate Father Hardouin, the celebrated Jesuit, who gained great renown among the wits of Louis XIVth's time by his paradoxical and startling opinions. A favourite maggot hatched in his prolific brain was, that the Odes of Horace never were written by the friend of Mecænas, but were the crude imposture of some old Benedictine monk of the twelfth century, who, to amuse his cloistered leisure, personated Flaccus, and under his

name strung together those lyrical effusions. This is maintained in a large folio, printed at Amsterdam in 1733, viz. "Harduini Opera varia, ψευδο-Horatius," which any one can consult in the library of the British Museum. One of his arguments is drawn from the *Christian allusions* which, he asserts, occur so frequently in these Odes: *ex. gratiâ*, the "praise of celibacy:"

" Platanusque cœlebs
Evincit ulmos ;"

Lib. ii. ode 15.

for the elm-tree used to be *married* to the vine; not so the sycamore, as any one who has been in Italy must know. The rebuilding of the temple by Julian the Apostate is very properly denounced thus, according to the Jesuit:

" Sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
Hâc lege dico, ne nimiùm pii
Tecta velint reparare Trojæ."

Lib. iii. ode 3.

Again, the sacred mysteries of our Lord's Supper, and the *concealed* nature of *the bread* that was broken among the primitive Christians:

———" Vetabo, qui *Cereris sacrum*
Vulgârit *arcana*, sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaselum" (*i. e. the bark of Peter*).

Lib. iii. ode 2.

And the patriarch Joseph, quoth Hardouin, is clearly pointed out under the strange and un-Roman name of Proculeius, of whom pagan history says naught :

“ Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus *in fratres animi paterni!*”

Lib. ii. ode 2.

For the rest of old Hardouin's discoveries I must refer to the work itself, as quoted above; and I must in fairness add, that his other literary efforts and deep erudition reflect the highest credit on the celebrated order to which he belonged,—the Jesuits and, I may add, the Benedictines being as distinct and as superior bodies of monastic men to the remaining tribes of cowed cœnobites as the Brahmins in India are to the beggarly Parias.*

There is among the lyric poems of the lower Irish

* Father Hardouin, who died at Paris 3d Sept. 1729, was one of the many high ornaments of the society and the century to which he belonged. His Collection of the Councils ranks among the most elaborate efforts of theological toil, “*Concil. Collect. Regia*,” 15 vols. folio, Paris, 1715. The best edition extant of the naturalist Pliny is his (*in usum Delphini*), and displays a wondrous range of reading. He was one of the witty and honest crew of Jesuits who conducted that model of periodical criticism, the “*Journal de Trévoux*.” Bishop Atterbury of Rochester has written his epitaph :

“ Hic jacet Petrus Harduinvs,
Hominum paradoxotatos, vir summæ memoriæ,
Judicium expectans.”

PROUT.

a very remarkable ode, the authorship of which has been ascribed to the very Rev. Robert Burrowes, the mild, tolerant, and exemplary Dean of St. Finbarr's Cathedral, Cork, whom I am proud to call my friend: it refers to the last tragic scene in the comic or melodramatic life of a Dublin gentleman, whom the above-mentioned excellent divine accompanied in his ministerial capacity to the gallows; and nothing half so characteristic of the genuine Irish recklessness of death was ever penned by any national Labruyère as that incomparable elegy, beginning—

“ The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit,” &c.

Now, were not this fact of the clerical authorship of a most sublime Pindaric composition chronicled in these papers, some future Hardouin would arise to unsettle the belief of posterity, and the claim of my friend Dean Burrowes would be overlooked; while the songster of Turpin the highwayman, the illustrious author of “Rookwood,”* would infallibly be set down as the writer of “Larry's” last hornpipe. But let me remark, *en passant*, that in that interesting department of literature “slang songs,” Ireland enjoys

* Prout must have enjoyed the gift of prophecy, for “Rookwood” was not published till four months after his death at Watergrasshill. Perhaps Mr. Ainsworth submitted his embryo romance to the priest's inspection when *he* went to kiss the stone.
—O. Y.

a proud and lofty pre-eminence over every European country: her *musa pedestris*, or "*footpad poetry*," being unrivalled; and, as it is observed by Tacitus (in his admirable work "*De Moribus Germanorum*") of the barbarians on the Rhine,—the native Irish find an impulse for valorous deeds, and a comfort for all their tribulations, in a song.

Many folks like to write anonymously, others posthumously, others under an assumed name; and for each of these methods of conveying thought to our fellow-men there may be assigned sundry solid reasons. But a man should never be ashamed to avow his writings, if called on by an injured party, and I, for one, will never shrink from that avowal. If, as my friend O'Brien of the Round Towers tells me, Tom Moore tried to run him down in the "*Edinburgh Review*," after holding an unsuccessful negotiation with him for his services in compiling a joint-stock history of Ireland, why did not the man of the *paper bullet* fire a fair shot in his own name, and court the publicity of a dirty job, which done in the dark can lose nothing of its infamy? Dr. Johnson tells us that Bolingbroke wrote in his old age a work against Christianity, which he hadn't the courage to avow or publish in his lifetime; but left a sum of money in his will to a hungry Scotchman, Mallet, on condition of printing in his own name this precious production. "He loaded the pistol," says the pious

and learned lexicographer, "but made Sawney pull the trigger." Such appear to be the tactics of Tommy in the present instance: but I trust the attempt will fail, and that this insidious missile darted against the towers of O'Brien will prove a "telum imbelles, sine ictu."

The two most original writers of the day, and also the two most ill-treated by the press, are decidedly Miss Harriet Martineau and Henry O'Brien. Of Miss Martineau I shall say little, as she can defend herself against all her foes, and give them an effectual check when hard-pressed in literary encounters. Her fame can be comprised in one brief pentameter, which I would recommend as a motto for the title-page of all her treatises:

"Fœmina tractavit 'propria quæ maribus.'"

But over Henry O'Brien, as he is young and artless, I must throw the shield of my fostering protection. It is now some time since he called at Watergrasshill; it was in the summer after I had a visit from Sir Walter Scott. The young man was then well versed in the Oriental languages and the Celtic; he had read the "Coran" and the "Psalter of Cashil," the "Zendavesta" and the "Ogygia," "Lalla Rookh" and "Rock's Memoirs," besides other books that treat of Phœnician antiquities. From these authentic sources of Irish and Hindoo mythology he had derived much

internal comfort and spiritual consolation; at the same time that he had picked up a rude (and perhaps a crude) notion that the Persians and the boys of Tipperary were first cousins after all. This might seem a startling theory at first sight; but then the story of the fire-worshippers in Arabia so corresponded with the exploits of General Decimus Rock in Mononia, and the camel-driver of Mecca was so forcibly associated in his mind with the bog-trotter of Derrynane, both having deluded an untutored tribe of savages, and the *flight* of the one being as celebrated as the *vicarious imprisonment* of the other, he was sure he should find some grand feature of this striking consanguinity, some landmark indicative of former relationship:

Journeying with that intent, he eyed these TOWERS;
And, Heaven-directed, came this way to find
The noble truth that gilds his humble name.

Being a tolerable Greek scholar (for he is a Kerryman), with Lucian, of course, at his fingers' ends, he probably bethought himself of the two great phallic towers which that author describes as having been long ago erected in the countries of the East, ("ante Syriæ Deæ templum stare *phallos* duos miræ altitudinis; sacerdotem per funes ascendere, ibi orare, sacra facere, tinnitumque ciere," &c. &c.); a ray of light darted through the diaphanous casement of O'Brien's brain, — 'twas a most *eurékish* moment, — 'twas a *coup*

de soleil, a manifestation of the spirit, — 'twas a *divinæ particula auræ*, — 'twas what a Frenchman would call *l'heure du berger*; and on the spot the whole theory of "Round Towers" was developed in his mind. The dormant chrysalis burst into a butterfly. And this is the bright thing of surpassing brilliancy that Tom Moore would extinguish with his flimsy foolscap pages of the "Edinburgh Review!"

Forbid it, Heaven! Though all the mercenary or time-serving scribes of the periodical press should combine to slander and burke thee, O'B. ! though all the world betray thee, one pen at least thy right shall guard, and vindicate thy renown: here, on the summit of a bleak Irish hill—here, to the child of genius and enthusiasm my door is still open; and though the support which I can give thee is but a scanty portion of patronage indeed, I give it with good will, and assuredly with good humour. O, Brien! historian of round towers, has sorrow thy young days faded?

Does Moore with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither—
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

When O'Brien consulted me as to his future plans and prospects, and the development of his theory, in the first instance confidentially to Tom Moore, I

remember distinctly that, in the course of our conversation (over a red herring), I cautioned the young and fervent enthusiast against the tricks and rogueries of Tommy. No man was better able to give advice on this subject—Moore and I having had many mutual transactions, the reciprocity of which was all on one side. We know each other *intus et in cute*, as the reader of this posthumous paper will not fail to learn before he has laid down the document; and if the ballad-monger comes off second best, I can't help him. I warned O'B. against confiding his secret to the man of melody, or else he would surely repent of his simplicity, and to his cost find himself some day the dupe of his credulous reliance: while he would have the untoward prospect of seeing his discovery swamped, and of beholding, through the medium of a deep and overwhelming flood of treachery,

“His round towers of other days
Beneath the waters shining.”

For, to illustrate by a practical example the man's way of doing business, I gave, as a striking instance, his “Travels in Search of Religion.” Now, since my witty father's celebrated book of “Gulliver's Travels,” I ask, was there ever a more clever, or in every way so well got up a performance as this Irish gentleman's “steeple chase?” But unfortunately memory supplies me with the FACT, that this very same iden-

tical Tommy, who in that work quotes the "Fathers" so accurately, and, I may add (without going into polemics), so felicitously and triumphantly, has written the most abusive, scurrilous, and profane article that ever sullied the pages of the "Edinburgh Review,"—the whole scope of which is to cry down the Fathers, and to turn the highest and most cherished ornaments of the primitive church into ridicule. See the 24th volume of the "Edinburgh Review,"* p. 65, Nov. 1814, where you will learn with amazement that the most accomplished Christian writer of the second century, that most eloquent churchman, Africa's glorious son, was nothing more in Tommy's eye than the "harsh, muddy, and unintelligible Tertullian!" Further on, you will hear this Anacreontic little chap talk of "the pompous rigidity of Chrysostom;" and soon after you are equally edified by hearing him descant on the "antithetical trifling of Gregory Nazianzene"—of Gregory, whose elegant mind was the result and the index of pure unsullied virtue, ever most attractive when adorned with the graces of scholarship—Gregory, the friend of St. Basil, and his schoolfellow at Athens, where those two vigorous champions of Christianity were associated in their youthful studies with that Julian who was afterwards an emperor, a sophist, and an apostate—a disturber of oriental pro-

* The book *reviewed* by Moore is entitled "Select Passages from the Fathers," by Hugh Boyd, Esq. Dublin, 1814.

vinces, and a fellow who perished deservedly by the javelin of some young patriot admirer of round towers in Persia. In the article alluded to, this incredulous Thomas goes on to say, that these same Fathers, to whom he afterwards refers his Irish gentleman in the catch-penny travels, are totally "*unfit to be guides either in faith or morals.*" (*it. ib.*) The prurient rogue dares to talk of their "*pagan imaginations!*" and, having turned up his ascetic nose at these saintly men, because, forsooth, they appear to him to be but "*indifferent Christians,*" he pronounces them to be also "elephants in battle," and, chuckling over this old simile, concludes with a complacent smirk quite self-satisfactory. O for the proboscis of the royal animal in the Surrey Menagerie, to give this poet's carcass a sound drubbing! O most theological, and zoological, and super-eminently logical Tommy! 'tis you that are fit to travel in search of religion!

If there is one plain truth that oozes forth from the feculent heap of trash which the reviewer accumulates on the merits of the Fathers, it is the conviction in every observant mind, drawn from the simple perusal of his article, that he never read three consecutive pages of their works in his life. No one that ever did—no one who had banqueted with the gorgeous and magnificent Chrysostom, or drained the true Athenian cup of Gregory Nazianzene, or dwelt with the eloquent and feelingly devout Bernard in the

cloistered shades of Clairvaux, or mused with the powerful, rich, and scrutinising mind of Jerome in his hermitage of Palestine,—could write an article so contemptible, so low, so little. He states, truly with characteristic audacity, that he has mounted to the most inaccessible shelves of the library in Trin. Coll. Dublin, as if he had scaled the “heights of Abraham,” to get at the original editions; but believe him not; for the old in-folios would have become instinct with life at the approach of the dwarf—they would have awakened from their slumber at his touch, and, tumbling their goodly volumes on their diminutive assailant, would have overwhelmed him, like Tarpeïa, on the very threshold of his sacrilegious invasion.

Towards my young friend O'Brien *of the towers* he acts the same part, appearing in his favourite character—that of an anonymous reviewer, a veiled prophet of Khorasan. Having first negotiated by letter with him to extract his brains, and make use of him for his meditated “History of Ireland”—(the correspondence lies before me)—he winds up the confidential intercourse by an Edinburgh volley of canister shot, “quite in a friendly way.” He has the ineffable impudence to accuse O'B. of *plagiarism*, and to state that this grand and unparalleled discovery had been previously made by the author of “Nimrod;”^{*} a book

* Nimrod, by the Hon. Reginald Herbert. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1826. Priestley. A work of uncommon erudition; but

which Tommy read not, neither did he care, so he plucked the laurel from the brow of merit. But to accuse a writer of plagiarism, he should be himself immaculate; and while he dwells in a glass house, he should not throw stones at a man in a tower.

The Blarney-stone in my neighbourhood has attracted hither many an illustrious visitor; but none has been so assiduous a pilgrim in my time as Tom Moore. While he was engaged in his best and most unexceptionable work on the melodious ballads of his country, he came regularly every summer, and did me the honour to share my humble roof repeatedly. He knows well how often he plagued me to supply him with original songs which I had picked up in France among the merry troubadours and carol-loving inhabitants of that once happy land, and to what extent he has transferred these foreign inventions into the "Irish Melodies." Like the robber Cacus, he generally dragged the plundered cattle by the tail, so as that, moving backwards into his cavern of stolen goods, the foot-tracks might not lead to detection.

the leading idea of which is, that these towers were *fire-altars*. O'B.'s theory is not to be found in *any page of it having the remotest reference to Ireland*; and we are astonished at the unfairness of giving (as Moore has done) a pretended *quotation from "Nimrod,"* without indicating *where* it is to be met with in the volume.—O. Y.

Some songs he would turn upside down, by a figure in rhetoric called ὑστερον προτερον ; others he would disguise in various shapes ; but he would still worry me to supply him with the productions of the Gallic muse ; for, “ d’ye see, old Prout,” the rogue would say,

“ The best of all ways
To lengthen our *lays*,
Is to steal a few thoughts from the French, ‘ my dear.’ ”

Now I would have let him enjoy unmolested the renown which these “ Melodies” have obtained for him ; but his last treachery to my round-tower friend has roused my bile, and I shall give evidence of the unsuspected robberies :

“ Abstractæque boves abjuratæque rapinæ
Cœlo ostendentur.”

It would be easy to point out detached fragments and stray metaphors, which he has scattered here and there in such gay confusion, that every page has within its limits a mass of felony and plagiarism sufficient to hang him. For instance, I need only advert to his “ Bard’s Legacy.” Even on his dying bed this “ bard” cannot help indulging his evil pranks ; for, in bequeathing his “ heart” to his “ mistress dear,” and recommending her to “ borrow” balmy drops of port wine to bathe the relic, he is all the while robbing

old Clement Marôt, who thus disposes of *his* remains :

“ Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'entère
 Dans la cave où est le vin ;
 Le corps sous un tonneau de Madère,
 Et la bouche sous le robin.”

But I won't strain at a gnat, when I can capture a camel—a huge dromedary laden with pilfered spoil ; for, would you believe it if you had never learned it from Prout, the very opening and foremost song of the collection,

“ Go where glory waits thee,”

is but a literal and servile translation of an old French ditty, which is among my papers, and which I believe to have been composed by that beautiful and interesting “ ladye,” Françoise de Foix, Comtesse de Chateaubriand, born in 1495, and the favourite of Francis I., who soon abandoned her : indeed, the lines appear to anticipate his infidelity. They were written before the battle of Pavia.

Chanson

*de la Comtesse de Chateaubriand
 à François I.*

Va où la gloire t'invite ;
 Et quand d'orgueil palpite
 Ce cœur, qu'il pense à moi !
 Quand l'éloge enflamme
 Toute l'ardeur de ton âme,
 Pense encore à moi !

Tom Moore's

*Translation of this Song in the
 Irish Melodies.*

Go where glory waits thee ;
 But while fame elates thee,
 Oh, still remember me !
 When the praise thou meetest
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh, then remember me !

Autres charmes peut-être
 Tu voudras connaître,
 Autre amour en maître
 Regnera sur toi;
 Mais quand ta lèvre presse
 Celle qui te caresse,
 Méchant, pense à moi!

Quand au soir tu erres
 Sous l'astre des bergères,
 Pense aux doux instans
 Lorsque cette étoile,
 Qu'un beau ciel dévoile,
 Guida deux amans!
 Quand la fleur, symbole
 D'été qui s'envole,
 Penche sa tête molle,
 S'exhalant à l'air,
 Pense à la guirlande,
 De ta mie l'offrande—
 Don qui fut si cher!

Quand la feuille d'automne
 Sous tes pas resonance,
 Pense alors à moi!
 Quand de la famille
 L'antique foyer brille,
 Pense encore à moi!
 Et si de la chanteuse
 La voix mélodieuse
 Berce ton âme heureuse
 Et ravit tes sens,
 Pense à l'air que chante
 Pour toi ton amante—
 Tant aimés accens!

Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee—
 All the joys that bless thee
 Dearer far may be:
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh, then remember me!

When at eve thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh, then remember me!
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning—
 Oh, then remember me!
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its lingering roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them—
 Her who made thee love them:
 Oh, then remember me!

When around thee, dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh, then remember me!
 And at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh, still remember me!
 Then, should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee—
 Oh, then remember me!

Any one who has the slightest tincture of French literature must recognise the simple and unsophis-

ticated style of a genuine love-song in the above, the language being that of the century in which Clement Marôt and Maître Adam wrote their incomparable ballads, and containing a kindly admixture of gentleness and sentimental delicacy, which no one but a "ladye" and a lovely heart could infuse into the composition. Moore has not been infelicitous in rendering the charms of the wondrous original into English lines adapted to the measure and tune of the French. The air is plaintive and exquisitely beautiful; but I recommend it to be tried first on the French words, as it was sung by the charming lips of the Countess of Chateaubriand to the enraptured ear of the gallant Francis I.

The following pathetic strain is the only literary relic which has been preserved of the unfortunate Marquis de Cinquars, who was disappointed in a love-affair, and who, "to fling forgetfulness around him," mixed in politics, conspired against Cardinal Richelieu, was betrayed by an accomplice, and perished on the scaffold. Moore has transplanted it entire into his "National Melodies;" but is very careful not to give the nation or writer whence he translated it.

Le Marquis De Cinquars.

Tu n'as fait, o mon cœur! qu'un
beau songe,
Qui te fut, hélas! ravi trop tôt;

Thomas Moore.

O! 'twas all but a dream at the best—
And still when happiest, soonest
o'er;

Ce doux rêve, ah dieux! qu'il se
 prolonge,
 Je consens à n'aspirer plus haut.
 Faut-il que d'avance
 Jeune espérance
 Le destin détruise ton avenir?
 Faut-il que la rose
 La première éclore
 Soit celle qu'il se plaise à flétrir?
 Tu n'as fait, &c.

But e'en in a dream to be blest
 Is so sweet, that I ask for no more!
 The bosom that opes
 With earliest hopes
 The soonest finds those hopes un-
 true;
 Like flowers that first
 In spring-time burst,
 The soonest wither too!
 O! 'twas all but, &c.

Que de fois tu trompas notre at-
 tente,
 Amitié, sœur de l'amour trom-
 peur!
 De l'amour la coupe encore en-
 chante,
 A l'ami on livre encor' son cœur:
 L'insecte qui file
 Sa trame inutile
 Voit périr cent fois le frêle tissu;
 Tel amour ensorcele
 L'homme qui renouvelle
 Des nœuds qui l'ont cent fois
 dégu!
 Tu n'as fait, &c.

By friendship we've oft been de-
 ceived,
 And love, even love, too soon is
 past;
 But friendship will still be believed,
 And love trusted on to the last;
 Like the web in the leaves
 The spider weaves
 Is the charm that hangs o'er men—
 As oft as he sees
 It broke by the breeze,
 He weaves the bright line again!
 O! 'twas all but, &c.

Every thing was equally acceptable in the way of a song to Tommy; and provided I brought grist to his mill, he did not care where the produce came from—even the wild oats and the thistles of native growth on Watergrasshill, all was good provender for his Pegasus. There was an old Latin song of my own, which I made when a boy, smitten with the charms of an Irish milkmaid, who crossed by the *hedge-school* occasionally, and who used to distract my



THE ROGUERIES OF TOM MOORE.



attention from "Corderius" and "Erasmi Colloquia." I have often laughed at my juvenile gallantry when my eye has met the copy of verses in overhauling my papers. Tommy saw it, grasped it with avidity; and I find he has given it, word for word, in an English shape in his "Irish Melodies." Let the intelligent reader judge if he has done common justice to my young muse.

En pulchram Lactiferam.

Carmen, Auctore Prout.

Lesbia semper hinc et indè
 Oculorum tela movit;
 Captat omnes, sed deindè
 Quis ametur nemo novit.
 Palpebrarum, Nora cara,
 Lux tuarum non est foris,
 Flamma micat ibi rara,
 Sed sinceri lux amoris.
 Nora Creina sit regina,
 Vultu, gressu tam modesto!
 Hæc, puellas inter bellas,
 Jure omnium dux esto!

Lesbia vestes auro gravas
 Fert, et gemmis, juxta normam;
 Gratia sed, eheu! suaves
 Cinctam reliquere formam.

To a beautiful Milkmaid.

A Melody, by Thomas Moore.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it
 beameth;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one
 dreameth.
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Norah's lid, that seldom rises;
 Few her looks, but every one
 Like unexpected light surprises.
 O, my Norah Creina dear!
 My gentle, bashful Norah Creina!
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes—
 But Love's in thine, my Norah
 Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold;
 But all so tight the nymph hath
 laced it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where nature
 placed it.

Noræ tunicam præferres,
 Flante zephyro volantem;
 Oculis et raptis erres
 Contemplando ambulantem!
 Veste Nora tam decorâ
 Semper indui memento,
 Semper puræ sic naturæ
 Ibis tecta vestimento.

Lesbia mentis præfert lumen,
 Quod coruscat perlibenter;
 Sed quis optet hoc acumen,
 Quando acupuncta dentur?
 Noræ sinu cum recliner,
 Dormio luxuriosè,
 Nil corrugat hoc pulvinar,
 Nisi crispæ ruga rosæ.
 Nora blanda, lux amanda,
 Expers usque tenebrarum,
 Tu cor mulces per tot dulces
 Dotes, fons illecebrarum!

O, my Norah's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain
 breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Norah Creina dear!
 My simple, graceful Norah Creina!
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress you wear, my Norah
 Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refined;
 But when its points are gleaming
 round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
 Pillow'd on my Norah's breast,
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace, whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 O, my Norah Creina dear!
 My mild, my artless Norah Creina!
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath not the light
 That warms your eyes, my Norah
 Creina!

It will be seen by these specimens that Tom Moore can eke out a tolerably fair translation of any given ballad; and indeed, to translate properly, retaining all the fire and spirit of the original, is a merit not to be sneezed at—it is the next best thing to having a genius of one's own; for he who can execute a clever forgery, and make it pass current, is almost as well off as the capitalist who can draw a

substantial check on the bank of sterling genius: so, to give the devil his due, I must acknowledge that in terseness, point, pathos, and elegance, Moore's translations of these French and Latin trifles are very near as good as the primary compositions themselves. He has not been half so lucky in hitting off Anacreon; but he was a young man then, and a "wild fellow;" since which time it is thought that he has got to that climacteric in life to which few poets attain, viz. the years of discretion. A predatory sort of life, the career of a literary freebooter, has had great charms for him from his cradle; and I am afraid that he will pursue it on to final impenitence. He seems to care little about the stern reception he will one day receive from that inflexible judge, Rhadamanthus, who will make him confess all his rogueries—"Castigatque dolos, subigitque fateri"—our bard being of that epicurean and careless turn of mind so strikingly expressed in these lines of "Lalla Rookh"—

"O! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this! it is this!"

Which verses, by the by, are alone enough to convict him of downright plagiarism and robbery; for they are (as Tommy knows right well) to be seen written in large letters in the *Mogul* language over the audience-chamber of the King of Delhi:* in fact, to

* See the "Asiatic Journal" for May 1834, p. 2.

examine and overhaul his "Lalla Rookh" would be a most diverting task, which I may one day undertake. He will be found to have been a chartered pirate in the Persian Gulf, as he was a highwayman in Europe—"spoliis Orientis onustum."

But the favourite field in which Tommy has carried on his depredations, to an almost incredible extent, is that of the early French troubadours, whose property he has thought fair game, availing himself thereof without scruple. In his *soi-disant* "Irish" Melodies, and indeed in all his effusions of more refined gallantry, he has poured in a large infusion of the spirit and the letter of southern France. To be sure, he has mixed up with the pure, simple, and genuine inspirations of these primitive hearts, who loved, in the olden time, after nature's fashion, much of his own overstrained fancy, strange conceits, and forced metaphors; but the initiated can easily distinguish when it is he speaketh *in propriâ personâ*, and when it is that he uses the pathetic and soul-stirring language of the *ménéstreles* of Gaul, those legitimate laureates of love. There has been a squib fired off by some wag of the sixteenth century against an old astrologer, who practised many rogueries in his generation, and which I think not inapplicable to Moore:

"Nostra damus cùm falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est:
Et cùm falsa damus, non nisi *Nostra damus*."

And, only it were a profanation to place two such

personages in juxtaposition, I would say that Moore might use the affecting, the soul-rending appeal of the ill-fated Mary Stuart, addressed to that land of song and civilisation which she was quitting for ever, when she exclaimed, as the Gallic shore receded from her view, that "half of her heart would still be found on the loved plains of France, and even the other half pined to rejoin it in its primitive abodes of pleasantness and joy." The song of the unfortunate queen is too exquisitely beautiful not to be given here by me, such as she sang it on the deck of the vessel that wafted her away from the scenes of her youth and the blessings of friendship, to seek the dismal regions of bleak barbarity and murderous fanaticism. I also give it because Tommy has modelled on it his melody, "As slow our ship its foamy track," and Byron his "Native land, good night!"

" Adieu, plaisant pays de France !
 Oh, ma patrie la plus chérie,
 Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance—
 Adieu, France ! adieu, mes beaux jours !
 La nef qui déjoint mes amours
 N'a ici de moi que la moitié ;
 Une part te reste, elle est tienne,
 Je la fie à ton amitié—
 Pour que de l'autre, il te souviennne !"

I now come to a more serious charge against the gentleman of "*Slopperton Cottage, Wiltshire*;" and

it will require more mother-wit than he is known to possess to bamboozle the public into a satisfactory belief of his innocence. To plunder the French is all right; but to rob his own countrymen is what the late Lord Liverpool would call "*too bad*;" for though letters of marque are given to cruisers in the Mediterranean or on the Spanish main for privateering purposes, and I suppose very justifiably in the eyes of international law (as explained by Puffendorff), still, who ever heard of Greek plundering Greek, or Ebenezer Jacob robbing Cadwallader Waddy? I am willing to admit, to their fullest extent, the claims of the poet on the gratitude of the Irish; for verily our glorious Dan might have exerted his leathern lungs during a whole century in haranguing the Irish *sans culottes* on this side of the Channel; but had not the "Melodies" made *emancipation* palatable to the thinking and generous portion of Britain's free-born sons—had not his poetry spoken to the hearts of the great and the good, and enlisted in Ireland's behalf the fair and fascinating daughters of England—had not the higher orders of the empire been won over by the witchery of Tommy's spells,—the mob oratory and the spouters would have been but objects of scorn and contempt. The "Melodies" won the cause silently, imperceptibly, but effectually; and if there be a national tribute due to any man, it is to the child of song. Poets, however, are always des-

tined to be poor; and such used to be the case with patriots too, until the *rint* opened the eyes of the public, and taught them that even that sacred and exalted passion, love of country, could resolve itself, through an Irish alembic, into an ardent love for the copper currency of one's native land. The dagger of Harmodius, which used to be concealed under a wreath of myrtle, is now-a-days hidden within the cavity of a church-door begging-box: and Tom Moore can only claim the second part of the celebrated line of Virgil, as the first evidently refers to Mr. O'Connell:

“*Ære ciere viros — Martemque accendere cantu.*”

But I am digressing from the serious charge I mean to bring against the author of that beautiful melody, “The Shamrock.” Does not Tom Moore know that there was such a thing in France as the Irish brigade? and does he not fear and tremble lest the ghosts of that valiant crew, whom he has robbed of their due honours, should, “in the stilly night, when slumber's chains have bound him,” drag his small carcass to the Styx, and give him a well-merited sousing? For why should he exhibit as his production *their* favourite song? and what ineffable audacity to pawn off on modern drawing-rooms as *his own* that glorious carol which made the tents of Fontenoy ring with its exhilarating music, and which old Gene-

ral Stack, who lately died at Calais, used to sing so gallantly?

Le Trèfle d'Irlande.

Chanson de la Brigade, 1748.

Un jour en Hybernie,
 D'AMOUR le beau génie
 Et le dieu de la VALEUR firent ren-
 contre
 Avec le "BEL ESPRIT,"
 Ce drôle qui se rit
 De tout ce qui lui vient à l'encontre;
 Partout leur pas reveille *
 Une herbe à triple feuille,
 Que la nuit humecta de ses pleurs,
 Et que la douce aurore
 Fraichement fait éclore,
 De l'émeraude elle a les couleurs.
 Vive le tréfle!
 Vive le vert gazon!
 De la patrie, terre chérie!
 L'emblème est bel et bon!

VALEUR, d'un ton superbe,
 S'écrie, " Pour moi cette herbe
 Croît sitôt qu'elle me voit ici pa-
 raître;"
 AMOUR lui dit, " Non, non,
 C'est moi que le gazon
 Honore en ces bijoux qu'il fait naî-
 tre;"
 Mais BEL ESPRIT dirige
 Sur l'herbe à triple tige

The Shamrock.

A "Melody" of Tom Moore's, 1813.

Through Erin's isle,
 To sport awhile,
 As Love and Valour wander'd
 With Wit the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squander'd:
 Where'er they pass,
 A triple grass
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emeralds seen
 Through purest crystal gleaming.
 O the shamrock!
 The green immortal shamrock!
 Chosen leaf of bard and chief—
 Old Erin's native shamrock!

Says Valour, " See!
 They spring for me,
 Those leafy gems of morning;"
 Says Love, " No, no,
 For me they grow,
 My fragrant path adorning."
 But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,

* *Alia lectio: partout leur main recueille.*

Un œil observateur, à son tour,
 " Pourquoi," dit-il, " défaire
 Un nœud si beau, qui serre
 En ce type ESPRIT, VALEUR, et
 AMOUR!"
 Vive le tréfle!
 Vive le vert gazon!
 De la patrie, terre chérie!
 L'emblème est bel et bon!

Prions le Ciel qu'il dure
 Ce nœud, où la nature
 Voudrait voir une éternelle alliance;
 Que nul vénin jamais
 N'empoisonne les traits
 Qu'à l'entour si gaïement l'ESPRIT
 lance!
 Que nul tyran ne rêve
 D'user le noble glaive
 De la VALEUR contre la liberté;
 Et que l'AMOUR suspende
 Sa plus belle guirlande
 Sur l'autel de la fidélité!
 Vive le tréfle!
 Vive le vert gazon!
 De la patrie, terre chérie!
 L'emblème est bel et bon!

And cries, " O, do not sever
 A type that blends
 Three godlike friends—
 Wit, Valour, Love, for ever!"
 O the shamrock!
 The green immortal shamrock!
 Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native shamrock!

So firm and fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together;
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather!
 May Love, as shoot
 His flowers and fruit,
 Of thorny falsehood weed them;
 Let Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of freedom,
 Or of the shamrock,
 The green immortal shamrock!
 Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native shamrock!

Molière has written a pleasant and instructive comedy entitled the *Fourberies de Scapin*, which I recommend to Tom's perusal; and in the "spelling-book" which I used to con over when at the hedge-school with my foster-brother George Knapp, who has since risen to eminence as mayor of Cork, but with whom I used then to share the reading of the "Universal Spelling-Book" (having but one between

us), there is an awful story about "Tommy and Harry," very capable of deterring youthful minds from evil practices, especially the large wood-cut representing a lion tearing the stomach of the luckless wight who led a career of wickedness. Had Tommy Moore been brought up properly (as Knapp and I were), he would not have committed so many depredations, which he ought to know would be discovered on him at last, and cause him bitterly to repent his "rogueries."

With all my sense of indignation, unabated and unmitigated at the unfairness with which O'Brien "of the round towers" has been treated, and which has prompted me to make disclosures which would have otherwise slept with me in the grave, I must do Moore the justice to applaud his accurate, spirited, and sometimes exquisite translations from recondite MSS. and other totally unexplored writings of antiquity. I felt it my duty, in the course of these strictures, to denounce the version of Anacreon as a total failure, only to be accounted for by the extreme youth and inexperience of the subsequently matured and polished melodist; but there is an obscure Greek poet, called *Στακκος Μορφιδης*, whose ode on whisky, or negus, composed about the sixteenth olympiad, according to the chronology of Archbishop Usher, he has splendidly and most literally rendered into English Anacreontic verse, thus :

Στακκου Μορφιδεος ισχυς.

(Stat nominis umbra.)

Στεψωμεν ουν κυπελλον
 Τοις ανθεμοισι ψυχης,
 Τοις φερετατοις φρενες γ' α
 Ἐμιν δυναιντ' εφευρειν.
 Ταυτη γαρ ουρανονδε
 Τη νυκτι διειπετασθαι,
 Ταυτην λιποντες αιαν.
 Ει γ' ουν Εξως λαθοιτο
 Τοις στεμματεσσ' ἃ Τερψις
 Ἐμιν μαγος διδωσιν,
 Ουτω φοβος γενοιτο,
 Ὡς γαρ παρεστιν οινος,
 Βαψωμεν ειγε κεντει.

Ὡς μοι λεγουσι, νεκταρ
 Παλαι εποιησιν ἙΡΑΙ
 Και ΖΗΝΕΣ ηδὲ ΦΟΙΒΟΙ.
 Εξιστι και βροτοισιν
 Ἐμιν ποιειν το νεκταρ'
 Ποιητεον γαρ ὠδε'
 Τουτον λαβοντες οινον,
 Του χαρματος προσωποις
 Αμφι σκυφος στεφοντες,
 Τοτε φρενων φαιεινην
 Ποτω χεοντες αυγην,
 Ιδου, παρεστι νεκταρ.

Τιττ' ουν Χρονος γε ψαμμα
 Την κλεψυδραν επλησσε
 Την αργλαην αεικει;
 Ευ μιν γαρ οιδεν οινον
 Ταχυτερον διαρρειν,
 Στιλπνωτερον τε λαμπειν'
 Λος ουν,δος ἡμιν αυτην,
 Και μειδιωντις ούτως

On Whisky or Negus.

By Moore.

Wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.
 Should Love amid
 The wreath be hid,
 That joy th' enchanter brings us;
 No danger fear
 While wine is near—
 We'll drown him if he stings us.
 Then wreathe the bowl, &c. &c.

'Twas nectar fed
 Of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
 And man may brew
 His nectar too—
 The rich receipt's as follows:
 Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended;
 Then bring wit's beam
 To warm the stream—
 And there's your nectar splendid.
 Then wreathe the bowl, &c. &c.

Say, why did Time
 His glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly,
 When wine, he knew,
 Runs brisker through,
 And sparkles far more brightly?
 O lend it us,
 And, smiling, thus

Τὴν κλειψυδραν σχισαντες,
 Παιησομεν γε διπλω
 Ρεῖν ἡδονην ρεεθρα,
 Εμπλησομεν δ' ἑταιροι
 Αμφω κυτῆ ες αιει.

The glass in two we'd sever,
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
 And fill both ends for ever.
 Then wreathe the bowl, &c. &c.

Such carefully finished translations as this from Στακκος, in which not an idea or beauty of the Greek is lost in the English version, must necessarily do Tommy infinite credit; and the only drawback on the abundant praise which I should otherwise feel inclined to bestow on the Anacreontic versifier, is the fatal neglect, or perhaps wilful treachery, which has led him to deny or suppress the sources of his inspiration, and induced him to appear in the discreditable fashion of an Irish jackdaw in the borrowed plumage of a Grecian peacock. The splendour of poesy, like "Malachy's collar of gold," is round his neck; but he won it from a stranger: the green glories of the emerald adorn his glowing crest—or, as Phædrus says,

"Nitor smaragdi collo refulget tuo—"

but if you ruffle his feathers a little, you will find that his literary toilette is composed of what the French *coiffeurs* call *des ornemens postiches*; and that there was never a more called-for declaration than the avowal which he himself makes in one of his Melodies, when, talking of the wild strains of the Irish harp, he admits, he "*was but the wind passing*

heedlessly over" its chords, and that the music was by no means his own.

A simple hint was sometimes enough to set his muse at work; and he not only was, to my knowledge, an adept in translating accurately, but he could also string together any number of lines in any given measure, in *imitation* of a song or ode which casually came in his way. This is not such arrant robbery as what I have previously stigmatised; but it is a sort of *quasi*-pilfering, a kind of petty larceny, not to be encouraged. There is, for instance, his "National Melody," or jingle, called, in the early edition of his poems, "Those Evening Bells," a "*Petersburg air*;" of which I could unfold the natural history. It is this:—In one of his frequent visits to Watergrasshill, Tommy and I spent the evening in talking of our continental travels, and more particularly of Paris and its *mirabilia*; of which he seemed quite enamoured. The view from the tower of the central church, Nôtre Dame, greatly struck his fancy; and I drew the conversation to the subject of the simultaneous ringing of all the bells in all the steeples of that vast metropolis on some feast-day, or public rejoicing. The effect, he agreed with me, is most enchanting, and the harmony most surprising. At that time Victor Hugo had not written his glorious romance, the *Hunchback Quasimodo*; and, consequently, I could not have read his beautiful

description: "In an ordinary way, the noise issuing from Paris in the day-time is the *talking* of the city; at night, it is the *breathing* of the city; in this case, it is the *singing* of the city. Lend your ear to this opera of steeples. Diffuse over the whole the buzzing of half a million of human beings, the eternal murmur of the river, the infinite piping of the wind, the grave and distant quartette of the four forests, placed like immense organs on the four hills of the horizon; soften down as with a demi-tint all that is too shrill and too harsh in the central mass of sound,—and say if you know any thing in the world more rich, more gladdening, more dazzling, than that tumult of bells—than that furnace of music—than those ten thousand brazen tones, breathed all at once from *flutes of stone three hundred feet high*—than that city which is but one orchestra—than that symphony, rushing and roaring like a tempest." All these matters, we agreed, were very fine; but there is nothing, after all, like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimes of our own parish-steeple: and no magic can equal the effect on our ear when returning, after long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier countries. As we perfectly coincided in the truth of this observation, I added, that long ago, while at Rome, I had thrown my ideas into the shape of a song, which I would sing him to the tune of the "Groves."

THE SHANDON BELLS.*

Sabbata pango,
 Funera plango,
 Solemnia clango.

Inscrip. on an old Bell.

With deep affection
 And recollection
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would,
 In the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.
 On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee ;

* The church and spire of Shandon, built on the ruins of old Shandon Castle (for which see the plates in "Pacata Hybernia"), are prominent objects, from whatever side the traveller approaches our beautiful city. There exists a pathetic ballad, composed by some exile when "eastward darkly going," in which he begins his adieux to the sweet spot thus: "Farewell to thee, Cork, and thy sugar-loaf steeple," &c. &c. But as nothing is done in Ireland in the ordinary routine of sublunary things, this belfry is built on a novel and rather droll principle of architecture, viz. one side is all of grey stone and the other all red,—like the Prussian soldier's uniform trousers, one leg blue, the other green.—*Note by CROFTON CROKER.*

With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine ;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old " Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Nôtre Dame ;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,

Pealing solemnly;—
 O! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
 While on tower and kiosk o!
 In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
 And loud in air
 Calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summit
 Of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom
 I freely grant them;
 But there is an anthem
 More dear to me,—
 'Tis the bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

Shortly afterwards Moore published his “Evening Bells, a *Petersburg air*.” But any one can see that he only rings a few changes on my Roman ballad, cunningly shifting the scene as far north as he could, to avoid detection. He deserves richly to be sent on a hurdle to Siberia.

I do not feel so much hurt at this nefarious “belle’s stratagem” regarding me, as at his wicked-

ness towards the man of the round towers ; and to this matter I turn in conclusion.

“ Oh blame not the bard !” some folks will no doubt exclaim, and perhaps think that I have been over severe on Tommy, in my vindication of O’B. : I can only say, that if the *poet of all circles and the idol of his own*, as soon as this posthumous rebuke shall meet his eye, begins to repent him of his wicked attack on my young friend, and, turning him from his evil ways, betakes him to his proper trade of ballad-making, then shall he experience the comfort of living at peace with all mankind, and old Prout’s blessing shall fall as a precious ointment on his head. In that contingency, if (as I understand it to be his intention) he should happen to publish a *fresh* number of his “Melodies,” may it be eminently successful ; and may Power of the Strand, by some more sterling sounds than the echoes of fame, be convinced of the power of song—

For it is not the magic of streamlet or hill :
O no ! it is something that sounds in the “ *till !*”

My humble patronage, it is true, cannot do much for him in fashionable circles ; for I never mixed much in the *beau monde* (at least in Ireland) during my lifetime, and can be of no service of course when I’m dead ; nor will his “Melodies,” I fear, however adapted to mortal piano-fortes, answer the purposes

of that celestial choir in which I shall then be an obscure but cheerful vocalist. But as I have touched on this grave topic of mortality, let Moore recollect that his course here below, however harmonious in the abstract, must have a finale; and at his last hour let him not treasure up for himself the unpleasant retrospect of young genius nipped in the bud by the frost of his criticism, or glad enthusiasm's early promise damped by inconsiderate sneers. O'Brien's book can, and will, no doubt, afford much matter for witticism and merriment to the superficial, the unthinking, and the profane; but to the eye of candour it ought to have presented a page richly fraught with wondrous research—redolent with all the perfumes of Hindostan; its leaves, if they failed to convince, should, like those of the mysterious *lotus*, have inculcated silence; and if the finger of meditation did not rest on every line, and pause on every period, the volume, at least, should not be indicated to the vulgar by the finger of scorn. Even granting that there were in the book some errors of fancy, of judgment, or of style, which of us is without reproach in our *juvenile* productions? and though I myself am old, I am the more inclined to forgive the inaccuracies of youth. Again, when all is dark, who would object to a ray of light, merely because of the faulty or flickering medium by which it is transmitted? And if these round towers have been hitherto a dark puzzle and a

mystery, must we scare away O'Brien because he approaches with a rude and unpolished but serviceable lantern? No; forbid it, Diogenes: and though Tommy may attempt to put his huge extinguisher on the *towers* and their *historian*, there is enough of good sense in the British public to make common cause with O'Brien the enlightener. Moore should recollect, that knowledge conveyed in any shape will ever find a welcome among us; and that, as he himself beautifully observes in his "Loves of the Angels"—

" Sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned aside, is sunshine still."

For my own part, I protest to Heaven, that were I, while wandering in a gloomy forest, to meet on my dreary path the small, faint, glimmering light even of a glow-worm, I would shudder at the thought of crushing with my foot that dim speck of brilliancy; and were it only for its being akin to brighter rays, honouring it for its relationship to the stars, I would not harm the little lamplighter as I passed along in the woodland shade.

If Tommy is rabidly bent on satire, why does he not fall foul of Doctor Lardner, who has got the clumsy machinery of a whole Cyclopædia at work, grinding that nonsense which he calls "Useful Knowledge?" Let the poet mount his Pegasus, or his Rosinante, and go tilt a lance against the doctor's

windmill. It was unworthy of him to turn on O'Brien, after the intimacy of private correspondence; and if he was inclined for battle, he might have found a seemlier foe. Surely my young friend was not the quarry on which the vulture should delight to pounce, when there are so many literary reptiles to tempt his beak and glut his maw! Heaven knows, there is fair game and plentiful carrion on the plains of Bœotia. In the poet's picture of the pursuits of a royal bird, we find such sports alluded to —

“ In reluctantes dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnæ.”

Let Moore, then, vent his indignation and satiate his voracity on the proper objects of a volatile of prey; but he will find in his own province of imaginative poetry a kindlier element, a purer atmosphere, for his winged excursions. Long, long may we behold the gorgeous bird soaring through the regions of inspiration, distinguished in his loftier as in his gentler flights, and combining, by a singular miracle of ornithology, the voice of the turtle-dove, the eagle's eye and untiring wing, with the plumage of the “bird of Paradise.”

MEM.—*On the 28th of June, 1835, died, at the Hermitage, Hanwell, “Henry O'Brien, author of the*

Round Towers of Ireland." His portrait was hung up in the gallery of Regina on the 1st of August following; and the functionary who exhibits the "Literary Characters" dwelt thus on his merits:

In the village graveyard of Hanwell (*ad viii. ab urbe lapidem*) sleeps the original of yonder sketch, and the rude forefathers of the Saxon hamlet have consented to receive among them the clay of a Milesian scholar. That "original" was no stranger to us. Some time back we had our misgivings that the oil in his flickering lamp of life would soon dry up; still, we were not prepared to hear of his light being thus abruptly extinguished. "One morn we missed him" from the accustomed table at the library of the British Museum, where the page of antiquity awaited his perusal; "another came—nor yet" was he to be seen behind the pile of "Asiatic Researches," poring over his favourite Herodotus; or deep in the Zendavesta. "The next" brought tidings of his death.

" Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,
J'apparus un jour, et je meurs;
Je meurs, et sur la tombe où, jeune encor, j'arrive
Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs."

His book on "the Round Towers" has thrown more light on the early history of Ireland, and on the freemasonry of these gigantic puzzles, than will ever shine from the cracked pitchers of the "Royal Irish Academy," or the farthing candle of Tommy Moore. And it was quite natural that he should have received from them, during his lifetime, such tokens of malignant hostility as might sufficiently "tell how they hated his beams." The "Royal Irish" twaddlers must surely feel some compunction now, when they look back on their paltry transactions in the matter of the "prize-essay;" and though we do not expect much from "Tom Brown the younger," or "Tom Little," the author of sundry

Tomfudgeries and Tomfooleries, still it would not surprise us if he now felt the necessity of atoning for his individual misconduct by doing appropriate penance in a white sheet, or a "blue and yellow" blanket, when next he walks abroad in that rickety go-cart of drivelling dotage, the "Edinburgh Review."

While Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered in the suburbs of Syracuse the neglected grave of Archimedes, from the circumstance of a symbolical cylinder indicating the pursuits and favourite theories of the illustrious dead. Great was his joy at the recognition. No emblem will mark the sequestered spot where lies the Œdipus of the Round Tower riddle—no hieroglyphic,

" Save daisies on the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date."

But ye who wish for monuments to his memory, go to his native land, and there — *circumspicite!*—Glendalough, Devenish, Clondalkin, Inniscattery, rear their architectural cylinders; and each, through those mystic apertures that face the cardinal points, proclaims to the four winds of heaven, trumpet-tongued, the name of him who solved the problem of 3000 years, and who first disclosed the drift of these erections!

Fame, in the Latin poet's celebrated personification, is described as perched

" Sublimi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis."

Æneid. IV.

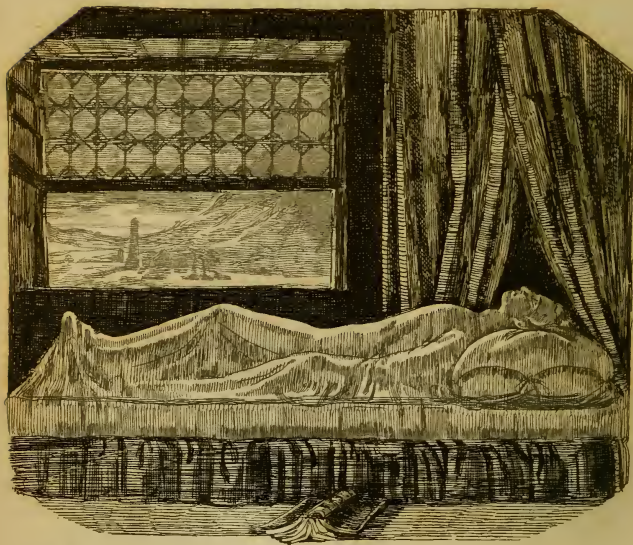
That of O'B. is pre-eminently so circumstanced. From these proud pinnacles nothing can dislodge his renown. Moore, in the recent pitiful compilation meant for "a history," talks of these monuments as being so many "astronomical indexes." He might as well have said they were tubes for the purposes of gastronomy. 'Tis plain *he* knew as little about their origin as he may be sup-

posed to know of the "Hanging Tower of Pisa," or the "Torre degli Asinelli," or how the nose of the beloved resembled the tower of Damascus.

Concerning the subject of this memoir, suffice it to add that he was born in the kingdom of Iveragh, graduated in T.C.D. (having been classically "brought up at the feet of" the Rev. Charles Boyton); and fell a victim here to the intense ardour with which he pursued the antiquarian researches that he loved.

"Kerria me genuit; studia, heu! rapuère; tenet nunc
Anglia: sed patriam turrigeram cecini."

Regent Street, August 1, 1835.



No. VI.

LITERATURE AND THE JESUITS.

From the Prout Papers.

“ Alii spem gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus: alii purissima mella
Stipant, et liquido distendunt nectare cellas.”

VIRG. *Georgic.* IV.

“ Through flowery paths
Skilled to guide youth, in haunts where learning dwells,
They filled with honey'd lore their cloistered cells.”

PROUT.

THE recent massacre by a brutal populace in Madrid of fourteen Jesuits, in the very hall of their college of St. Isidoro, has drawn somewhat of notice, if not of sympathy, to this singular order of literati, whom we never fail, for the last three hundred years, to find mixed up with every political disturbance. There is a certain species of bird well known to ornithologists, but better still to mariners, which is sure to make its

appearance in stormy weather—so constantly indeed, as to induce among the sailors (*durum genus*) a belief that it is *the fowl* that has raised the tempest. Leaving this knotty point to be settled by Dr. Lardner in his “Cyclopædia,” at the article of “Mother Carey’s chickens,” we cannot help observing, meantime, that since the days of the French League under Henri Trois, to the late final expulsion of the *branche aînée* (an event which has marked the commencement of REGINA’S accession to the throne of literature), as well in the revolutions of Portugal as in the vicissitudes of Venice, in the revocation of the edict of Nantz, in the expulsion of James II., in the severance of the Low Countries from Spain, in the invasion of Africa by Don Sebastian, in the Scotch rebellion of 45, in the conquest of China by the Tartars, in all the Irish rebellions, from Father Salmeron in 1561, and Father Archer (for whom see “*Pacata Hibernia*”), to that *anonymous* Jesuit who (according to Sir Harcourt Lees) threw *the bottle* at the Lord Lieutenant in the Dublin theatre some years ago,—there is always one of this

ill-fated society found in the thick of the confusion —

“ And whether for good, or whether for ill,
 It is not mine to say ;
 But still to the house of Amundeville
 He abideth night and day !

When an heir is born, he is heard to mourn ;
 And when ought is to befall
 That ancient line, in the pale *moonshine*
 He walks from hall to hall.”

BYRON.

However, notwithstanding the various and manifold commotions which these Jesuits have confessedly kicked up in the kingdoms of Europe and the commonwealth of Christendom, we, OLIVER YORKE, must admit that they have not deserved ill of the *Republic of Letters* ; and therefore do we decidedly set our face against the Madrid process of knocking out their brains ; for, in our view of things, the *pineal gland* and the *cerebellum* are not kept in such a high state of cultivation in Spain as to render superfluous a few colleges and professors of the *literæ humaniores*. George Knapp, the vigilant mayor of Cork, was, no doubt, greatly to be applauded for demolishing with

his civic club the mad dogs which invested his native town; and he would have won immortal laurels if he had furthermore cleared that beautiful city of the idlers, gossips, and cynics, who therein abound: but it was a great mistake of the Madrid folks to apply the club to the learned sculls of the few literati they possessed. We are inclined to think (though full of respect for Robert Southey's opinion) that, after all, Roderick was *not* the last of the Goths in Spain.

When the Cossacks got into Paris in 1814, their first exploit was to eat up all the tallow candles of the conquered metropolis, and to drink the train oil out of the lamps, so as to leave the "Boulevards" in Cimmerian darkness. By murdering the schoolmasters, it would seem that the partisans of Queen Christina would have no great objection to a similar municipal arrangement for Madrid. But all this is a matter of national taste; and as *our* gracious REGINA is no party to "the quadruple alliance," she has determined to adhere to her fixed system of non-intervention.

Meantime the public will peruse with some curiosity a paper from Father Prout, concerning his old masters in literature. We suspect that on this occasion

sentimental gratitude has begotten a sort of “drop serene” in his eye, for he only winks at the rogueries of the Jesuits; nor does he redden for them the grid-iron on which he gently roasts Dr. Lardner and Tom Moore. But the great merit of the essay is, that the composer evidently had opportunities of a thorough knowledge of his subject,—a matter of rare occurrence, and therefore quite refreshing. He appears, indeed, to be fully aware of his vantage-ground: hence the tone of confidence, and the firm, unhesitating tenour of his assertions. This is what we like to see. A chancellor of England who rarely got drunk, Sir Thomas More (not the *melody man*, of course, but the friend of Erasmus), has left this bit of advice to folks in general:

Wise men alwaye
affirme and say
that tis best for a man
Diligently
for to apply
to the business he can,
and in no wyse
to enterprise
another facultie.

A simple hatter
 should not go smatter
 in philosophic;
 nor ought a peddler
 become a meddler
 in theologic.*

Acting on this principle, how gladly would we open our columns to a treatise by our particular friend, Marie Taglioni, on the philosophy of *hops*!—how cheerfully would we welcome an essay on *heavy wet* from the pen of Dr. Wade, or of Jack Reeve, or any other similarly qualified Chevalier de Malte! We should not object to a “tract” on *gin* from Charley Pearson; nor would we exclude Lord Althorp’s thick notions on “*flummery*,” or Lord Brougham’s XXX. ideas on that mild alcohol which, for the sake of peace and quietness, we shall call “*tea*.” Who would not listen with attention to Irving on a matter of “unknown tongues,” or to O’Brien on “Round Towers?” Verily it belongeth to old Benjamin

* See this excellent didactic poem printed at length in the elaborate preface to Dr. Johnson’s Dictionary. It is entitled, “A merrie Jest, how a Sarjeant would learne to play y^e Frere; by Maister Thomas More, in hys youthe.”

Franklin to write scientifically on the *paratonnère*; and his contemporary, Talleyrand, has a paramount claim to lecture on the *weather-cock*.

“ Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam
Viribus.”

Turning finally to thee, O Prout! truly great was thy love of frolic, but still more remarkable thy wisdom. Thou wert a most rare combination of Socrates and Sancho Panza, of Scarron and the venerable Bede! What would we not have given to have cracked a bottle with thee in thy hut on Watergrasshill, partaking of thy hospitable “herring,” and imbibing thy deep flood of knowledge with the plenitude of thy “Medoc?” Nothing gloomy, narrow, or pharisaical, ever entered into thy composition—“In wit, a man; simplicity, a child.” The wrinkled brow of antiquity softened into smiles for thee; and the Muses must have marked thee in thy cradle for their own. Such is the perfume that breathes from thy chest of posthumous elucubrations, conveying a sweet fragrance to the keen nostrils of criticism, and recalling the

funeral oration of the old woman in Phædrus over her emptied flagon—

“ O suavis anima! quale te dicam bonum
Antehàc fuisse, tales cùm sint reliquæ.”

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 1st Sept. 1834.

Watergrasshill, Dec. 1833.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, after the vigorous arm of an Augustinian monk had sounded on the banks of the Rhine that loud tocsin of reform that found such responsive echo among the Gothic steeples of Germany, there arose in southern Europe, as if to meet the exigency of the time, a body of popish men, who have been called (assuredly by no friendly nomenclator) the Janissaries of the Vatican. Professor Robertson, in his admirable “History of Charles V.,” introduces a special episode concerning the said “janissaries;” and, sinking for a time the affairs of the belligerent continent, turns his grave attention to the operations of the children of Loyola. The essay forms an agreeable interlude in the melodrama of contemporary warfare, and is exquisitely adapted to the purpose of the professor; whose object was, I presume, to furnish his readers with a

light *divertimento*. For surely and soberly (*pace tanti viri dixerim*) he did not expect that *his* theories on the origin, development, and mysterious organisation of that celebrated society, would pass current with any save the uninitiated and the profane ; nor did he ever contemplate the adoption of his speculations by any but the careless and unreflecting portion of mankind. It was a capital peg on which to hang the flimsy mantle of a superficial philosophy ; it was a pleasant race-ground over which to canter on the gentle back of a metaphysical hobby-horse : but what could a Presbyterian of Edinburgh, even though a pillar of the kirk, know about the inmost and most recondite workings of Catholic freemasonry ? What could *he* tell of Jerusalem, he being a Samaritan ? Verily, friend Robertson, Father Prout would have taken the liberty, had he been in the historical workshop where thou didst indite that ilk, of acting the unceremonious part of "Cynthius" in the eclogue :

" Aurem

Vellit et admonuit, ' Pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.' "

What could have possessed the professor ? Did *he* ever go through the course of "*spiritual exercises* ?" Did *he* ever eat a peck of salt with Loyola's intellectual and highly-disciplined sons ? Had *he* ever "*manifested his conscience* ?" Did his venturesome

foot ever cross the threshold of the Jesuitical sanctuary? Was he deeply versed in the "*ratio studiorum*?" Had his ear ever drank the mystic whisperings of the *monita secreta*? No! Then why the deuce did he sit down to write about the Jesuits? Had he not the Brahmins of India at his service? Could he not take up the dervishes of Persia? or the bonzes of Japan? or the illustrious brotherhood of Bohemian gipsies? or the "ancient order of Druids?" or all of them together? But, in the name of Cornelius à Lapide, why did he undertake to write about the Jesuits?

I am the more surprised at the learned historian's thus indulging in the *Homeric* luxury of a transient nap, as he generally is broad awake, and scans with scrutinising eye the doings of his fellow-men through several centuries of interest. To talk about matters of which he must necessarily be ignorant, never occurs (except in this case) to his comprehensive habit of thought; and it was reserved for modern days to produce that school of writers who industriously employ their pens on topics the most exalted above their range of mind, and the least adapted to their powers of illustration. The more ignorance, the more audacity. "Prince Puckler Muskaw" and "Lady Morgan" furnish the *beau idéal* of this class of scribblers. Let them get but a peep at the "toe of Hercules," and they will produce forthwith an ac-

curate mezzotinto drawing of his entire godship. Let them get a footing in any country in the habitable globe for twenty-four hours, and their volume of "France," "England," "Italy," or "Belgium," is ready for the press.

" Oh give but a *glance*, let a vista but gleam,
Of any given country, and mark how they 'll feel !"

It is not necessary that they should know the common idiom of the natives, or even their own language grammatically ; for Lady Morgan (aforesaid) stands convicted, in her printed rhapsodies, of being very little acquainted with French, and not at all with Italian : while her *English*, of which every one can judge, is poor enough. The Austrian authorities shut the gates of Germany against her impostures, not relishing the idea of such audacious humbug : in truth, what could she have done at Vienna, not knowing German ; though perhaps she might urge that her obstetric spouse, Sir Charles, can play on the *German* flute ?

" Lasciami por' nella terra il piede
E vider' questi inosciuti lidi,
Vider' le gente, e il colto di lor fede,
E tutto quello onde uom saggio m' invidi,
Quando mi gioverà narrare altrui
Le novità vedute, e dire, ' io fui !' "

TASSO, *Gerus. Lib. cant. 15, st. 38.*

There is in the county of Kildare a veritable Jesuits' college (of whose existence Sir Harcourt Lees is well satisfied, having often denounced it): it is called "Clongowes Wood;" and even the sacred "Groves of Blarney" do not so well deserve the honours of a pilgrimage as this haunt of classic leisure and studious retirement. Now Lady Morgan wanted to explore the learned cave of these literary cœnobites, and no doubt would have written a book, entitled "Jesuitism in all its Branches," on her return to Dublin; but the sons of Loyola smelt a rat, and acted on the principle inculcated in the legend of St. Senanus (Colgan. Acta SS. Hyb.):

" Quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittamus in insulam."

For which, Prout's blessing on 'em! Amen.

In glaring contrast and striking opposition to this system of forwardness and effrontery practised by the "lady" and the "prince," stands the exemplary conduct of Denny Mullins. Denny is a patriot and a breeches-maker in the town of Cork, the oracle of the "Chamber of Commerce," and looked up to with great reverence by the radicals and *sans culottes* who swarm in that beautiful city. The excellence of his *leather hunting unmentionables* is admitted by the Macroom fox-hunters; while his leather gaiters

and his other *straps* are approved of by John Cotter of the branch bank of Ireland. But this is a mere parenthesis. Now when the lads in the Morea were kicking against the Sublime Porte, to the great delight of Joe Hume and other Corinthians, a grand political dinner occurred in the beautiful capital of Munster ; at which, after the usual flummery about Marathon and the Peloponnesus, the health of Prince Ypsilanti and "Success to the Greeks" was given from the chair. There was a general call for Mullins to speak on this toast ; though why *he* should be selected none could tell, unless for the reason which caused the Athenians to banish Aristides, viz. his being "too honest." Denny rose and rebuked their waggery by protesting, that, "though he was a plain man, he could always give a reason for what he was about. As to the modern Greeks, he would think twice before he either trusted them or refused them credit. He knew little about their forefathers, except what he had read in an author called Pope's 'Homer,' who says they were 'well-gaitered ;' and he had learned to respect *them*. But latterly, to call a man a 'Greek' was, in his experience of the world, as bad as to call one 'a Jesuit ;' though, in both cases, few people had ever any personal knowledge of a *real* Jesuit or a *bonâ fide* Grecian." Such was the wisdom of the Aristides of Cork.

Nevertheless, it is not my intention to enter on

the debatable ground of "the order's" moral or political character. Cerutti, the secretary of Mirabeau (whose funeral oration he was chosen to pronounce in the church of St. Eustache, April 4, 1791), has written most eloquently on that topic; and in the whole range of French literature I know nothing so full of manly logic and genuine energy of style as his celebrated "Apologie des Jésuites," (8vo. Soleure, 1778). He afterwards conducted, with Rabaud St. Etienne, that firebrand newspaper, "La Feuille Villageoise," in which there was red-hot enthusiasm enough to get all the *châteaux* round Paris burnt: but the work of his youth remains an imperishable performance. My object is simply to consider "the Jesuits" in connexion with *literature*. None would be more opposed than I to the introduction of polemics into the domain of the "*belles lettres*," or to let angry disputation find its way into the peaceful vale of Tempé,

" Pour changer en champ-clos l'harmonieux vallon !"

MILLEVOYE.

The precincts of Parnassus form a "city of refuge," where political and religious differences can have no access, where the angry passions subside, and the wicked cease from troubling. Wherefore, to the devil, its inventor, I bequeath the Gunpowder Plot; and I shall not attempt to rake up the bones of

Guy Faux, or disturb the ashes of Doctor Titus :— not that Titus, “ the delight of the human race,” who considered a day as lost when not signalised by some benefaction ; but Titus Oates, who could not sleep quiet on his pillow at night unless he had hanged a Jesuit in the morning.

I have often in the course of these papers introduced quotations from the works of the Jesuit Gresset, the kind and enlightened friend of my early years ; and to that pure fountain of the most limpid poetry of France I shall again have occasion to return : but nothing more evinces the sterling excellence of this illustrious poet’s mind than his conduct towards the “ order,” of which he had been an ornament until matters connected with the press caused his withdrawal from that society. His “ Adieux aux Jésuites ” are on record, and deserve the admiration which they excited at that period. A single passage will indicate the spirit of this celebrated composition :

“ Je dois tous mes regrets aux sages que je quitte !
 J’en perds avec douleur l’entretien vertueux ;
 Et si dans leurs foyers désormais je n’habite,
 Mon cœur me survit auprès d’eux.
 Car ne les crois point tels que la main de l’envie
 Les peint à des yeux prévenus ;
 Si tu ne les connais que sur ce qu’en publie
 La ténébreuse calomnie,
 Ils te sont encore inconnus ! ”

To the sages I leave here 's a heartfelt farewell !
 'Twas a blessing within their loved cloisters to dwell,
 And my dearest affections shall cling round them still:
 Full gladly I mixed their blessed circles among.
 And oh! heed not the whisper of Envy's foul tongue;
 If you list but to her, you must know them but ill.

But to come at once to the pith and substance of the present inquiry, viz. the influence of the Jesuits on the *belles lettres*. It is one of the striking facts we meet with in tracing the history of this "order," and which D'Israeli may do well to insert in the next edition of his "Curiosities of Literature," that the founder of the most learned, and by far the most distinguished literary corporation that ever arose in the world, was an *old soldier*, who took up his "Latin Grammar" when past the age of thirty; at which time of life Don Ignacio de Loyola had his leg shattered by an 18-pounder, while defending the citadel of Pampeluna against the French. The knowledge of this interesting truth may encourage the great captain of the age, whom I do not yet despair of beholding in a new capacity, covering his laurelled brow with a doctor's cap, and filling the chancellor's chair to the great joy of the public and the special delight of Oxford. I have seen more improbable events than this take place in my experience of the world. Be that as it may, this lieutenant in the Caçadores of his imperial majesty Charles V., called

into existence by the vigour of his mind a race of highly educated followers. He was the parent-stock (or, if you will, the primitive block) from which so many illustrious chips were hewn during the XVIIth century. If he had not intellect for his own portion, he most undeniably created it around him: he gathered to his standard men of genius and ardent spirits; he knew how to turn their talents to the best advantage (no ordinary knowledge), and, like Archimedes at Syracuse, by the juxtaposition of reflectors, and the skilful combination of mirrors, so as to converge into a focus and concentrate the borrowed rays of the sun, he contrived to damage the enemy's fleet and set fire to the galleys of Marcellus. Other founders of religious orders enlisted the prejudices, the outward senses, and not unfrequently the fanaticism of mankind: their appeal was to that love for the marvellous inherent to the human breast, and that latent pride which lurked long ago under the torn blanket of Diogenes, and which would have tempted Alexander to set up a rival tub. But Loyola's quarry was the *cultivated mind*; and he scorned to work his purpose by any meaner instrumentality. When in the romantic hermitage of our Lady of Montserrat he suspended for ever over the altar his helmet and his sword, and in the spirit of most exalted chivalry resolved to devote himself to holier pursuits,—one eagle glance at the state of Europe, just fresh from the revival of

letters under Leo X., taught him how and with what weapons to encounter the rebel Augustinian monk, and check the progress of "apostacy." A short poem by an old schoolfellow of mine, who entered the order in 1754, and died a missionary in Cochin China, may illustrate these views. The Latin shews excellent scholarship; and my attempt at translation can give but a feeble idea of the classic original.

Perbígílium Copolæ

In Mariæ Sacello, 1522.

Cùm bellicosus cantaber è tholo
Suspendit ensem, " Non ego lugubri
Defuncta bello," dixit, " arma
Degener aut timidus perire
Miles resigno. Me nova bucina,
Me non profani tessera prælii
Deposcit; et sacras secutus
Auspicio meliore partes,
Non indecorus transfuga, gloriæ
Signis relictis, nil cupientium
Succedo castris, jam futurus
Splendidior sine clade victor.
Domare MENTES, stringere fervidis
Sacro catenis INGENIUM throno,
Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Corda Deo dare gestit ardor:

Don Egnacio Copola's Vigil

In the Chapel of our Lady of Montserrat.

When at thy shrine, most holy maid!
The Spaniard hung his votive blade,
And bared his helmed brow —
Not that he feared war's visage grim,
Or that the battle-field for him
Had aught to daunt, I trow;
" Glory!" he cried, " with thee I've
done!
Fame! thy bright theatres I shun,
To tread fresh pathways now;
To track *thy* footsteps, Saviour God!
With throbbing heart, with feet unshod:
Hear and record my vow.
Yes, THOU shalt reign! Chained to
thy throne,
The mind of man thy sway shall own,
And to its conqueror bow.
Genius his lyre to Thee shall lift,
And intellect its choicest gift
Proudly on Thee bestow."

Fraudis magistros artibus æmulis
 Depræliando sternere; sed magis
 Loyola Lutheri triumphos
 Orbe novo reparabit ultor!"

Tellus gigantis sentit iter; simul
 Idola nutant, fana ruunt, micat
 Christi triumphantis trophæum,
 Cruxque novos numerat cli-
 entes.

Vidère gentes *Xaverii* jubar
 Igni corusco nubila dividens;
 Cœpitque mirans Christianos
 Per medios fluitare Ganges.

Straight on the marble floor he knelt,
 And in his breast exulting felt
 A vivid furnace glow;
 Forth to his task the giant sped,
 Earth shook abroad beneath his tread,
 And idols were laid low.

India repaired half Europe's loss;
 O'er a new hemisphere the Cross
 Shone in the azure sky;

And, from the isles of far Japan
 To the broad Andes, won o'er man
 A bloodless victory!

Professor Robertson gravely opines that Ignatius was a mere fanatic, who never contemplated the subsequent glories of his order; and that, were he to have revisited the earth a century after his decease, when his institute was making such a noise in the world, he would have started back,

“Scared at the sound himself had made.”

Never did the historian adopt a more egregious blunder. Had he had leisure or patience to con over the original code, called *INSTITUTVM Soc. JESV*, he would have found in every paragraph of that profound and crafty volume the germs of wondrous future development; he would have discovered the long-hidden but most precious “soul of the licentiate Garçias” under the inscription that adorns the title-

page. Yes, the mind of Loyola lies embalmed in the leaves of that mystic tome ; and the *ark of cedar-wood*, borne by the children of Israel along the sands of the desert, was not more essential to their happy progress unto the land of promise than that grand depository of the founder's wisdom was to the march of intellect among the Jesuits.

Before his death, this old veteran of Charles V., this illiterate lieutenant, this crippled Spaniard from the "imminent and deadly breach" of Pampeluna (for he too was *lame*, like Tyrtæus, Talleyrand, Lord Byron, Sir W. Scott, Tamerlane, and Appius *Claudius*), had the satisfaction of counting twelve "provinces" of his order established in Europe, Asia, Brazils, and Ethiopia. The members of the society amounted at that epoch (31st July, 1556), sixteen years after its foundation, to seven thousand educated men. Upwards of one hundred colleges had been opened. Xavier had blown the trumpet of the Gospel over India ; Bobadilla had made a noise in Germany ; Gaspar Nunes had gone to Egypt ; Alphonso Salmeron to Ireland. Meantime the schools of the new professors were attracting, in every part of Europe, crowds of eager pupils : industry and zeal were reaping their best reward in the visible progress of religion as well as literature :

"Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella!"

At the suppression of the order, it numbered within a fraction of twenty thousand well-trained, well-disciplined, and well-taught members.

There is an instinct in great minds that tells them of their sublime destinies, and gives them secret but certain warning of their ultimate grandeur: like Brutus, they have seen a spirit of prophetic import, whether for good or evil, who will meet them at Philippi: like Plato, they keep correspondence with a familiar *δαίμων*: like Napoleon, they read their meridian glories of successful warfare in the morning sun;—sure as fate, Loyola saw the future laurels of his order, and placed full reliance on the anticipated energy of his followers yet unborn: the same instinctive reliance which Edward placed on his gallant offspring, the Black Prince, at the battle of Crecy; the same reliance which that giant fowl of Arabia, the ostrich, must entertain, when, depositing its monstrous egg on the sands, it departs for ever, leaving to the god of day the care of hatching into life its vigorous young.

Industry, untiring ardour, immortal energy, were the characteristics of these learned enthusiasts. Some cleared away the accumulated rubbish of the friars, their ignorant predecessors; and these were the *pioneers* of literature. Some gave editions of the Fathers or the Classics, hitherto pent up in the womb of MS.; these were the *accoucheurs* of know-

ledge. Others, for the use of schools, carefully expurgated the received authors of antiquity, and suppressed every prurient passage, performing, *in usum Delphini*, a very meritorious task. I need not say to what class of operators in surgery *these* worthy fathers belonged. Some wrote "commentaries" on Scripture, which Junius undervalues; but, with all *his* acquirements, I would sooner take the guidance of Cornelius à Lapide in matters of theology. Finally, some wrote original works; and the shelves of every European library groan under the folios of the Jesuits.

There is not, perhaps, a more instructive and interesting subject of inquiry in the history of the human mind than the origin, progress, and workings of what are called *monastic institutions*. It is a matter on which I have bestowed not a little thought, and I may one day plunge into the depths thereof in a special dissertation. But I cannot help adverting here to some causes that raised the order of the Jesuits so far above all the numerous and fantastical fraternities to which the middle ages had previously given birth. Loyola saw the vile abuses which had crept into these institutions, and had the sagacity to eschew the blunders of his predecessors. Idleness was the most glaring evil under which monks and friars laboured in those days; and hence incessant activity was the watchword of *his* sons. The rules

of other "orders" begot a grovelling and vulgar debasement of mind, and were calculated to mar and cripple the energies of genius, if it ever happened perchance to lurk under "the weeds of Francis or of Dominick:" but all the regulations of the Jesuits had a tendency to develop the aspirings of intellect, and to expand the scope and widen the career of talent. The system of *mendicancy* adopted by each holy brotherhood as the ground-work of its operations, did not strike Loyola as much calculated to give dignity or manliness to the human character; hence he left his elder brethren in quiet possession of that interesting department. When cities, provinces, or kings founded a Jesuits' college, they were sure of getting value in return: hence most of their collegiate halls were truly magnificent, and they ought to have been so. When of old a prince wished to engage Zeno as tutor to his son, and sought to lower the terms of the philosopher by stating, that with such a sum he could purchase a slave, "Do so, by all means, and you will have a pair of them," was the pithy reply of the indignant Stoic.

I do not undervalue the real services of some "orders," of earlier institution. I have visited with feelings of deep respect the gorgeous cradle of the Benedictine institute at Monte Cassino; and no traveller has explored Italy's proud monuments of Roman grandeur with more awe than I did that splendid

creation of laborious and persevering men. I have seen with less pleasure the work of Bruno, *la Grand Chartreuse*, near Grenoble; he excluded learning from the solitude to which he drew his followers: but I have hailed with enthusiasm the sons of Bernard on the Alps ministering to the wants of the pilgrim; and I knew, that while *they* prowled with their mountain-dogs in quest of wayworn travellers, their brethren were occupied far off in the mines of Mexico and Peru, soothing the toils of the encaverned slave. But while I acknowledged these benefactions, I could not forget the crowds of lazy drones whom the system has fostered in Europe: the humorous lines of Bérchoux, in his clever poem “*La Gastronomie*,” involuntarily crossed my mind:

“ Oui, j’avais un bon oncle en votre ordre, élevé
 D’un mérite éclatant, gastronome achevé;
 Souvent il m’étalait son brillant réfectoire,
 C’était là du couvent la véritable gloire!
 Garni des biens exquis qu’enfante l’univers,
 Vins d’un bouquet céleste, et mets d’un goût divers!

“ Cloîtres majestueux! fortunés monastères!
 Retraite du repos des vertus solitaires,
 Je vous ai vu tomber, le cœur gros des soupirs;
 Mais je vous ai gardé d’éternels souvenirs!—
 Je sçais qu’on a prouvé que vous aviez grand tort,
 Mais que ne prouve-t-on pas quand on est le plus fort?”

This last verse is a capital hit, in its way.

But to return to the Jesuits. Their method of study, or *ratio studiorum*, compiled by a select quorum of the order, under the guidance of the profound and original Father Maldonatus,* totally broke up the old machinery of the schools, and demolished for ever the monkish fooleries of contemporary pedagogues. Before the arrival of the Jesuits in the field of collegiate exercises, the only skill applauded or recognised in that department consisted in a minute and servile adherence to the deep-worn tracks left by the passage of Aristotle's cumbrous wagon over the plains of learning. The well-known fable of Gay, concerning

“ A Grecian youth of talents rare,”

whom he describes as excelling in the hippodrome of Athens beyond all competition, by the fidelity with which he could drive his chariot-wheels within an inch of the exact circle left on the race-course by those who had preceded, was the type and model of scholastic excellence. The Jesuits, in every university to which they could get access, broke new ground, to the great scandal of the old sticklers for routine. Various and fierce were the struggles against those invaders of the territory and privileges of Bœotia ; and dulness opposed his old bulwark, the

* See Bayle's Dict., *art.* Maldonat.

vis inertiae, in vain. Indefatigable in their pursuit, the new professors made incessant inroads into the domains of ignorance and sloth; and most awfully ludicrous were the dying convulsions of the old universitarian system, that had squatted like an incubus for so many centuries on Paris, Prague, Alcala, Valladolid, Padua, Cracow, and Coimbra. But it was in the halls of their own private colleges that they unfolded all their excellence, and toiled unimpeded for the revival of classic studies. "*Consule scholas Jesuitarum*," exclaims the Lord Chancellor Bacon, who was neither a quack nor a swiper, but "spoke the words of sobriety and truth." (Vide *Opus de Dignit. Scient.* lib. vii.) And Cardinal Richelieu, a master-mind, the founder of the French Academy, has left on record, in that celebrated document the "Testament Politique," part i. chap. 2, sect. 10, his admiration of the rivalry in the race of science which the order created in France.

Forth from their new college of Laflèche came their pupil Descartes, to disturb the existing theories of astronomy and metaphysics, and start new and unexampled inquiries. Science until then had wandered a captive in the labyrinth of the schools; but the Cartesian Dædalus fashioned wings for himself and for her, and boldly soared among the clouds. Tutored in their college of Faienza (near Rimini), the immortal Torricelli reflected honour on his in-

telligent instructors by the invention of the *barometer*, A. D. 1620. Of the education of Tasso they may well be proud. Justus Lipsius, trained in their earliest academies, did good service to the cause of criticism, and cleared off the cobwebs of the commentators and grammarians. Soon after, Cassini rose from the benches of their tuition to preside over the newly established *Observatoire* in the metropolis of France; while the illustrious Tournefort issued from their halls to carry a searching scrutiny into the department of botanical science, then in its infancy. The Jesuit Kircher* meantime astonished his contemporaries by his untiring energy and sagacious mind, equally conspicuous in its most sublime as in its trifling efforts, whether he predicted with precision the eruption of a volcano, or invented that ingenious plaything the "Magic Lantern." Father Boscovich† shone subsequently with equal

* *Mundus Subterraneus*, *Amst.* 1664, 2 vols. fol. *China Illustrat.*, *ibid.* 1667, folio. *De Usu Obeliscor. Romæ*, 1666, folio. *Museum Kircher*, *ibid.* 1709, folio.

† Born at Ragusa, on the Adriatic; taught by the Jesuits, in their college in that town; entered the order at the age of sixteen; was sent to Rome, and forthwith was made professor of mathematics in the Archigymn. Rom.; was employed by the papal government in the measurement of the arc of meridian, which he traced from Rome to Rimini, assisted by an English Jesuit, Mayer; in 1750, employed by the republic of Lucca in a

lustre: and it was a novel scene, in 1759, to find a London Royal Society preparing to send out a *Jesuit* to observe the transit of Venus in California. His panegyric, from the pen of the great Lalande, fills the *Journal des Savans*, February 1792. To Fathers Riccioli and De Billy science is also deeply indebted.

Forth from their college of Dijon, in Burgundy, came Bossuet to rear his mitred front at the court of a despot, and to fling the bolts of his tremendous oratory among a crowd of elegant voluptuaries. Meantime the tragic muse of Corneille was cradled in their college of Rouen; and, under the classic guidance of the fathers who taught at the *Collège de Clermont*, in Paris, Molière grew up to be the most exquisite of comic writers. The lyric poetry of Jean Baptiste Rousseau was nurtured by them in their college of Louis le Grand. And in that college the

matter relating to their marshes; subsequently by the Emperor of Austria; and was elected, in 1760, a fellow of the London Royal Society, to whom he dedicated his poem on the "Eclipses," a clever manual of astronomy. His grand work on the properties of matter (*Lex Continuitatis*) was printed at Rome, 4to, 1754. We have also from his pen *Dioptrica*, *Vind.* 1767; *Mathesis Universa*, *Venetiis*, 1757; *Lens et Telescop.*, *Rom.* 1755; *Theoria Philos. Natur.*, *Viennæ*, 1758. The French government invited him to Paris, where he died in 1792, in the sentiments of unfeigned piety which he ever displayed.

wondrous talent of young “François Arouet” was also cultivated by these holy men, who little dreamt to what purpose the subsequent “Voltaire” would convert his abilities—

“Non hos quæsitum munus in usus.”

Æneid. IV.

D'Olivet, Fontenelle, Crebillon, Le Franc de Pompidan—there is scarcely a name known to literature during the seventeenth century which does not bear testimony to their prowess in the province of education—no profession for which they did not adapt their scholars, no rank to which they did not suit their *élèves*. For the bar, they tutored the illustrious Lamoignon (the Mæcenas of Racine and Boileau). It was they who taught the vigorous ideas of D'Argenson how to shoot; they who breathed into the young Montesquieu his “Esprit;” they who reared those ornaments of French jurisprudence, Nicoläi, Molé, Seguier, and Amelot.

Their disciples could wield the sword. Was the great Condé deficient in warlike spirit for having studied among them? was Maréchal Villars a discreditable pupil? Need I give the list of their other belligerent scholars?—De Grammont, De Boufflers, De Rohan, De Brissac, D'Etrées, De Soubise, De Crequi, De Luxembourg, — in France alone.

Great names these, no doubt; but *literature* is

the title of this paper, and to that I would principally advert as the favourite and peculiar department of their excellence. True, the Society devoted itself most to church history and ecclesiastical learning, such being the proper pursuit of a sacerdotal body; and success in this, as in every study, waited on their industry. The archaiologist is familiar with the works of Father Petavius, whom Grotius calls his friend; with the labours of Fathers Sirmond, Bolland, Hardouin, Labbe, Parennin, and Tournemine. The admirer of polemics (if there be any such at this time of day) is acquainted with Bellarmin, Menochius, Suarez, Tolet, Becan, Scheffmaker, and (last, though not least) O! Cornelius à Lapide, with thee? But in classic lore, as well as in legendary, the Jesuits excelled. Who can pretend to the character of a literary man that has not read Tiraboschi on the "Storia della Letteratura d' Italia," Bouhours on the "Manière de bien penser," Brumoy on the "Théâtre des Grecs," Vavassour "de Ludicrâ Dictione," Rapin's poem on the "Art of Gardening" (the model of those by Dr. Darwin and Abbé Delille), Vaniere's "Prædium Rusticum," Tursellin "de Particulis Latini Sermonis," and Casimir Sarbievi's Latin Odes, the nearest approach to Horace in modern times? What shall I say of Porée (Voltaire's master), of Sanadon, of Desbillons, Sidronius, Jouvençy, and the "journalistes de Trevoux?"

They have won in France, Italy, and Spain, the palm of pulpit eloquence. Logic, reason, wisdom, and piety, dwelt in the soul of Bourdaloue, and flowed copiously from his lips. Lingendes, Cheminai, De la Rue, were at the head of their profession among the French; while the pathetic and unrivalled Segneri took the lead among the eloquent orators of Italy. In Spain, a Jesuit has done more to purify the *pulpit* of that fantastic country than Cervantes to clear the brains of its *chivalry*; for the comic romance of "Fray Gerundio" (Friar Gerund), by the Jesuit Isla, exhibiting the ludicrous ranting of the cowled fraternity of that day, has had the effect, if not of giving eloquence to clods of the valley, at least of putting down absurdity and presumption.

They wooed and won the muse of history, sacred and profane. Strada* in Flanders, Maffei† at Genoa, Mariana‡ in Seville. In France, Maimbourg,§ Daniel, || Boujeant, ¶ Charlevoix, ** Berruyer, ††

* De Bello Belgico.

† Rerum Indicar. Hist.

‡ Histor. di Espana. De Regis Institutione, Toledo, 1599.

§ Histoire de l'Arianisme, des Iconoclastes, des Croisades, du Calvinism, de la Ligue.

|| Hist. de France. De la Milice Française.

¶ Hist. du Traité de Westphalie. Ame des Bêtes, etc.

** Hist. du Paraguay, du Japon, de St. Domingue.

†† Du Peuple de Dieu.

D'Orleans,* Ducerceau,† and Du Halde,‡ shed light on the paths of historical inquiry which they severally trod. I purposely omit the ex-Jesuit Raynal.§

They shone in the arts as well as in the sciences. Father Pozzi was one of Rome's best painters. A Jesuit was employed in the drainage of the Pontine marshes; another to devise plans for sustaining the dome of St. Peter's, when it threatened to crush its massive supports. In *naval tactics* (a subject one would think sufficiently estranged from sacerdotal researches) the earliest work on the strategy proper to ships of the line was written by Père le Hoste, and is better known to the middies in this country under the name of "the Jesuits' book," than under its French title of "*Traité des Evolutions Navales.*" The first hint of *aërial* navigation and of balloons came from the same quarter. In their missions through Greece, Asia Minor, and the islands of the Archipelago, they were the best antiquaries, botanists, and mineralogists. They became watchmakers, as well as mandarins, in China: they were astronomers on the "plateau" of Thibet: they taught husbandry

* Révolutions d'Angleterre.

† Conjuración de Rienzi, &c. &c.

‡ Description Géogr. Histor. Politic. et Physique de la Chine. Lond. 1742, 2 vols. folio.

§ Hist. du Commerce des Européens dans les deux Indes.

and mechanics in Canada: while in their own celebrated and peculiar conquest (since fallen into the hands of Doctor França) on the plains of PARAGUAY, they taught the theory and practice of civil architecture, civil economy, farming, tailoring, and all the trades of civilised life. They played on the fiddle and on the flute, to draw the South American Indians from the forests into their villages: and the story of Thebes rising to the sound of Amphion's lyre ceased to be a fable.

We find them in Europe and at the antipodes, in Siam and at St. Omer's, in 1540 and in 1830—always and every where unchanged, unalterable, the same. Father Lainéz preached before the Council of Trent, and was admired, in 1560: the Rev. Peter Kenney was equally admired by the North American Congress not many years ago. Tiraboschi was librarian of the Brera in 1750: Angelo Maï is librarian of the Vatican in 1833. By the by, they were also capital apothecaries. Who has not heard of Jesuits' *bark*, Jesuits' *drops*, Jesuits' *powders*, Jesuits' *cephalic snuff*?

“Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?”

Æneid. I.

And, alas! must I add, who has not heard of the cuffs and buffetings, the kicks and halters, which they have met with in return:

“Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?”

Hor. lib. ii. ode 1.

For, of course, no set of men on the face of God's earth have been more abused. 'Tis the fate of every mortal who raises himself by mother-wit above the common level of fools and dunces, to be hated by the whole tribe most cordially :

“ Urit enim fulgore suo,” &c.

Hor. lib. ii. ep. 1.

The friars were the first to raise a hue and cry against the Jesuits, with one Melchior Cano, a Dominican, for their trumpeter. Ignatius had been taken up by “ the Inquisition ” three several times. Then came the pedants of the university of Paris, whom these new professors threw into the shade. The “ order ” was next at loggerheads with that suspicious gang of intriguers, the council and doge of Venice : the Jesuits were expelled the republic.* Twice they were exiled from France, and twice were brought back on the shoulders of the people. They encountered, like Paul, “ stripes, perils, and prisons,” in Poland, in Germany, in Portugal, and Hungary. They were hanged by dozens in England. Their march for two centuries through Europe was only to be compared to the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon.

* In Bayle's Dictionary, among the notes appended to the article on Abelard, will be found the real cause of their expulsion : they may be proud of it.

A remarkable energy, a constant discipline, a steady perseverance, and a dignified self-respect, were their characteristics from the beginning. They did not stoop to notice the paltry pasquinades of that crazy Jansenist, Pascal, whose "Provincial Letters," made up of the raspings of antiquated theology and the scrapings of forgotten casuistry, none who knew *them* ever thought much of. The sermons of Bourdaloue were the only answer such calumnies required; and the order confined itself to giving a new edition of the "Lettres édifiantes et curieuses, écrites par nos Missionnaires du Levant, de la Chine, du Canada, et du Malabar." When a flimsy accusation was preferred against him of Africa,

" Hunc qui
Duxit àb eversâ meritum Carthagine nomen,"

he acted in a similar manner, and silenced his miserable adversaries.

If ever there was an occasion on which the comparative merits of the Jesuits and Jansenists could be brought to the test, it was at the outbreak of the pestilential visitation that smote the city of Marseilles; and which history, poetry, and piety, will never allow to be forgotten:

" Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?"

POPE'S *Essay on Man*, ep. 4.

For while the Pharisees of Port Royal fled from their clerical functions, and sneaked off under some paltry pretext, the Jesuits came from the neighbouring town of Aix to attend the sick and the dying; and, under the orders of that gallant and disinterested bishop, worked, while life was spared them, in the cause of humanity. Seven of them perished in the exercise of this noblest duty, amid the blessings of their fellow-men. The bishop himself, De Belzunce, had not only studied under the Jesuits, but had been a *member of the order* during the early part of his ecclesiastical career at Aix, in 1691.

Long ago, that noblest emanation of Christian chivalry—an order in which valorous deeds were familiar as the “*matin song*” or the “*vesper hymn*”—the Templars, fell the victims of calumny, and were immolated amid the shouts of a vulgar triumph; but history, keen and scrutinising, has revealed the true character of the conspiracy by which the vices of a few were made to swamp and overwhelm, in the public eye, the great mass of virtue and heroism which constituted that refined and gentlemanly association; and a tardy justice has been rendered to Jacques Molay and his illustrious brethren. The day may yet come, when isolated instances and unauthenticated misdeeds will cease to create an unfounded antipathy to a society which will be found, taking it all in all, to have deserved well of mankind. This,

at least, is Father Prout's honest opinion; and why should he hide it under a bushel?

The most convincing proof of their sterling virtue is to be found in the docility and forbearance they evinced in promptly submitting to the decree of their suppression, issued *ex cathedrâ* by one Ganganelli, a Franciscan friar, who had got enthroned, Heaven knows how! on the pontific chair. In every part of Europe they had powerful friends, and could have "shewn fight" and "died game," if their respect for the successor of "the fisherman" had not been all along a distinctive characteristic, even to the death. In Paraguay they could have decidedly spurned the mandate of the Escorial, backed by an army of 60,000 Indians, devoted to their spiritual and temporal benefactors, taught the tactics of Europe, and possessing in 1750 a well-appointed train of artillery. That portion of South America has since relapsed into barbarism; and the results of their withdrawal from the interior of that vast peninsula have fully justified the opinion of Muratori, in his celebrated work on Paraguay, "*Il Christianesimo felice.*" It was a dismal day for literature in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, when their colleges were shut up; and in France they alone could have stayed the avalanche of irreligion; for, by presenting Christianity to its enemies clad in the panoply of Science, they would have awed the scoffer, and confounded the *philosophe*. But the

Vatican had spoken. They bowed; and quietly dispersing through the cities of the continent, were welcomed and admired by every friend of science and of piety. The body did not cease to do good even after its dissolution in 1763, and, like the bones of the prophet, worked miracles of usefulness even in the grave.*

Contrast their exemplary submissiveness with the frenzy and violence of their old enemies the Jansenists (of which sour and pharisaical sect Pascal was the mouth-piece), when the celebrated bull *Unigenitus* was issued against *them*. Never did those unfortunate wights, whom the tyrant Phaleris used to enclose in his brazen cow, roar so lustily as the lads of Port Royal on the occasion alluded to. It was, in fact, a most melancholy exhibition of the wildest fanaticism, combined, as usual, with the most pertinacious obstinacy. The followers of Pascal were also the votaries of a certain vagabond yclept *le Diacre Paris*, whose life was a tissue of rascality, and whose remains were said by the Jansenists to operate wondrous cures in the churchyard of St. Medard, in one of the fauxbourgs of the capital. The devotees of Port

* "And it came to pass, as they were burying a man, behold they spied a band of robbers; and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha: and when the man touched the bones of Elisha he came to life, and stood upon his feet."—2 *Kings*, chap. xiii. ver. 21.

Royal flocked to the tomb of *the deacon*, and became forthwith *hysterical* and *inspired*. The wags of Louis the Fifteenth's time called them "*Les Convulsionnaires*." Things rose to such a height of dangerous absurdity at last, that the cemetery was shut up by the police; and a wit had an opportunity of writing on the gates of the aforesaid churchyard this pointed epigram:

" De par le roy, défense à Dieu,
De faire miracles en ce lieu."

And I here conclude this very inadequate tribute of long-remembered gratitude towards the men who took such pains to drill my infant mind, and who formed with plastic power whatever good or valuable quality it may possess. "*Si quid est in me ingenii, judices (et sentio quàm sit exiguum), si quæ exercitatio ab optimarum artium disciplinis profecta, earum rerum fructum, sibi, suo jure, debent repetere.*"—(CICERO *pro Archiâ poet.*) And as for the friend of my youth, the accomplished Gresset, whose sincerity and kindness will be ever embalmed in my memory, I cannot shew my sense of his varied excellencies in a more substantial way than by making an effort—a feeble one, but the best I can command—to bring him before the English public in his most agreeable production, the best specimen of graceful humour in the literature of France. I shall upset *Vert-Vert* into

English verse, for the use of the intelligent inhabitants of these islands ; though I much fear, that to transplant so delicate an exotic into this frigid climate may prove an unsuccessful experiment.

Vert-Vert, the Parrot.

A POEM BY THE JESUIT GRESSET.

His original Ennoccence.

ALAS! what evils I discern in
 Too great an aptitude for learning!
 And fain would all the ills unravel
 That aye ensue from foreign travel;
 Far happier is the man who carries
 Quiet within his household "Lares:"
 Read, and you'll find how virtue vanishes,
 How foreign vice all goodness banishes,
 And how abroad young heads will grow dizzy,
 Proved in the underwritten Odyssey. 10

In old Nevers, so famous for its
 Dark narrow streets and Gothic turrets,
 Close on the brink of Loire's young flood,
 Flourished a convent sisterhood
 Of *Ursulines*. Now in this order
 A parrot lived as parlour-boarder;
 Brought in his childhood from the *Antilles*,
 And sheltered under convent mantles:
 Green were his feathers, green his pinions,
 And greener still were his opinions; 20

For vice had not yet sought to pervert
 This bird, who had been christened *Vert-Vert* ;
 Nor could the wicked world defile him,
 Safe from its snares in this asylum.
 Fresh, in his teens, frank, gay, and gracious,
 And, to crown all, somewhat loquacious ;
 If we examine close, not one, or he,
 Had a vocation for a nunnery.*

The convent's kindness need I mention ?
 Need I detail each fond attention, 30
 Or count the tit-bits which *in Lent* he
 Swallowed remorseless and in plenty ?
 Plump was his carcass ; no, not higher
 Fed was their confessor the friar ;
 And some even say that our young Hector
 Was far more loved than the " Director." †
 Dear to each novice and each nun —
 He was the life and soul of fun ;
 Though to be sure, some hags censorious
 Would sometimes find him too uproarious. 40
 What did the parrot care for those old
 Dames, while he had for him the household ?
 He had not yet made his " profession,"
 Nor come to years called " of discretion ;"
 Therefore, unblamed, he ogled, flirted,
 And romped like any unconverted ;
 Nay sometimes, too, by the Lord Harry !
 He'd pull their caps and " scapulary."
 But what in all his tricks seemed oddest,
 Was that at times he 'd turn so modest, 50

* " Par son caquet digne d'être en couvent."

† " Souvent l'oiseau l'emporta sur le Père."

That to all bystanders the wight
 Appeared a finished hypocrite.
 In accent he did not resemble
 Kean, though he had the tones of Kemble ;
 But fain to do the sisters' biddings,
 He left the stage to Mrs. Siddons.
 Poet, historian, judge, financier,
 Four problems at a time he'd answer ;
 He had a faculty like Cæsar's.
 Lord Althorp, baffling all his teasers, 60
 Could not surpass Vert-Vert in puzzling :
 " Goodrich " to him was but a gosling.*

Placed when at table near some vestal,
 His fare, be sure, was of the best all, —
 For every sister would endeavour
 To keep for him some sweet *hors d'œuvre*.
 Kindly at heart, in spite of vows and
 Cloisters, a nun is worth a thousand !
 And aye, if Heaven would only lend her,
 I'd have a nun for a nurse tender ! † 70

Then, when the shades of night would come on,
 And to their cells the sisters summon,

* Q. Wherefore was Lord Goodrich styled a goose when Chancellor ?

A. Because honourable members in him were sure of an *anser*.

MART. SCRIBL.

† " Les petits soins, les attentions fines,
 Sont nés, dit on, chez les Ursulines."

Happy the favoured one whose grotto
 This sultan of a bird would trot to :
 Mostly the young ones' cells he toyed in,
 (The aged sisterhood avoiding),
 Sure among all to find kind offices,—
 Still he was partial to the novices,
 And in *their* cells our anchorite
 Mostly cast anchor for the night ; 80
 Perched on the box that held the relics, he
 Slept without notion of indelicacy.
 Rare was his luck ; nor did he spoil it
 By flying from the morning toilet ;
 Not that I can admit the fitness
 Of (at the toilet) a male witness ;
 But that I scruple in this history
 To shroud a single fact in mystery.

Quick at all arts, our bird was rich at
 That best accomplishment, called chit-chat ; 90
 For, though brought up within the cloister,
 His beak was not closed like an oyster,
 But, trippingly, without a stutter,
 The longest sentences would utter ;
 Pious withal, and moralising,
 His conversation was surprising ;
 None of your equivoques, no slander—
 To such vile tastes he scorned to pander ;
 But his tongue ran most smooth and nice on
 “ Deo sit laus” and “ Kyrie eleison ;” 100
 The maxims he gave with best emphasis
 Were Suarez's or Thomas à Kempis's ;
 In Christmas carols he was famous,
 “ Orate, fratres,” and “ OREMUS ;”

If in good humour, he was wont
 To give a stave from "*Think well on't*;" *
 Or, by particular desire, he
 Would chant the hymn of "*Dies iræ.*"
 Then in the choir he would amaze all
 By copying the tone so nasal 110
 In which the sainted sisters chanted, —
 (At least that pious nun my aunt did.)

Hys fatall Renowne.

The public soon began to ferret
 The hidden nest of so much merit,
 And, spite of all the nuns' endeavours,
 The fame of Vert-Vert filled all Nevers;
 Nay, from Moulines folks came to stare at
 The wondrous talent of this parrot;
 And to fresh visitors *ad libitum*
 Sister Sophie had to exhibit him. 120
 Drest in her tidiest robes, the virgin,
 Forth from the convent cells emerging,
 Brings the bright bird, and for his plumage
 First challenges unstinted homage;
 Then to his eloquence adverts, —
 "What preacher's can surpass Vert-Vert's?
 Truly in oratory few men
 Equal this learned catechumen;
 Fraught with the convent's choicest lessons,
 And stuffed with piety's quintessence; 130

* "*Pensez-y-bien,*" or "*Think well on't,*" as translated by the titular bishop, Richard Challoner, is the most generally adopted devotional tract among the Catholics of these islands. — PROUT.

A bird most quick of apprehension,
 With gifts and graces hard to mention :
 Say in what pulpit can you meet
 A Chrysostom half so discreet,
 Who 'd follow in his ghostly mission
 So close the ' fathers and tradition ? ' "
 Silent meantime, the feathered hermit
 Waits for the sister's gracious permit,
 When, at a signal from his mentor,
 Quick on a course of speech he 'll enter ; 140
 Not that he cares for human glory,
 Bent but to save his auditory ;
 Hence he pours forth with so much unction
 That all his hearers feel compunction.

Thus for a time did Vert-Vert dwell
 Safe in this holy citadelle ;
 Scholared like any well-bred abbé,
 And loved by many a cloistered Hebé ;
 You 'd swear that he had crossed the same bridge
 As any youth brought up in Cambridge.* 150
 Other monks starve themselves ; but his skin
 Was sleek like that of a Franciscan,
 And far more clean ; for this grave Solon
 Bathed every day in *eau de Cologne*.
 Thus he indulged each guiltless gambol,
 Blest had he ne'er been doomed to ramble !

For in his life there came a crisis
 Such as for all great men arises, —
 Such as what NAP to Russia led,
 Such as the " FLIGHT " of Mahomed ; 160

* Quære—Pons Asinorum?

O town of Nantz! yes, to thy bosom
 We let him go, alas! to lose him!
Edicts, O town famed for *revoking*,
 Still was Vert-Vert's loss more provoking!
 Dark be the day when our bright Don went
 From this to a far-distant convent!
 Two words comprised that awful era—
 Words big with fate and woe—"IL IRA!"
 Yes, "he shall go;" but, sisters! mourn ye
 The dismal fruits of that sad journey,— 170
 Ills on which Nantz's nuns ne'er reckoned,
 When for the beauteous bird they beckoned.

Fame, O Vert-Vert! in evil humour,
 One day to Nantz had brought the rumour
 Of thy accomplishments,— "acumen,"
 "Nous," and "esprit," quite superhuman:
 All these reports but served to enhance
 Thy merits with the nuns of Nantz.
 How did a matter so unsuited
 For convent ears get hither bruited? 180
 Some may inquire. But "nuns are knowing,"
*And first to hear what gossip's going.**
 Forthwith they taxed their wits to elicit
 From the famed bird a friendly visit.
 Girls' wishes run in a brisk current,
 But a nun's fancy is a torrent; †
 To get this bird they'd pawn the missal:
 Quick they indite a long epistle,

* "Les révérendes mères
 A tout savoir ne sont pas les dernières."

† "Désir de fille est un feu qui dévore,
 Désir de nonne est cent fois pis encore."

Careful with softest things to fill it,
 And then with musk perfume the billet ; 190
 Thus, to obtain their darling purpose,
 They send a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Off goes the post. When will the answer
 Free them from doubt's corroding cancer ?
 Nothing can equal their anxiety,
 Except, of course, their well-known piety.
 Things at Nevers meantime went harder
 Than well would suit such pious ardour ;
 It was no easy job to coax
 This parrot from the Nevers folks. 200
 What! take their toy from convent belles ?
 Make Russia yield the Dardanelles!
 Filch his good rifle from a " Suliote,"
 Or drag her " Romeo" from a " Juliet!"
 Make an attempt to take Gibraltar,
 Or try the old corn-laws to alter!
 This seemed to them, and eke to us,
 " Most wasteful and ridiculous."
 Long did the " chapter" sit in state,
 And on this point deliberate ; 210
 The junior members of the senate
 Set their fair faces quite again' it ;
 Refuse to yield a point so tender,
 And urge the motto—No surrender.
 The elder nuns feel no great scruple
 In parting with the charming pupil ;
 And as each grave affair of state runs
 Most on the verdict of the matrons,
 Small odds, I ween, and poor the chance
 Of keeping the dear bird from Nantz. 220

Nor in my surmise am I far out,—
For by *their* vote off goes the parrot.

Ups eivil Voyage.

En ce tems là, a small canal-boat,
Called by most chroniclers the “Talbot,”
(TALBOT, a name well known in France!)
Travelled between Nevers and Nantz.
Vert-Vert took shipping in this craft,
'Tis not said whether fore or aft ;
But in a book as old as Massinger's
We find a statement of the passengers ; 230
These were—two Gascons and a piper,
A sexton (a notorious swiper),
A brace of children, and a nurse ;
But what was infinitely worse,
A dashing Cyprian ; while by her
Sat a most jolly-looking friar.*

For a poor bird brought up in purity
'Twas a sad augur for futurity
To meet, just free from his indentures,
And in the first of his adventures, 240
Such company as formed his hansel,—
Two rogues ! a friar !! and a damsel !!!
Birds the above were of a feather ;
But to Vert-Vert 't was altogether
Such a strange aggregate of scandals
As to be met but among Vandals :

* “ Une nourrice, un moine, deux Gascons ;
Pour un enfant qui sort du monastère
C'était échoir en dignes compagnons.”

Rude was their talk, bereft of polish,
 And calculated to demolish
 All the fine notions and good-breeding
 Taught by the nuns in their sweet Eden. 250
 No Bilingsgate surpassed the nurse's,
 And all the rest indulged in curses;
 Ear hath not heard such vulgar gab in
 The nautic cell of any cabin.
 Silent and sad, the pensive bird,
 Shocked at their guilt, said not a word.*

Now he "of orders grey," accosting
 The parrot green, who seemed quite lost in
 The contemplation of man's wickedness,
 And the bright river's gliding liquidness, 260
 "Tip us a stave (quoth Tuck), my darling,
 Ay'nt you a parrot or a starling?
 If you don't talk, by the holy poker,
 I'll give your ugly neck a choker!"
 Scared by this threat from his propriety,
 Our pilgrim thinking with sobriety,
 That if he did not speak they'd make him,
 Answered the friar, PAX SIT TECUM!
 Here our reporter marks down after
 Poll's maiden-speech—"loud roars of laughter;" 270

* This canal-boat, it would seem, was not a very refined or fashionable conveyance: it rather remindeth us of Horace's voyage to Brundisium, and of that line so applicable to the parrot's company—

"Repletum nautis, cauponibus, atque malignis."

O. Y.

And sure enough the bird so affable
 Could hardly use a phrase more laughable.

Talking of such, there are some rum ones
 That oft amuse the House of Commons :
 And since we lost “*Sir Joseph Yorke,*”
 We’ve got great “*Feargus*” fresh from Cork,—
 A fellow honest, droll, and funny,
 Who would not sell for love or money
 His native land ; nor, like vile Daniel,
 Fawn on Lord Althorp like a spaniel ; 280
 Flatter the mob, while the old fox
 Keeps an eye to the begging-box.
 Now ’tis a shame that such brave fellows,
 When they blow “*agitation’s*” bellows,
 Should only meet with heartless scoffers,
 While cunning Daniel fills his coffers.
 But Kerry men will e’er be apter
 At the conclusion of the chapter,
 While others bear the battle’s brunt,
 To reap the spoil and *fob the blunt.* 290
 This is an *episode* concerning
 The parrot’s want of worldly learning,
 In squandering his tropes and figures
 On a vile crew of heartless niggers.
 The “house” heard once with more decorum
 Phil. Howard on “the Roman forum.”*

* See “*Mirror of Parliament*” for this ingenious person’s maiden speech on Joe Hume’s motion to alter and enlarge the old House of Commons. “*Sir, the Romans* (a laugh)—*I say the Romans* (loud laughter) *never altered their Forum*” (roars of ditto). But Heaven soon granted what Joe Hume desired, and the old rookery was burnt shortly after.

Poll's brief address met lots of cavillers :
 Badgered by all his fellow-travellers,
 He tried to mend a speech so ominous
 By striking up with " DIXIT DOMINUS ! " 300
 But louder shouts of laughter follow,—
 This last roar beats the former hollow,
 And shews that it was bad economy
 To give a stave from Deuteronomy.

Posed, not abashed, the bird refused to
 Indulge a scene he was not used to ;
 And, pondering on his strange reception,
 " There must," he thought, " be some deception
 In the nuns' views of things rhetorical,
 And sister Rose is not an oracle. 310
 True wit, perhaps, lies not in ' *mattins*,'
 Nor is *their* school a school of Athens."

Thus in this villanous receptacle
 The simple bird at once grew sceptical.
 Doubts lead to hell. The arch-deceiver
 Soon made of Poll an unbeliever ;
 And mixing thus in bad society,
 He took French leave of all his piety.

His austere maxims soon he mollified,
 And all his old opinions qualified ; 320
 For he had learned to substitute
 For pious lore things more astute ;
 Nor was his conduct unimpeachable,
 For youth, alas ! is but too teachable ;
 And in the progress of his madness
 Soon he had reached the depths of badness.

Such were his *curses*, such his evil
 Practices, that no ancient devil,*
 Plunged to the chin when burning hot
 Into a holy water-pot, 330
 Could so blaspheme, or fire a volley
 Of oaths so drear and melancholy.

Must the bright blossoms, ripe and ruddy,
 And the fair fruits of early study,
 Thus in their summer season crossed,
 Meet a sad blight—a killing frost?
 Must that vile demon, Moloch, oust
 Heaven from a young heart's holocaust? †
 And the glad hope of life's young promise
 Thus in the dawn of youth ebb from us? 340
 Such is, alas! the sad and last trophy
 Of the young rake's supreme catastrophe;
 For of what use are learning's laurels
 When a young man is without morals?
 Bereft of virtue, and grown heinous,
 What signifies a brilliant genius?
 'Tis but a case for wail and mourning,—
 'Tis but a brand fit for the burning!

Meantime the river wafts the barge,
 Fraught with its miscellaneous charge, 350
 Smoothly upon its broad expanse,
 Up to the very quay of Nantz;

* “ Bientôt il scut jurer et maugréer
 Mieux qu'un vieux diable au fond d'un bénitier.”

† “ Faut-il qu'ainsi l'exemple séducteur
 Du ciel au diable emporte un jeune cœur?”

Fondly within the convent bowers
 The sisters calculate the hours,
 Chiding the breezes for their tardiness,
 And, in the height of their fool-hardiness,
 Picturing the bird as fancy painted—
 Lovely, reserved, polite, and sainted—
 Fit “*Ursuline.*” And *this*, I trow, meant
 Enriched with every endowment! 360
 Sadly, alas! these nuns anointed
 Will find their fancy disappointed;
 When, to meet all those hopes they drew on,
 They’ll find a regular DON JUAN!

The awfull Discoverie.

Scarce in the port was this small craft
 On its arrival telegraphed,
 When, from the boat home to transfer him,
 Came the nuns’ portress, “sister Jerome.”
 Well did the parrot recognise
 The walk demure and downcast eyes; 370
 Nor aught such saintly guidance relished
 A bird by worldly arts embellished;
 Such was his taste for profane gaiety,
 He’d rather much go with the laity.
 Fast to the bark he clung; but plucked thence,
 He shewed dire symptoms of reluctance,
 And, scandalising each beholder,
 Bit the nun’s cheek, and eke her shoulder! *

“ Les uns disent au cou,
 D’autres au bras; on ne sait pas bien où.”

Thus a black eagle once, 'tis said,
 Bore off the struggling Ganymede.* 380
 Thus was Vert-Vert, heart-sick and weary,
 Brought to the heavenly monastery.
 The bell and tidings both were tolled,
 And the nuns crowded, young and old,
 To feast their eyes with joy uncommon on
 This wondrous talkative phenomenon.

Round the bright stranger, *so* amazing
 And *so* renowned, the sisters gazing,
 Praised the green glow which a warm latitude
 Gave to his neck, and liked his attitude. 390
 Some by his gorgeous tail are smitten,
 Some by his beak so beauteous bitten !
 And none e'er dreamt of dole or harm in
 A bird so brilliant and so charming.
 Shade of Spurzheim ! and thou, Lavater,
 Or Gall, of "bumps" the great creator !
 Can ye explain how our young hero,
 With all the vices of a Nero,
 Seemed such a model of good-breeding,
 Thus quite astray the convent leading ? 400
 Where on *his* head appeared, I ask from ye,
 The "nob" indicative of blasphemy ?
 Methinks 't would puzzle your ability
 To find *his* organ of scurrility.

* " Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem
 Cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagos
 Commisit, expertus fidelem
 Jupiter in Ganymede flavo." HOR.

Meantime the abbess, to "draw out"
 A bird so modest and devout,
 With soothing air and tone caressing
 The "pilgrim of the Loire" addressing,
 Broached the most edifying topics,
 To "start" this native of the tropics ; 410
 When, to their scandal and amaze, he
 Broke forth—" *Morbleu ! those nuns are crazy !*"
 (Shewing how well he learnt his task on
 The packet-boat from that vile Gascon !)
 " Fie ! brother poll !" with zeal outbursting,
 Exclaimed the abbess, dame Augustin ;
 But all the lady's sage rebukes
 Brief answer got from poll — " Gadzooks !"

Nay, 'tis supposed, he muttered, too,
 A *word* folks write with W. 420
 Scared at the sound, — " Sure as a gun,
 The bird's a demon !" cried the nun.
 " O the vile wretch ! the naughty dog !
 He's surely Lucifer *incog*.
 What ! is the reprobate before us
 That bird so pious and decorous —
 So celebrated ?"—Here the pilgrim,
 Hearing sufficient to bewilder him,
 Wound up the sermon of the beldame
 By a conclusion heard but seldom — 430
 " *Ventre Saint Gris !*" " *Parbleu !*" and " *Sacre !*"
 Three oaths ! and every one a *whacker !*

Still did the nuns, whose conscience tender
 Was much shocked at the young offender,
 Hoping he'd change his tone, and alter,
 Hang breathless round the sad defaulter ;

When, wrathful at their importunity,
 And grown audacious from impunity,
 He fired a broadside (holy Mary!)
 Drawn from hell's own vocabulary! 440
 Forth like a "Congreve rocket" burst,
 And stormed and swore, *flared up*, and cursed!
 Stunned at these sounds of import stygian,
 The pious daughters of religion
 Fled from a scene so dread, so horrid,
 But with a cross first signed their forehead.
 The younger sisters, mild and meek,
 Thought that the culprit spoke in Greek;
 But the old matrons and "the bench"
 Knew every word was genuine French; 450
 And ran in all directions, pell-mell,
 From a flood fit to overwhelm hell.
 'T was by a fall that Mother Ruth*
 Then lost her last remaining tooth.

"Fine conduct this, and pretty guidance!"
 Cried one of the most mortified ones;
 "Pray, is such language and such ritual
 Among the Nevers nuns habitual?
 'T was in our sisters most improper
 To teach such curses — such a whopper! 460
 He shan't by me, for one, be hindered
 From being sent back to his kindred!"
 This prompt decree for Poll's proscription
 Was signed by general subscription.

* "Toutes pensent être à la fin du monde,
 Et sur son nez la mère Cunégonde
 Se laissant choir, perd sa dernière dent!"

Straight in a cage the nuns insert
 The guilty person of Vert-Vert;
 Some young ones wanted to detain him;
 But the grim portress took "the paynim"
 Back to the boat, close in his litter;
 'Tis not said *this* time that he *bit* her. 470

Back to the convent of his youth,
 Sojourn of innocence and truth,
 Sails the *green* monster, scorned and hated,
 His heart with vice contaminated.
 Must I tell how, on his return,
 He scandalised his old sojourn?
 And how the guardians of his infancy
 Wept o'er their quondam child's delinquency?
 What could be done? the elders often
 Met to consult how best to soften 480
 This obdurate and hardened sinner,
 Finish'd in vice e'er a beginner! *
 One mother counselled "to denounce
 And let the Inquisition pounce
 On the vile heretic;" another
 Thought "it was best the bird to smother!"
 Or "send the convict for his felonies
 Back to his native land—the colonies."
 But milder views prevailed. His sentence
 Was, that, until he shewed repentance, 490

* *Implicat in terminis.* There must have been a beginning, else how conceive a *finish* (see Kant), unless the proposition of Ocellus Lucanus be adopted, viz. *αναρχον και ατελευταιον το παν.* Gresset simply has it—

" Il fut un scélérat
 Profès d'abord, et sans noviciat."

" A solemn fast and frugal diet,
 Silence exact, and pensive quiet,
 Should be his lot;" and, for a blister,
 He got, as gaoler, a lay-sister,
 Ugly as sin, bad-tempered, jealous,
 And in her scruples over-zealous.
 A jug of water and a carrot
 Was all the prog she'd give the parrot;
 But every eve when vesper-bell
 Called sister Rosalie from her cell, 500
 She to Vert-Vert would gain admittance,
 And bring of " comfits" a sweet pittance.
 Comfits! alas! can sweet confections
 Alter sour slavery's imperfections?
 What are " preserves" to you or me,
 When locked up in the Marshalsea?
 The sternest virtue in the hulks,
 Though crammed with richest sweetmeats, sulks.

Taught by his gaoler and adversity,
 Poll saw the folly of perversity, 510
 And by degrees his heart relented:
 Duly, in fine, " the lad" repented.
 His *Lent* passed on, and sister Bridget
 Coaxed the old abbess to abridge it.

The prodigal, reclaimed and free,
 Became again a prodigy,
 And gave more joy, by works and words,
 Than ninety-nine canary-birds,
 Until his death. Which last disaster
 (Nothing on earth endures!) came faster 520

Than they imagined. The transition
 From a starved to a stuffed condition,
 From penitence to jollification,
 Brought on a fit of constipation.
 Some think he would be living still,
 If given a "Vegetable Pill;"
 But from a short life, and a merry,
 Poll sailed one day per Charon's ferry.

By tears from nuns' sweet eyelids wept,
 Happy in death this parrot slept; 530
 For him Elysium oped its portals,
 And there he talks among immortals.
 But I have read, that since that happy day
 (So writes Cornelius à Lapide,*

* This author appears to have been a favourite with Prout, who takes every opportunity of recording his predilection (vide pages 10 and 294). Had the *Order*, however, produced only such writers as Cornelius, we fear there would have been little mention of the *Jesuits* in connexion with *literature*. Gresset's opinion on the matter is contained in an epistle to his *confrère* P. Boujeant, author of the ingenious treatise *Sur l'Âme des Bêtes* (see p. 295):—

Moins révérend qu'aimable père,	Affichent la sévérité;
Vous dont l'esprit, le caractère,	Et ne sortant de leur tanière
Et les airs, ne sont point montés	Que sous la lugubre bannière
Sur le ton sottement austère	De la grave formalité,
De cent tristes paternités,	Héritiers de la triste enclume
Qui, manquant du talent de plaire,	De quelque pédant ignoré,
Et de toute légèreté,	Reforment quelque lourd volume,
Pour dissimuler la misère	Aux antres Latins enterré.
D'un esprit sans aménité,	

Proving, with commentary droll,
 The transmigration of the soul),
 That still Vert-Vert this earth doth haunt,
 Of convent-bowers a visitant ;
 And that, gay novices among,
 He dwells, transformed into a tongue !

540



"Toutes pensent être à la fin du monde."

END OF VOL. I.



